THE
WAVERLEY
NOVELS

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The Storm

THE ANTIQUARY

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

GENT'S SCHOOL
BRARY

NEW YORK
THE WAVERLEY BOOK COMPANY
1898

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INTRODUCTION TO THE ANTIQUARY

THE present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. *Waverley* embraced the age of our fathers, *Guy Mannering* that of our own youth, and the *Antiquary* refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes in which I have endeavored to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions ; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Wordsworth that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinctured with the Oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief and dignity to their resentment.

I have been more solicitous to describe manners minutely than to arrange in any case an artificial and combined narrative, and have but to regret that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good Novel.

The knavery of the Adept in the following sheets may appear forced and improbable ; but we have had very late instances of the force of superstitious credulity to a much greater extent, and the reader may be assured that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude to the public for the distinguished reception which they have given to works that have little more than some truth of coloring to recom-

mend them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favor.

To the above advertisement, which was prefixed to the first edition of the *Antiquary,* it is necessary in the present edition to add a few words, transferred from the Introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate,* respecting the character of Jonathan Oldbuck.

"I may here state generally that, although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life. It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society should not have risen to my pen in such works as *Waverley* and those which followed it. But I have always studied to generalize the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked that the delineation of some leading and principal feature inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. Thus the character of Jonathan Oldbuck in the *Antiquary* was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakespeare and other invaluable favors; but I thought I had so completely disguised the likeness that it could not be recognized by any one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed had endangered what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and an acute critic, had said, upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognized in the *Antiquary* traces of the character of a very intimate friend* of my father's family."

I have only further to request the reader not to suppose that my late respected friend resembled Mr. Oldbuck either in his pedigree or the history imputed to the ideal personage. There is not a single incident in the Novel which is borrowed from his real circumstances, excepting the fact that he resided in an old house near a flourishing seaport, and that the Author chanced to witness a scene betwixt him and the female proprietor of a

* George Constable of Wallace Craigie, near Dundee (*Laing*).

stage-coach very similar to that which commences the history of the *Antiquary*. An excellent temper, with a slight degree of subacid humor; learning, wit, and drollery the more piquant that they were a little marked by the peculiarities of an old bachelor; a soundness of thought, rendered more forcible by an occasional quaintness of expression, were, the Author conceives, the only qualities in which the creature of his imagination resembled his benevolent and excellent old friend.

The prominent part performed by the Beggar in the following narrative induces the Author to prefix a few remarks on that character, as it formerly existed in Scotland, though it is now scarcely to be traced.

Many of the old Scottish mendicants were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degraded class of beings who now practice that wandering trade. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district were usually well received both in the farmer's ha' and in the kitchens of the country gentlemen. Martin, author of the *Reliquiæ Divi Sancti Andreæ*, written in 1683, gives the following account of one class of this order of men in the seventeenth century, in terms which would induce an antiquary like Mr. Oldbuck to regret its extinction. He conceives them to be descended from the ancient bards, and proceeds: "They are called by others and by themselves Jockies, who go about begging, and use still to recite the Sloggorne (gathering-words or war-cries) of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discoursed, and found to have reason and discretion. One of them told me there were not now above twelve of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when they abounded, so as at one time he was one of five that usually met at St. Andrews."

The race of Jockies (of the above description) has, I suppose, been long extinct in Scotland; but the old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccach, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a "gude crack," that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a "puir body" of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their

itinerant society. In his poetical works it is alluded to so often as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says—

> And when I downa yoke a naig,
> Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg.

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother poet, he states, that in their closing career—

> The last o't, the warst o't,
> Is only just to beg.

And after having remarked that

> To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
> When banes are crazed and blude is thin,
> Is doubtless great distress;

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it as not ill adapted to his habits and powers.

As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the Author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the out-houses, and the usual "awmous" (alms) of a handful of meal (called a "gowpen") was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish "twal-penny," or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whiskey. In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food than the poor peasants from whom they received alms.

If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue-Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance.

These Bedesmen are an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic Church, and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. This order is still kept up. Their number is equal to the number of years which his Majesty has lived; and one Blue-Gown additional is put on the roll for every returning royal birthday. On the same auspicious era each Bedesman receives a new cloak or gown of coarse cloth, the color light blue, with a pewter badge, which confers on them the general privilege of asking alms through all Scotland, all laws against sorning, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendicity being suspended in favor of this privileged class. With his cloak each receives a leathern purse containing as many shillings Scots (videlicet, pennies sterling) as the sovereign is years old; the zeal of their intercession for the king's long life receiving, it is to be supposed, a great stimulus from their own present and increasing interest in the object of their prayers. On the same occasion one of the royal chaplains preaches a sermon to the Bedesmen, who (as one of the reverend gentlemen expressed himself) are the most impatient and inattentive audience in the world. Something of this may arise from a feeling on the part of the Bedesmen that they are paid for their own devotions, not for listening to those of others. Or more probably it arises from impatience, natural though indecorous in men bearing so venerable a character, to arrive at the conclusion of the ceremonial of the royal birthday, which, so far as they are concerned, ends in a lusty breakfast of bread and ale; the whole moral and religious exhibition terminating in the advice of Johnson's "Hermit hoar" to his proselyte,

Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

Of the charity bestowed on these aged Bedesmen in money and clothing, there are many records in the Treasurer's accounts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. MacDonald of the Register House, may interest those whose taste is akin to that of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns:

BLEW GOWNIS

In the Account of Sir Robert Melvill of Murdocarny, Treasurer-Depute of King James VI., there are the following payments:

'Junij 1590

'Item, to Mr. Peter Young, elimosinar, twentie four gownis of blew clayth, to be gevin to xxiiij auld men, according to the yeiris of his hienes age, extending to viij^{xx} viij elnis clayth; price of the elne xxiiij s. . . . Inde, ij ℓ j li. xij s.

'Item, for sextene elnis bukrum to the saidis gownis, price of the elne x s. . . . . Inde, viij li.

'Item, twentie four pursis, and in ilk purse twentie four schilling, ... Inde, xxviij li. xvj s.

'Item, the price of ilk purse iiij d. . Inde, viij s.

'Item, for making of the saidis gownis, . . viij li.'

In the Account of John, Earl of Mar, Great Treasurer of Scotland, and of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, Treasurer-Depute, the Blue Gowns also appear, thus:—

'Junij 1617

'Item, to James Murray, merchant, for fyftene scoir sex elnis and ane half elne of blew claith to be gownis to fyftie ane aigeit men, according to the yeiris of his Majesteis age, at xl s. the elne, ... Inde, vj ℓ xiij li.

'Item, to workmen for careing the blewis to James Aikman, tailyeour, his hous, ... xiij s. iiij d.

'Item, for sex elnis and ane half of harden to the saidis gownis, at vj s. viij d. the elne, . . Inde, xliij s. iiij d.

'Item, to the said workmen for careing of the gownis fra the said James Aikman's hous to the palace of Halyrudehous, xviij s.

'Item, for making the saidis fyftie ane gownis, at xij s. the peice, ... Inde, xxx li. xij s.

'Item, for fyftie ane pursis to the said puire men, lj s.

'Item, to Sir Peter Young, lj s. to be put in everie ane of the saidis lj pursis to the said poore men, . j ℓ xxx lj j s.

'Item, to the said Sir Peter, to buy breid and drink to the said puir men, ... vj li. xiij s iiij d.

'Item, to the said Sir Peter, to be delt amang uther puire folk, ... j ℓ lj.

'Item, upoun the last day of Junij to Doctor Young, Deane of Winchester, Elimozinar Deput to his Majestie, twentie fyve pund sterling, to be gevin to the puir be the way in his Majesteis progress, ... Inde, iij ℓ li.'

I have only to add that, although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature.

Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the Author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant, of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country.

The Author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue-Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldier-like or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might on any occasion have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sung a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakespeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed everywhere. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented as surely as the *bon-mot* of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here.

Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a "carrow," than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the Author that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an

open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard ; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The Author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or original , but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells.

This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern footpads. On one occasion a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence. "I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew.

Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a year worse since he had first practiced it. On another occasion, he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had twenty sons he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings the Author never heard with certainty ; but most probably, as Burns says,

> He died a cadger-powny's death
> At some dike side.

The Author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells ; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of anything which may elucidate former manners or amuse the reader.

The Author's contemporaries at the University of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin, wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman who stood by the Potter Row Port, now demolished, and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head and offered his hat, but with the least possible degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. This man gained, by silence and the extenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells's sarcastic humor and stately deportment. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classes

of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavored to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shown to Jemmie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, "on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes," adding, "ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company." The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but, as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation.

Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a Novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him; and have shown that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction and another give dinner parties.

I know not if it be worth while to observe that the *Antiquary* was not so well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors, though in course of time it rose to equal, and with some readers superior, popularity.

THE ANTIQUARY

CHAPTER I

> Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
> And let the man who calleth be the caller ;
> And in his calling let him nothing call
> But Coach ! Coach ! Coach ! O for a coach, ye gods !
>
> *Chrononhotonthologos.*

It was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. The tickets which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little ease were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a "laigh shop," *anglicè*, a cellar, opening to the High Street by a straight and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skeins of worsted, coarse linen cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling without falling headlong themselves or throwing down any of the numerous articles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profession of the trader below.

The written handbill which, pasted on a projecting board, announced that the Queensferry diligence, or Hawes fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday the fifteenth July 17—, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Firth with the flood-tide, lied on the present occasion like a bulletin ; for, although that hour was pealed from Saint Giles's steeple and repeated by the Tron, no coach

appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the subterranean mansion might have an understanding with her Automedon that in such cases a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places; or the said Automedon might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of stripping his vehicle of its lugubrious trappings; or he might have stayed to take a half-mutchkin extraordinary with his crony the hostler; or—in short, he did not make his appearance.

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty misery of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually easily to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great-coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his resolved brows, the determined importance of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of lounging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller in mail-coach or diligence can distinguish at a distance the companion of his future journey, as he pushes onward to the place of rendezvous. It is then that, with worldly wisdom, the first comer hastens to secure the best berth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement for his baggage before the arrival of his competitors. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach, deprived of the power of availing himself of his priority of choice, amused himself instead by speculating upon the occupation and character of the personage who was now come to the coach-office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older, but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humor. His dress was uniform, and of a color becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a slouched hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the Kirk of Scotland, and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed

glance towards the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, "Deil's in it, I am too late after all!"

The young man relieved his anxiety by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, apparently conscious of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel courageous enough to censure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large folio, from a little boy who followed him, and, patting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr. B—— that, if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another word or two to their bargain; then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as thriving a lad as ever dusted a duodecimo. The boy lingered, perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy marbles; but none was forthcoming. Our senior leaned his little bundle upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, facing the traveller who had first arrived, waited in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.

At length, after one or two impatient glances at the progress of the minute-hand of the clock, having compared it with his own watch, a huge and antique gold repeater, and having twitched about his features to give due emphasis to one or two peevish pshaws, he hailed the old lady of the cavern.

"Good woman—what the d—l is her name?—Mrs. Macleuchar!"

Mrs. Macleuchar, aware that she had a defensive part to sustain in the encounter which was to follow, was in no hurry to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

"Mrs. Macleuchar—good woman" (with an elevated voice)—then apart, "Old doited hag, she's as deaf as a post. I say, Mrs. Macleuchar!"

"I am just serving a customer. Indeed, hinny, it will no be a bodle cheaper than I tell ye."

"Woman," reiterated the traveller, "do you think we can stand here all day till you have cheated that poor servant wench out of her half-year's fee and bountith?"

"Cheated!" retorted Mrs. Macleuchar, eager to take up the quarrel upon a defensible ground; "I scorn your words, sir; you are an uncivil person, and I desire you will not stand there to slander me at my ain stairhead."

"The woman," said the senior, looking with an arch glance at his destined travelling companion, "does not understand the words of action. Woman," again turning to the

vault, "I arraign not thy character, but I desire to know what is become of thy coach?"

"What's your wull?" answered Mrs. Macleuchar, relapsing into deafness.

"We have taken places, ma'am," said the younger stranger, "in your diligence for Queensferry." "Which should have been half-way on the road before now," continued the elder and more impatient traveller, rising in wrath as he spoke; "and now in all likelihood we shall miss the tide, and I have business of importance on the other side; and your cursed coach——"

"The coach! Gude guide us, gentlemen, is it no on the stand yet?" answered the old lady, her shrill tone of expostulation sinking into a kind of apologetic whine. "Is it the coach ye hae been waiting for?"

"What else could have kept us broiling in the sun by the side of the gutter here, you—you faithless woman? eh?"

Mrs. Macleuchar now ascended her trap stair (for such it might be called, though constructed of stone), until her nose came upon a level with the pavement; then, after wiping her spectacles to look for that which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment, "Gude guide us, saw ever onybody the like o' that!"

"Yes, you abominable woman," vociferated the traveller, "many have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it that have anything to do with your trolloping sex;" then, pacing with great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and repassed, like a vessel who gives her broadside as she comes abreast of a hostile fortress, he shot down complaints, threats, and reproaches on the embarrassed Mrs. Macleuchar. He would take a post-chaise—he would call a hackney-coach—he would take four horses—he must—he would be on the north side to-day—and all the expense of his journey, besides damages, direct and consequential, arising from delay, should be accumulated on the devoted head of Mrs. Macleuchar.

There was something so comic in his pettish resentment that the younger traveller, who was in no such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it was obvious that every now and then the old gentleman, though very angry, could not help laughing at his own vehemence. But when Mrs. Macleuchar began also to join in the laughter, he quickly put a stop to her ill-timed merriment.

"Woman," said he, "is that advertisement thine?"

showing a bit of crumpled printed paper. "Does it not set forth that, God willing, as you hypocritically express it, the Hawes fly, or Queensferry diligence, would set forth to-day at twelve o'clock; and is it not, thou falsest of creatures, now a quarter past twelve, and no such fly or diligence to be seen? Dost thou know the consequence of seducing the lieges by false reports? Dost thou know it might be brought under the statute of leasing-making? Answer—and for once in thy long, useless, and evil life let it be in the words of truth and sincerity—hast thou such a coach? Is it *in rerum natura?* or is this base annunciation a mere swindle on the incautious, to beguile them of their time, their patience, and three shillings of sterling money of this realm? Hast thou, I say, such a coach? ay or no?"

"O dear, yes, sir; the neighbors ken the diligence weel—green picked out wi' red, three yellow wheels and a black ane."

"Woman, thy special description will not serve; it may be only a lie with a circumstance."

"O, man, man!" said the overwhelmed Mrs. Macleuchar, totally exhausted by having been so long the butt of his rhetoric, "take back your three shillings and mak me quit o' ye."

"Not so fast, not so fast, woman. Will three shillings transport me to Queensferry, agreeably to thy treacherous programme? or will it requite the damage I may sustain by leaving my business undone, or repay the expenses which I must disburse if I am obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide? Will it hire, I say, a pinnace, for which alone the regular price is five shillings?"

Here his argument was cut short by a lumbering noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle, pressing forward with all the dispatch to which the broken-winded jades that drew it could possibly be urged. With ineffable pleasure Mrs. Macleuchar saw her tormentor deposited in the leathern convenience; but still, as it was driving off, his head thrust out of the window reminded her, in words drowned amid the rumbling of the wheels, that, if the diligence did not attain the ferry in time to save the flood-tide, she, Mrs. Macleuchar, should be held responsible for all the consequences that might ensue.

The coach had continued in motion for a mile or two before the stranger had completely repossessed himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the doleful ejaculations which he made from time to time on the too great probability,

or even certainty, of their missing the flood-tide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he wiped his brows, relaxed his frown, and, undoing the parcel in his hand, produced his folio, on which he gazed from time to time with the knowing look of an amateur, admiring its height and condition, and ascertaining, by a minute and individual inspection of each leaf, that the volume was uninjured and entire from title-page to colophon. His fellow-traveller took the liberty of inquiring the subject of his studies. He lifted up his eyes with something of a sarcastic glance, as if he supposed the young querist would not relish, or perhaps understand, his answer, and pronounced the book to be Sandy Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*, a book illustrative of the Roman remains in Scotland. The querist, unappalled by this learned title, proceeded to put several questions, which indicated that he had made good use of a good education, and, although not possessed of minute information on the subject of antiquities, had yet acquaintance enough with the classics to render him an interested and intelligent auditor when they were enlarged upon. The elder traveller, observing with pleasure the capacity of his temporary companion to understand and answer him, plunged, nothing loath, into a sea of discussion concerning urns, vases, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of castrametation.

The pleasure of this discourse had such a dulcifying tendency that, although two causes of delay occurred, each of much more serious duration than that which had drawn down his wrath upon the unlucky Mrs. Macleuchar, our ANTIQUARY only bestowed on the delay the honor of a few episodical poohs and pshaws, which rather seemed to regard the interruption of his disquisition than the retardation of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by the breaking of a spring, which half an hour's labor hardly repaired. To the second the Antiquary was himself accessory, if not the principal cause of it; for, observing that one of the horses had cast a fore-foot shoe, he apprised the coachman of this important deficiency. "It's Jamie Martingale that furnishes the naigs on contract, and uphauds them," answered John, "and I am not entitled to make any stop or to suffer prejudice by the like of these accidents."

"And when you go to—I mean to the place you deserve to go to, you scoundrel—who do you think will uphold *you* on contract? If you don't stop directly and carry the poor brute to the next smithy I'll have you punished, if there's a justice of peace in Mid-Lothian;" and, opening the coach

door, out he jumped, while the coachman obeyed his orders, muttering, that "if the gentlemen lost the tide now, they could not say but it was their ain fault, since he was willing to get on."

I like so little to analyze the complication of the causes which influence actions, that I will not venture to ascertain whether our Antiquary's humanity to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of showing his companion a Pict's camp, or roundabout, a subject which he had been elaborately discussing, and of which a specimen, "very curious and perfect indeed," happened to exist about a hundred yards distant from the place where this interruption took place. But were I compelled to decompose the motives of my worthy friend (for such was the gentleman in the sober suit, with powdered wig and slouched hat), I should say that, although he certainly would not in any case have suffered the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being urged forward, yet the man of whipcord escaped some severe abuse and reproach by the agreeable mode which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey that, when they descended the hill above the Hawes (for so the inn on the southern side of the Queensferry is denominated), the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, and the number of black stones and rocks, covered with seaweed, which were visible along the skirts of the shore, that the hour of tide was past. The young traveller expected a burst of indignation; but whether, as Croaker says in *The Good-natured Man*, our hero had exhausted himself in fretting away his misfortunes beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they actually arrived, or whether he found the company in which he was placed too congenial to lead him to repine at anything which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot with much resignation.

"The d—l's in the diligence and the old hag it belongs to! Diligence, quoth I! Thou shouldst have called it the Sloth. Fly, quoth she! Why, it moves like a fly through a glue-pot, as the Irishman says. But, however, time and tide tarry for no man; and so, my young friend, we'll have a snack here at the Hawes, which is a very decent sort of a place, and I'll be very happy to finish the account I was giving you of the difference between the mode of intrenching *castra stativa* and *castra æstiva*, things confounded by too many of our

historians. Lack-a-day, if they had ta'en the pains to satisfy their own eyes, instead of following each other's blind guidance! Well! we shall be pretty comfortable at the Hawes; and besides, after all, we must have dined somewhere, and it will be pleasanter sailing with the tide of ebb and the evening breeze."

In this Christian temper of making the best of all occurrences our travellers alighted at the Hawes.

CHAPTER II

> Sir, they do scandal me upon the road here!
> A poor quotidian rack of mutton roasted
> Dry to be grated! and that driven down
> With beer and buttermilk, mingled together.
> It is against my freehold, my inheritance.
> WINE is the word that glads the heart of man,
> And mine's the house of wine. *Sack*, says my bush,
> *Be merry and drink sherry*, that's my posie.
>
> BEN JONSON'S *New Inn.*

As the senior traveller descended the crazy steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the fat, gouty, pursy landlord with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers.

"Have a care o' us, Monkbarns (distinguishing him by his territorial epithet, always most agreeable to the ear of a Scottish proprietor), is this you? I little thought to have seen your honor here till the summer session was ower."

"Ye donnard auld deevil," answered his guest, his Scottish accent predominating when in anger, though otherwise not particularly remarkable—"ye donnard auld crippled idiot, what have I to do with the session, or the geese that flock to it, or the hawks that pick their pinions for them?"

"Troth, and that's true," said mine host, who, in fact, only spoke upon a very general recollection of the stranger's original education, yet would have been sorry not to have been supposed accurate as to the station and profession of him or any other occasional guest—"that's very true; but I thought ye had some law affair of your ain to look after. I have ane mysell—a ganging plea that my father left me, and his father afore left to him. It's about our back-yard. Ye'll maybe hae heard of it in the Parliament House, Hutchinson against Mackitchinson: it's a weel-kenn'd plea; it's been four times in afore the Fifteen, and deil onything the wisest o' them could make o't, but just to send it out again to the Outer House. O it's a beautiful thing to see how lang and how carefully justice is considered in this country!"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said the traveller, but in great good-humor, "and tell us what you can give this young gentleman and me for dinner."

"Ou, there's fish nae doubt—that's sea-trout and caller haddocks," said Mackitchinson, twisting his napkin; "and ye'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts very weel preserved, and—and there's just onything else ye like."

"Which is to say, there is nothing else whatever? Well, well, the fish and the chop and the tarts will do very well. But don't imitate the cautious delay that you praise in the courts of justice. Let there be no remits from the inner to the outer house, hear ye me?"

"Na, na," said Mackitchinson, whose long and heedful perusal of volumes of printed session papers had made him acquainted with some law phrases—"the denner shall be served *quamprimum*, and that *peremptorie*." And with the flattering laugh of a promising host, he left them in his sanded parlor, hung with prints of the Four Seasons.

As, notwithstanding his pledge to the contrary, the glorious delays of the law were not without their parallel in the kitchen of the inn, our younger traveller had an opportunity to step out and make some inquiry of the people of the house concerning the rank and station of his companion. The information which he received was of a general and less authentic nature, but quite sufficient to make him acquainted with the name, history, and circumstances of the gentleman, whom we shall endeavor in a few words to introduce more accurately to our readers.

Jonathan Oldenbuck, or Oldinbuck, by popular contraction Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, was the second son of a gentleman possessed of a small property in the neighborhood of a thriving seaport town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, which, for various reasons, we shall denominate Fairport. They had been established for several generations as landholders in the county, and in most shires of England would have been accounted a family of some standing. But the shire of —— was filled with gentlemen of more ancient descent and larger fortune. In the last generation also the neighboring gentry had been almost uniformly Jacobites, while the proprietors of Monkbarns, like the burghers of the town near which they were settled, were steady assertors of the Protestant succession. The latter had, however, a pedigree of their own, on which they prided themselves as much as those who despised them valued their respective Saxon, Norman, or Celtic genealogy.

ogies. The first Oldenbuck, who had settled in their family mansion shortly after the Reformation, was, they asserted, descended from one of the original printers of Germany, and had left his country in consequence of the persecutions directed against the professors of the Reformed religion. He had found a refuge in the town near which his posterity dwelled, the more readily that he was a sufferer in the Protestant cause, and certainly not the less so that he brought with him money enough to purchase the small estate of Monkbarns, then sold by a dissipated laird, to whose father it had been gifted, with other church lands, on the dissolution of the great and wealthy monastery to which it had belonged. The Oldenbucks were therefore loyal subjects on all occasions of insurrection; and, as they kept up a good intelligence with the borough, it chanced that the Laird of Monkbarns who flourished in 1745 was provost of the town during that ill-fated year, and had exerted himself with much spirit in favor of King George, and even been put to expenses on that score, which, according to the liberal conduct of the existing government towards their friends, had never been repaid him. By dint of solicitation, however, and borough interest, he contrived to gain a place in the customs, and, being a frugal, careful man, had found himself enabled to add considerably to his paternal fortune. He had only two sons, of whom, as we have hinted, the present laird was the younger, and two daughters, one of whom still flourished in single blessedness, and the other, who was greatly more juvenile, made a love-match with a captain in the "Forty-twa," who had no other fortune but his commission and a Highland pedigree. Poverty disturbed a union which love would otherwise have made happy, and Captain M'Intyre, in justice to his wife and two children, a boy and girl, had found himself obliged to seek his fortune in the East Indies. Being ordered upon an expedition against Hyder Ally, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and no news ever reached his unfortunate wife whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived in what the habits of the Indian tyrant rendered a hopeless captivity. She sunk under the accumulated load of grief and uncertainty, and left a son and daughter to the charge of her brother, the existing Laird of Monkbarns.

The history of that proprietor himself is soon told. Being, as we have said, a second son, his father destined him to a share in a substantial mercantile concern carried on by some of his maternal relations. From this Jonathan's mind

revolted in the most irreconcilable manner. He was then put apprentice to the profession of a writer or attorney, in which he profited so far that he made himself master of the whole forms of feudal investitures, and showed such pleasure in reconciling their incongruities and tracing their origin that his master had great hope he would one day be an able conveyancer. But he halted upon the threshold, and, though he acquired some knowledge of the origin and system of the law of his country, he could never be persuaded to apply it to lucrative and practical purposes. It was not from any inconsiderate neglect of the advantages attending the possession of money that he thus deceived the hopes of his master. "Were he thoughtless or light-headed, or *rei suæ prodigus*," said his instructor, "I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his sixpence go further than another lad's half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of the Acts of Parliament for days, rather than go to the golf or the change-house; and yet he will not bestow one of these days on a little business of routine that would put twenty shillings in his pocket—a strange mixture of frugality and industry and negligent indolence; I don't know what to make of him."

But in process of time his pupil gained the means of making what he pleased of himself; for, his father having died was not long survived by his eldest son, an arrant fisher and fowler, who departed this life in consequence of a cold caught in his vocation, while shooting ducks in the swamp called Kittlefitting Moss, notwithstanding his having drunk a bottle of brandy that very night to keep the cold out of his stomach. Jonathan, therefore, succeeded to the estate, and with it to the means of subsisting without the hated drudgery of the law. His wishes were very moderate; and, as the rent of his small property rose with the improvement of the country, it soon greatly exceeded his wants and expenditure; and, though too indolent to make money, he was by no means insensible to the pleasure of beholding it accumulate. The burghers of the town near which he lived regarded him with a sort of envy, as one who affected to divide himself from their rank in society, and whose studies and pleasures seemed to them alike incomprehensible. Still, however, a sort of hereditary respect for the Laird of Monkbarns, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequence with this class of his neighbors. The country gentlemen were generally above him in fortune and be-

neath him in intellect, and, excepting one with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, had little intercourse with Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns. He had, however, the usual resources, the company of the clergyman and of the doctor, when he chose to request it, and also his own pursuits and pleasures, being in correspondence with most of the *virtuosi* of his time, who, like himself, measured decayed intrenchments, made plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and wrote essays on medals in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend. Some habits of hasty irritation he had contracted, partly, it was said in the borough of Fairport, from an early disappointment in love, in virtue of which he had commenced misogynist, as he called it, but yet more by the obsequious attention paid to him by his maiden sister and his orphan niece, whom he had trained to consider him as the greatest man upon earth, and whom he used to boast of as the only women he had ever seen who were well broke in and bitted to obedience; though, it must be owned, Miss Grizie Oldbuck was sometimes apt to jib when he pulled the reins too tight. The rest of his character must be gathered from the story, and we dismiss with pleasure the tiresome task of recapitulation.

During the time of dinner Mr. Oldbuck, actuated by the same curiosity which his fellow-traveller had entertained on his account, made some advances, which his age and station entitled him to do in a more direct manner, towards ascertaining the name, destination, and quality of his young companion.

His name, the young gentleman said, was Lovel.

"What! the cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog? Was he descended from King Richard's favorite?"

"He had no pretensions," he said, "to call himself a whelp of that litter; his father was a North of England gentleman. He was at present travelling to Fairport (the town near to which Monkbarns was situated), and, if he found the place agreeable, might perhaps remain there for some weeks."

"Was Mr. Lovel's excursion solely for pleasure?"

"Not entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"It was partly on business, but had no reference to commerce."

Here he paused; and Mr. Oldbuck, having pushed his inquiries as far as good manners permitted, was obliged to

change the conversation. The Antiquary, though by no means an enemy to good cheer, was a determined foe to all unnecessary expense on a journey; and upon his companion giving a hint concerning a bottle of port wine, he drew a direful picture of the mixture which, he said, was usually sold under that denomination, and, affirming that a little punch was more genuine and better suited for the season, he laid his hand upon the bell to order the materials. But Mackitchinson had, in his own mind, settled their beverage otherwise, and appeared bearing in his hand an immense double quart bottle, or magnum, as it is called in Scotland, covered with sawdust and cobwebs, the warrants of its antiquity.

"Punch!" said he, catching that generous sound as he entered the parlor, "the deil a drap punch ye'se get here the day, Monkbarns, and that ye may lay your account wi'."

"What do you mean, you impudent rascal?"

"Ay, ay, it's nae matter for that; but do you mind the trick ye served me the last time ye were here?"

"I trick you!"

"Ay, just yoursell, Monkbarns. The Laird o' Tamlowrie, and Sir Gilbert Grizzlecleugh, and Auld Rossballoh, and the Bailie were just setting in to make an afternoon o't, and you, wi' some o' your auld warld stories, that the mind o' man canna resist, whirl'd them to the back o' beyont to look at the auld Roman camp—ah, sir!" turning to Lovel, "he wad wile the bird aff the tree wi' the tales he tells about folk lang syne—and did not I lose the drinking o' sax pints o' gude claret, for the deil ane wad hae stirred till he had seen that out at the least?"

"D'ye hear the impudent scoundrel!" said Monkbarns, but laughing at the same time; for the worthy landlord, as he used to boast, knew the measure of a guest's foot as well as e'er a souter on this side Solway; "well, well, you may send us in a bottle of port."

"Port! na, na! ye maun leave port and punch to the like o' us, it's claret that's fit for you lairds; and I dare say nane of the folk ye speak so much o' ever drank either of the twa."

"Do you hear how absolute the knave is? Well, my young friend, we must for once prefer the Falernian to the *vile Sabinum*."

The ready landlord had the cork instantly extracted, decanted the wine into a vessel of suitable capaciousness, and, declaring it "parfumed" the very room, left his guests to make the most of it.

Mackitchinson's wine was really good, and had its effect upon the spirits of the elder guest, who told some good stories, cut some sly jokes, and at length entered into a learned discussion concerning the ancient dramatists; a ground on which he found his new acquaintance so strong that at length he began to suspect he had made them his professional study. "A traveller partly for business and partly for pleasure? Why, the stage partakes of both; it is a labor to the performers, and affords, or is meant to afford, pleasure to the spectators. He seems in manner and rank above the class of young men who take that turn; but I remember hearing them say that the little theatre at Fairport was to open with the performance of a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage. If this should be thee, Lovel? Lovel! Yes, Lovel or Belville are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions. On my life, I am sorry for the lad."

Mr. Oldbuck was habitually parsimonious, but in no respects mean; his first thought was to save his fellow-traveller any part of the expense of the entertainment, which he supposed must be in his situation more or less inconvenient. He therefore took an opportunity of settling privately with Mr. Mackitchinson. The young traveller remonstrated against his liberality, and only acquiesced in deference to his years and respectability.

The mutual satisfaction which they found in each other's society induced Mr. Oldbuck to propose, and Lovel willingly to accept, a scheme for travelling together to the end of their journey. Mr. Oldbuck intimated a wish to pay two-thirds of the hire of a post-chaise, saying that a proportional quantity of room was necessary to his accommodation; but this Mr. Lovel resolutely declined. Their expense then was mutual, unless when Lovel occasionally slipped a shilling into the hand of a growling postilion; for Oldbuck, tenacious of ancient customs, never extended his guerdon beyond eighteenpence a stage. In this manner they travelled, until they arrived at Fairport about two o'clock on the following day.

Lovel probably expected that his travelling companion would have invited him to dinner on his arrival; but his consciousness of a want of ready preparation for unexpected guests, and perhaps some other reasons, prevented Oldbuck from paying him that attention. He only begged to see him as early as he could make it convenient to call in a forenoon, recommended him to a widow who had apartments to let, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary; cautioning both of

them apart that he only knew Mr. Lovel as a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not mean to guarantee any bills which he might contract while residing at Fairport. The young gentleman's figure and manners, not to mention a well-furnished trunk which soon arrived by sea to his address at Fairport, probably went as far in his favor as the limited recommendation of his fellow-traveller.

CHAPTER III

He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin-jackets,
Would held the Loudons three in tackets
A towmond gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets
Afore the flude.

BURNS.

AFTER he had settled himself in his new apartments at Fairport, Mr. Lovel bethought him of paying the requested visit to his fellow-traveller. He did not make it earlier because, with all the old gentleman's good-humor and information, there had sometimes glanced forth in his language and manner towards him an air of superiority which his companion considered as being fully beyond what the difference of age warranted. He therefore waited the arrival of his baggage from Edinburgh, that he might arrange his dress according to the fashion of the day, and make his exterior corresponding to the rank in society which he supposed or felt himself entitled to hold.

It was the fifth day after his arrival that, having made the necessary inquiries concerning the road, he went forth to pay his respects at Monkbarns. A footpath leading over a heathy hill and through two or three meadows conducted him to this mansion, which stood on the opposite side of the hill aforesaid, and commanded a fine prospect of the bay and shipping. Secluded from the town by the rising ground, which also screened it from the north-west wind, the house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The exterior had little to recommend it. It was an irregular old-fashioned building, some part of which had belonged to a grange or solitary farm-house, inhabited by the bailiff or steward of the monastery when the place was in possession of the monks. It was here that the community stored up the grain which they received as ground-rent from their vassals; for, with the prudence belonging to their order, all their conventional revenues were made payable in kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkbarns.

To the remains of the bailiff's house the succeeding lay inhabitants had made various additions in proportion to the accommodation required by their families; and, as this was done with an equal contempt of convenience within and architectural regularity without, the whole bore the appearance of a hamlet which had suddenly stood still when in the act of leading down one of Amphion's or Orpheus's country-dances. It was surrounded by tall clipped hedges of yew and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the "topiarian" artist, and presented curious arm-chairs, towers, and the figures of Saint George and the dragon. The taste of Mr. Oldbuck did not disturb these monuments of an art now unknown, and he was the less tempted so to do as it must necessarily have broken the heart of the old gardener. One tall embowering holly was, however, sacred from the shears; and on a garden seat beneath its shade Lovel beheld his old friend, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side, busily employed in perusing the *London Chronicle*, soothed by the summer breeze through the rustling leaves and the distant dash of the waves as they rippled upon the sand.

Mr. Oldbuck immediately rose and advanced to greet his travelling acquaintance with a hearty shake of the hand. "By my faith," said he, "I began to think you had changed your mind, and found the stupid people of Fairport so tiresome that you judged them unworthy of your talents, and had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother antiquary MacCribb did, when he went off with one of my Syrian medals."

"I hope, my good sir, I should have fallen under no such imputation."

"Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. I had rather you had taken my copper Otho himself. But come, let me show you the way into my *sanctum sanctorum*, my cell I may call it, for, except two idle hussies of womankind (by this contemptuous phrase, borrowed from his brother antiquary the cynic Anthony a' Wood, Mr. Oldbuck was used to denote the fair sex in general, and his sister and niece in particular), that, on some idle pretext of relationship, have established themselves in my premises, I live here as much a cænobite as my predecessor, John o' the Girnell, whose grave I will show you by and by."

Thus speaking, the old gentleman led the way through a low door; but, before entrance, suddenly stopped short to point out some vestiges of what he called an inscription, and,

shaking his head as he pronounced it totally illegible, "Ah! if you but knew, Mr. Lovel, the time and trouble that these mouldering traces of letters have cost me! No mother ever travailed so for a child, and all to no purpose; although I am almost positive that these two last marks imply the figures or letters LV, and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know, *aliunde*, that it was founded by Abbot Waldimir about the middle of the fourteenth century. And, I profess, I think that centre ornament might be made out by better eyes than mine."

"I think," answered Lovell, willing to humor the old man, "it has something the appearance of a mitre."

"I protest you are right! you are right! it never struck me before. See what it is to have younger eyes. A mitre—a mitre! it corresponds in every respect."

The resemblance was not much nearer than that of Polonius's cloud to a whale, or an owzel; it was sufficient, however, to set the Antiquary's brains to work. "A mitre, my dear sir," continued he, as he led the way through a labyrinth of inconvenient and dark passages, and accompanied his disquisition with certain necessary cautions to his guest—"a mitre, my dear sir, will suit our abbot as well as a bishop; he was a mitred abbot, and at the very top of the roll—take care of these three steps—I know Mac-Cribb denies this, but it is as certain as that he took away my Antigonus, no leave asked. You'll see the name of the Abbot of Trotcosey, *Abbas Trottocosiensis*, at the head of the rolls of parliament in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—there is very little light here, and these cursed womankind always leave their tubs in the passage. Now take care of the corner; ascend twelve steps and ye are safe!"

Mr. Oldbuck had by this time attained the top of the winding stair which led to his own apartment, and, opening a door and pushing aside a piece of tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclamation was, "What are you about here, you sluts?" A dirty barefooted chambermaid threw down her duster, detected in the heinous fact of arranging the *sanctum sanctorum*, and fled out of an opposite door from the face of her incensed master. A genteel-looking young woman, who was superintending the operation, stood her ground, but with some timidity.

"Indeed, uncle, your room was not fit to be seen, and I just came to see that Jenny laid everything down where she took it up."

"And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle

with my private matters ?" (Mr. Oldbuck hated "putting to rights" as much as Dr. Orkborne or any other professed student.) "Go sew your sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears. I assure you, Mr. Lovel, that the last inroad of these pretended friends to cleanliness was almost as fatal to my collection as Hudibras's visit to that of Sidrophel ; and I have ever since missed

> "'My copperplate, with almanacks
> Engraved upon't, and other knacks ;
> My moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
> And several constellation stones ;
> My flea, my morpion, and punaise,
> I purchased for my proper ease.'

And so forth, as old Butler has it."

The young lady, after courtesying to Lovel, had taken the opportunity to make her escape during this enumeration of losses. "You'll be poisoned here with the volumes of dust they have raised," continued the Antiquary ; "but I assure you the dust was very ancient, peaceful, quiet dust about an hour ago, and would have remained so for a hundred years had not these gypsies disturbed it, as they do everything else in the world."

It was, indeed, some time before Lovel could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had constructed his retreat. It was a lofty room of middling size, obscurely lighted by high, narrow, latticed windows. One end was entirely occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited in space for the number of volumes placed upon them, which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks of two or three files deep, while numberless others littered the floor and the tables, amid a chaos of maps, engravings, scraps of parchment, bundles of papers, pieces of old armor, swords, dirks, helmets, and Highland targets. Behind Mr. Oldbuck's seat (which was an ancient leathern-covered easy-chair, worn smooth by constant use) was a huge oaken cabinet, decorated at each corner with Dutch cherubs, having their little duck-wings displayed and great jolter-headed visages placed between them. The top of this cabinet was covered with busts and Roman lamps and pateræ, intermingled with one or two bronze figures. The walls of the apartment were partly clothed with grim old tapestry, representing the memorable story of Sir Gawaine's wedding, in which full justice was done to the ugliness of the Lothely Lady ; although, to judge from his own looks, the gentle knight had less reason to be dis-

gusted with the match on account of disparity of outward favor than the romancer has given us to understand. The rest of the room was panelled or wainscotted with black oak, against which hung two or three portraits in armor, being characters in Scottish history, favorites of Mr. Oldbuck, and as many in tie-wigs and laced coats, staring representatives of his own ancestors. A large old-fashioned oaken table was covered with a profusion of papers, parchments, books, and nondescript trinkets and gewgaws, which seemed to have little to recommend them besides rust and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck of ancient books and utensils, with a gravity equal to Marius among the ruins of Carthage, sat a large black cat, which to a superstitious eye might have presented the *genius loci*, the tutelar demon of the apartment. The floor, as well as the table and chairs, was overflowed by the same *mare magnum* of miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been as impossible to find any individual article wanted as to put it to any use when discovered.

Amid this medley it was no easy matter to find one's way to a chair without stumbling over a prostrate folio, or the still more awkward mischance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And when the chair was attained, it had to be disencumbered with a careful hand of engravings which might have received damage, and of antique spurs and buckles which would certainly have occasioned it to any sudden occupant. Of this the Antiquary made Lovel particularly aware, adding, that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Heavysterne from the Low Countries, had sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient calthrops or "craw-taes" which had been lately dug up in the bog near Bannockburn, and which, dispersed by Robert Bruce to lacerate the feet of the English chargers, came thus in process of time to endamage the sitting part of a learned professor of Utrecht.

Having at length fairly settled himself, and being nothing loath to make inquiry concerning the strange objects around him, which his host was equally ready, as far as possible, to explain, Lovel was introduced to a large club or bludgeon, with an iron spike at the end of it, which, it seems, had been lately found in a field on the Monkbarns property, adjacent to an old burying-ground. It had mightily the air of such a stick as the Highland reapers used to walk with on their annual peregrinations from their mountains; but Mr. Oldbuck was strongly tempted to believe that, as its shape was singu-

lar, it might have been one of the clubs with which the monks armed their peasants in lieu of more martial weapons, whence, he observed, the villains were called "Colve-carles," or "Kolbkerls," that is, *clavigeri*, or club-bearers. For the truth of this custom he quoted the *Chronicle* of Antwerp and that of St. Martin; against which authorities Lovel had nothing to oppose, having never heard of them till that moment.

Mr. Oldbuck next exhibited thumb-screws, which had given the Covenanters of former days the cramp in their joints, and a collar with the name of a fellow convicted of theft, whose services, as the inscription bore, had been adjudged to a neighboring baron in lieu of the modern Scottish punishment, which, as Oldbuck said, sends such culprits to enrich England by their labor and themselves by their dexterity. Many and various were the other curiosities which he showed; but it was chiefly upon his books that he prided himself, repeating with a complacent air, as he led the way to the crowded and dusty shelves, the verses of old Chaucer—

> "For he would rather have, at his bed-head,
> A twenty books, clothed in black or red,
> Of Aristotle, or his philosophy,
> Than robes rich, rebeck, or saltery."

This pithy motto he delivered, shaking his head, and giving each guttural the true Anglo-Saxon enunciation, which is now forgotten in the southern parts of this realm.

The collection was, indeed, a curious one, and might well be envied by an amateur. Yet it was not collected at the enormous prices of modern times, which are sufficient to have appalled the most determined, as well as earliest, bibliomaniac upon record, whom we take to have been none else than the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, as, among other slight indications of an infirm understanding, he is stated by his veracious historian Cid Hamet Benengeli to have exchanged fields and farms for folios and quartos of chivalry. In this species of exploit the good knight-errant has been imitated by lords, knights, and squires of our own day, though we have not yet heard of any that has mistaken an inn for a castle, or laid his lance in rest against a windmill. Mr. Oldbuck did not follow these collectors in such excess of expenditure; but, taking a pleasure in the personal labor of forming his library, saved his purse at the expense of his time and toil. He was no encourager of that ingenious race of peripatetic middlemen, who, trafficking between the obscure keeper of a stall and the eager amateur, make their

profit at once of the ignorance of the former and the dear-bought skill and taste of the latter. When such were mentioned in his hearing, he seldom failed to point out how necessary it was to arrest the object of your curiosity in its first transit, and to tell his favorite story of Snuffy Davie and Caxton's *Game at Chess*. "Davie Wilson," he said, "commonly called Snuffy Davie, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls for rare volumes. He had the scent of a slow-hound, sir, and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an *editio princeps* under the mask of a school Corderius. Snuffy Davie bought the *Game of Chess, 1474*, the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this inimitable windfall to Dr. Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr. Askew's sale," continued the old gentleman, kindling as he spoke, "this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by Royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds! Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows," he ejaculated, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—"Lord only knows what would be its ransom; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling.* Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie! and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded! Even I, sir," he went on, "though far inferior in industry and discernment and presence of mind to that great man, can show you a few, a very few things, which I have collected, not by force of money, as any wealthy man might, although, as my friend Lucian says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance, but gained in a manner that shows I know something of the matter. See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the *Complete Syren* were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the *Complaynt of Scotland* I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and

* This bibliomaniacal anecdote is literally true; and David Wilson, the author need not tell his brethren of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne Clubs, was a real personage.

trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, Saint Mary's Wynd—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling upon a halfpenny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article! How have I trembled lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall as a rival amateur or prowling bookseller in disguise! And then, Mr. Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference while the hand is trembling with pleasure! Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such a treasure as this (displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer), to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile under a veil of mysterious consciousness our own superior knowledge and dexterity—these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life, that repay the toil and pains and sedulous attention which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!"

Lovel was not a little amused at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and, however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page, of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word "Finis." There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity or rare occurrence was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original broadside—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonderful Wonder of Wonders—in its primary tattered guise, as it was hawked through the streets and sold for the cheap and easy price of one penny, though now worth the weight of that penny in gold. On these the Antiquary dilated with transport, and read with a

rapturous voice the elaborate titles, which bore the same proportion to the contents that the painted signs without a showman's booth do to the animals within. Mr. Oldbuck, for example, piqued himself especially in possessing a unique broadside, entitled and called "Strange and Wonderful News from Chipping-Norton, in the County of Oxon. Of certain dreadful Apparitions which were seen in the Air on the 28th of July [1610], which began about Half an Hour after Nine of the Clock at Night, and continued till near Eleven, in which Time was seen the Appearances of several Flaming Swords, strange Motions of the superior Orbs, with the unusual Sparkling of the Stars, with their dreadful Continuations. With the Account of the Opening of the Heavens, and strange Appearances therein disclosing themselves, with several other prodigious Circumstances not heard of in any Age, to the great Amazement of the Beholders, as it was communicated in a Letter to one Mr. Tho. Colley, living in West Smithfield, and attested by Tho. Brown, Eliz. Greenaway, and Ann Gutheridge, who were Spectators of the dreadful Apparitions. And if any Person would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr. Nightingal's, at the Bear Inn, in West Smithfield, and they may be satisfied."*

"You laugh at this," said the proprietor of the collection, "and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms on which we dote are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a fair lady; but you will grow wiser, and see more justly, when you come to wear spectacles. Yet stay, I have one piece of antiquity which you, perhaps, will prize more highly."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck unlocked a drawer and took out a bundle of keys, then pulled aside a piece of the tapestry which concealed the door of a small closet, into which he descended by four stone steps, and, after some tinkling among bottles and cans, produced two long-stalked wine-glasses with bell mouths, such as are seen in Teniers's pieces, and a small bottle of what he called rich racy canary, with a little bit of diet-cake, on a small silver server of exquisite old workmanship. "I will say nothing of the server," he remarked, "though it is said to have been wrought by the old mad Florentine Benvenuto Cellini. But, Mr. Lovel, our ancestors drank sack; you, who admire the drama, know where that's to be found. Here's success to your exertions at Fairport, sir!"

"And to you, sir, and an ample increase to your treasure,

* Of this thrice and four times rare broadside the author possesses an exemplar.

with no more trouble on your part than is just necessary to make the acquisitions valuable."

After a libation so suitable to the amusement in which they had been engaged, Lovel rose to take his leave, and Mr. Oldbuck prepared to give him his company a part of the way, and show him something worthy of his curiosity on his return to Fairport.

CHAPTER IV

> The pawky auld carle cam ower the lea,
> Wi' mony good-e'ens and good-morrows to me,
> Saying, Kind sir, for your courtesy,
> Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
>
> *The Gaberlunzie Man.*

Our two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighborhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr. Oldbuck failed not to make Lovel remark that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread in a lateral direction, by placing paving-stones beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their fibres and the subsoil. "This old fellow," he said, "which was blown down last summer, and still, though half reclined on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may see, accommodated with such a barrier between his roots and the unkindly till. That other tree has a story: the fruit is called the Abbot's Apple. The lady of a neighboring baron was so fond of it that she would often pay a visit to Monkbarns to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man belike, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling that of Mother Eve prognosticated a similar fall. As the honor of a noble family is concerned, I will say no more on the subject, only that the lands of Lochard and Cringlecut still pay a fine of six bolls of barley annually to atone the guilt of their audacious owner, who intruded himself and his worldly suspicions upon the seclusion of the abbot and his penitent. Admire the little belfry rising above the ivy-mantled porch; there was here a *hospitium*, *hospitale*, or *hospitamentum* (for it is written all these various ways in the old writings and evidents), in which the monks received pilgrims. I know our minister has said, in the *Statistical Account*, that the *hospitium* was situated either on the lands of Haltweary or upon those of Half-starvet; but he is incorrect, Mr. Lovel: that is the gate called still the

Palmer's Port, and my gardener found many hewn stones when he was trenching the ground for winter celery, several of which I have sent as specimens to my learned friends, and to the various antiquarian societies of which I am an unworthy member. But I will say no more at present: I reserve something for another visit, and we have an object of real curiosity before us."

While he was thus speaking he led the way briskly through one or two rich pasture meadows to an open heath or common, and so to the top of a gentle eminence. "Here," he said, "Mr. Lovel, is a truly remarkable spot."

"It commands a fine view," said his companion, looking around him.

"True; but it is not for the prospect I brought you hither. Do you see nothing else remarkable? nothing on the surface of the ground?"

"Why, yes; I do see something like a ditch, indistinctly marked."

"Indistinctly! pardon me, sir, but the indistinctness must be in your powers of vision: nothing can be more plainly traced—a proper *agger* or *vallum*, with its corresponding ditch or *fossa*. Indistinctly! why, Heaven help you, the lassie, my niece, as light-headed a goose as womankind affords, saw the traces of the ditch at once. Indistinct! why, the great station at Ardoch, or that at Burnswark in Annandale, may be clearer, doubtless, because they are stative forts, whereas this was only an occasional encampment. Indistinct! why, you must suppose that fools, boors, and idiots have ploughed up the land, and, like beasts and ignorant savages, have thereby obliterated two sides of the square, and greatly injured the third; but you see yourself the fourth side is quite entire!"

Lovel endeavored to apologize, and to explain away his ill-timed phrase, and pleaded his inexperience. But he was not at once quite successful. His first expression had come too frankly and naturally not to alarm the Antiquary, and he could not easily get over the shock it had given him.

"My dear sir," continued the senior, "your eyes are not inexperienced: you know a ditch from level ground, I presume, when you see them? Indistinct! why, the very common people, the very least boy that can herd a cow, calls it the Kaim of Kinprunes; and if that does not imply an ancient camp, I am ignorant what does."

Lovel having again acquiesced, and at length lulled to sleep the irritated and suspicious vanity of the Antiquary, he

proceeded in his task of cicerone. "You must know," he said, "our Scottish antiquaries have been greatly divided about the local situation of the final conflict between Agricola and the Caledonians: some contend for Ardoch in Strathallan, some for Innerpeffray, some for the Redykes in the Mearns, and some are for carrying the scene of action as far north as Blair in Athole. Now, after all this discussion," continued the old gentleman, with one of his slyest and most complacent looks, "what would you think, Mr. Lovel—I say, what would you think, if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the Kaim of Kinprunes, the property of the obscure and humble individual who now speaks to you?" Then, having paused a little to suffer his guest to digest a communication so important, he resumed his disquisition in a higher tone. "Yes, my good friend, I am indeed greatly deceived if this place does not correspond with all the marks of that celebrated place of action. It was near to the Grampian Mountains; lo! yonder they are, mixing and contending with the sky on the skirts of the horizon! It was *in conspectu classis*—in sight of the Roman fleet: and would any admiral, Roman or British, wish a fairer bay to ride in than that on your right hand? It is astonishing how blind we professed antiquaries sometimes are; Sir Robert Sibbald, Saunders Gordon, General Roy, Doctor Stukeley—why, it escaped all of them. I was unwilling to say a word about it till I had secured the ground, for it belonged to auld Johnnie Howie, a bonnet-laird hard by, and many a communing we had before he and I could agree. At length—I am almost ashamed to say it—but I even brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn land for this barren spot. But then it was a national concern; and when the scene of so celebrated an event became my own I was overpaid. Whose patriotism would not grow warmer, as old Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered; and the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Monkbarns, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A.D.L.L., which may stand, without much violence, for *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.*"

"Certainly, sir; for the Dutch antiquaries claim Caligula as the founder of a lighthouse on the sole authority of the letters C.C.P.F., which they interpret *Caius Caligula Pharum Fecit.*"

"True, and it has ever been recorded as a sound exposi-

tion. I see we shall make something of you even before you wear spectacles, notwithstanding you thought the traces of this beautiful camp indistinct when you first observed them."

"In time, sir, and by good instruction——"

"—You will become more apt? I doubt it not. You shall peruse, upon your next visit to Monkbarns, my trivial *Essay upon Castrametation, with some Particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author at the Kaim of Kinprunes.* I think I have pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. I premise a few general rules on that point, on the nature, namely, of the evidence to be received in such cases. Meanwhile be pleased to observe, for example, that I could press into my service Claudian's famous line,

"'Ille Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis.'

For *pruinis,* though interpreted to mean 'hoar frosts,' to which I own we are somewhat subject in this north-eastern sea-coast, may also signify a locality, namely, Prunes; the *castra Pruinis posita* would therefore be the Kaim of Kinprunes. But I waive this, for I am sensible it might be laid hold of by cavillers as carrying down my *castra* to the time of Theodosius, sent by Valentinian into Britain as late as the year 367 or thereabout. No, my good friend, I appeal to people's eyesight—is not here the decuman gate? and there, but for the ravage of the horrid plough, as a learned friend calls it, would be the prætorian gate. On the left hand you may see some slight vestiges of the *porta sinistra,* and on the right one side of the *porta dextra* well-nigh entire. Here, then, let us take our stand, on this tumulus, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings—the central point, the *prætorium,* doubtless, of the camp. From this place, now scarce to be distinguished but by its slight elevation and its greener turf from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agricola to have looked forth on the immense army of Caledonians, occupying the declivities of yon opposite hill, the infantry rising rank over rank as the form of ground displayed their array to its utmost advantage, the cavalry and *covinarii,* by which I understand the charioteers—another guise of folks from your Bond Street four-in-hand men, I trow—scouring the more level space below—

"'See, then, Lovel, see—
See that huge battle moving from the mountains,
Their gilt coats shine like dragon scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm. See them, and view them,
And then see Rome no more!'

Yes, my dear friend, from this stance it is probable—nay, it is nearly certain—that Julius Agricola beheld what our Beaumont has so admirably described! From this very *prætorium*——"

A voice from behind interrupted his ecstatic description—"Prætorian here, prætorian there, I mind the bigging o't." *

Both at once turned round, Lovel with surprise and Oldbuck with mingled surprise and indignation, at so uncivil an interruption. An auditor had stolen upon them, unseen and unheard, amid the energy of the Antiquary's enthusiastic declamation and the attentive civility of Lovel. He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant. A slouched hat of huge dimensions; a long white beard, which mingled with his grizzled hair; an aged, but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened by climate and exposure to a right brick-dust complexion; a long blue gown, with a pewter badge on the right arm; two or three wallets or bags slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree richer than himself—all these marked at once a beggar by profession and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the King's Bedesmen, or, vulgarly, Blue-Gowns.

"What is that you say, Edie?" said Oldbuck, hoping, perhaps, that his ears had betrayed their duty; "what were you speaking about?"

"About this bit bourock, your honor," answered the undaunted Edie; "I mind the bigging o't."

"The devil you do! Why, you old fool, it was here before you were born, and will be after you are hanged, man!"

"Hanged or drowned, here or awa, dead or alive, I mind the bigging o't."

"You—you—you," said the Antiquary, stammering between confusion and anger—"you strolling old vagabond, what the devil do you know about it?"

"Ou, I ken this about it, Monkbarns—and what profit have I for telling ye a lie?—I just ken this about it, that about twenty years syne I and a wheen hallenshakers like mysell, and the mason lads that built the lang dyke that gaes down the loaning, and twa or three herds maybe, just set to wark and built this bit thing here that ye ca' the—the—prætorian, and a' just for a bield at auld Aiken Drum's bridal, and a bit blithe gae-down we had in't some sair rainy weather. Mair by token, Monkbarns, if ye howk up the bourock, as ye seem

* See Prætorium. Note 1.

to have begun, ye'll find, if ye hae not fund it already, a stane that ane o' the mason callants cut a ladle on to have a bourd at the bridegroom, and he put four letters on't, that's A.D.L.L. —Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle; for Aiken was ane o' the kale-suppers o' Fife."

"This," thought Lovel to himself, "is a famous counterpart to the story of 'Keep on this side.'" He then ventured to steal a glance at our Antiquary, but quickly withdrew it in sheer compassion. For, gentle reader, if thou hast ever beheld the visage of a damsel of sixteen whose romance of true love has been blown up by an untimely discovery, or of a child of ten years whose castle of cards has been blown down by a malicious companion, I can safely aver to you that Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns looked neither more wise nor less disconcerted.

"There is some mistake about this," he said, abruptly turning away from the mendicant.

"Deil a bit on my side o' the wa'," answered the sturdy beggar; "I never deal in mistakes, they aye bring mischances. Now, Monkbarns, that young gentleman that's wi' your honor thinks little of a carle like me; and yet I'll wager I'll tell him whar he was yestreen at the gloamin', only he maybe wadna like to hae't spoken o' in company."

Lovel's soul rushed to his cheeks with the vivid blush of two-and-twenty.

"Never mind the old rogue," said Mr. Oldbuck. "Don't suppose I think the worse of you for your profession; they are only prejudiced fools and coxcombs that do so. You remember what old Tully says in his oration *Pro Archia poeta* concerning one of your confraternity—*Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit—ut—ut*—I forget the Latin; the meaning is, which of us was so rude and barbarous as to remain unmoved at the death of the great Roscius, whose advanced age was so far from preparing us for his death that we rather hoped one so graceful, so excellent in his art, ought to be exempted from the common lot of mortality? So the Prince of Orators spoke of the stage and its professors."

The words of the old man fell upon Lovel's ears, but without conveying any precise idea to his mind, which was then occupied in thinking by what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a countenance provokingly sly and intelligent, had contrived to thrust himself into any knowledge of his affairs. He put his hand in his pocket as the readiest mode of intimating his desire of secrecy and securing the concurrence of the person whom he addressed; and while he bestowed him an alms, the amount of which

rather bore proportion to his fears than to his charity, looked at him with a marked expression, which the mendicant, a physiognomist by profession, seemed perfectly to understand. "Never mind me, sir, I am no tale-pyet; but there are mair een in the warld than mine," answered he as he pocketed Lovel's bounty, but in a tone to be heard by him alone, and with an expression which amply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Oldbuck—"I am awa to the manse, your honor. Has your honor ony word there, or to Sir Arthur, for I'll come in by Knockwinnock Castle again e'en?"

Oldbuck started as from a dream; and in a hurried tone, where vexation strove with a wish to conceal it, paying at the same time a tribute to Edie's smooth, greasy, unlined hat, he said, "Go down, go down to Monkbarns; let them give you some dinner. Or stay; if you do go to the manse, or to Knockwinnock, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours."

"Who, I?" said the mendicant. "Lord bless your honor, naebody sall ken a word about it frae me, mair than if the bit bourock had been there since Noah's flood. But, Lord, they tell me your honor has gien Johnnie Howie acre for acre of the laigh crofts for this heathery knowe! Now, if he has really imposed the bourock on ye for an ancient wark, it's my real opinion the bargain will never haud gude, if you would just bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he beguiled ye."

"Provoking scoundrel," muttered the indignant Antiquary between his teeth; "I'll have the hangman's lash and his back acquainted for this!" And then in a louder tone, "Never mind, Edie; it is all a mistake."

"Troth, I am thinking sae," continued his tormentor, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the galled wound—"troth, I aye thought sae; and it's no sae lang since I said to Luckie Gemmels, 'Never think you, Luckie,' said I, 'that his honor, Monkbarns, would hae done sic a daft-like thing as to gie grund weel worth fifty shillings an acre for a mailing that would be dear o' a pund Scots. Na, na,' quoth I, 'depend upon't the Laird's been imposed upon wi' that wily do-little deevil, Johnnie Howie.' 'But Lord haud a care o' us, sirs, how can that be,' quoth she again, 'when the Laird's sae book-learned there's no the like o' him in the country-side, and Johnnie Howie has hardly sense eneugh to ca' the cows out o' his kale-yard?' 'Aweel, aweel,' quoth I, 'but ye'll hear he's circumvented him with some of his

auld warld stories,'—for ye ken, Laird, yon other time about the bodle that ye thought was an auld coin——"

"Go to the devil!" said Oldbuck; and then in a more mild tone, as one that was conscious his reputation lay at the mercy of his antagonist, he added—"Away with you down to Monkbarns, and when I come back I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the kitchen."

"Heaven reward your honor!" This was uttered with the true mendicant whine, as, setting his pike-staff before him, he began to move in the direction of Monkbarns. "But did your honor," turning round, "ever get back the siller ye gae to the travelling packman for the bodle?"

"Curse thee, go about thy business!"

"Aweel, aweel, sir, God bless your honor! I hope ye'll ding Johnnie Howie yet, and that I'll live to see it." And so saying, the old beggar moved off, relieving Mr. Oldbuck of recollections which were anything rather than agreeable.

"Who is this familiar old gentleman?" said Lovel, when the mendicant was out of hearing.

"O, one of the plagues of the country. I have been always against poor's-rates and a workhouse; I think I'll vote for them now, to have that scoundrel shut up. O, your old-remembered guest of a beggar becomes as well acquainted with you as he is with his dish, as intimate as one of the beasts familiar to man which signify love, and with which his own trade is especially conversant. Who is he? why, he has gone the vole—has been soldier, ballad-singer, travelling tinker, and is now a beggar. He is spoiled by our foolish gentry, who laugh at his jokes and rehearse Edie Ochiltree's good things as regularly as Joe Miller's."

"Why, he uses freedom, apparently, which is the soul of wit," answered Lovel.

"O ay, freedom enough," said the Antiquary; "he generally invents some damned improbable lie or another to provoke you, like that nonsense he talked just now; not that I'll publish my tract till I have examined the thing to the bottom."

"In England," said Lovel, "such a mendicant would get a speedy check."

"Yes, your churchwardens and dog-whips would make slender allowance for his vein of humor! But here, curse him, he is a sort of privileged nuisance—one of the last specimens of the old-fashioned Scottish mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular space, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel, and sometimes the historian of the district.

That rascal, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other man in this and the four next parishes. And after all," continued he, softening as he went on describing Edie's good gifts, "the dog has some good-humor. He has borne his hard fate with unbroken spirits, and it's cruel to deny him the comfort of a laugh at his betters. The pleasure of having quizzed me, as you gay folk would call it, will be meat and drink to him for a day or two. But I must go back and look after him, or he will spread his d—d nonsensical story over half the country."

So saying, our heroes parted, Mr. Oldbuck to return to his *hospitium* at Monkbarns, and Lovel to pursue his way to Fairport, where he arrived without further adventure.

CHAPTER V

Launcelot Gobbo. Mark me now: now will I raise the waters.
Merchant of Venice.

THE theatre at Fairport had opened, but no Mr. Lovel appeared on the boards, nor was there anything in the habits or deportment of the young gentleman so named which authorized Mr. Oldbuck's conjecture that his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the public favor. Regular were the Antiquary's inquiries at an old-fashioned barber who dressed the only three wigs in the parish, which, in defiance of taxes and times, were still subjected to the operation of powdering and frizzling, and who for that purpose divided his time among the three employers whom fashion had yet left him—regular, I say, were Mr. Oldbuck's inquiries at this personage concerning the news of the little theatre at Fairport, expecting every day to hear of Mr. Lovel's appearance, on which occasion the old gentleman had determined to put himself to charges in honor of his young friend, and not only to go to the play himself, but to carry his womankind along with him. But old Jacob Caxon conveyed no information which warranted his taking so decisive a step as that of securing a box.

He brought information, on the contrary, that there was a young man residing at Fairport of whom the town (by which he meant all the gossips, who, having no business of their own, fill up their leisure moments by attending to that of other people) could make nothing. He sought no society, but rather avoided that which the apparent gentleness of his manners, and some degree of curiosity, induced many to offer him. Nothing could be more regular, or less resembling an adventurer, than his mode of living, which was simple, but so completely well arranged that all who had any transactions with him were loud in their approbation.

"These are not the virtues of a stage-struck hero," thought Oldbuck to himself; and, however habitually pertinacious in his opinions, he must have been compelled to abandon that which he had formed in the present instance but for a part of Caxon's communication. "The young gentleman,"

he said, "was sometimes heard speaking to himsell, and rampauging about in his room, just as if he was ane o' the player folk."

Nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance, occurred to confirm Mr. Oldbuck's supposition, and it remained a high and doubtful question what a well-informed young man, without friends, connections, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a resident at Fairport. Neither port wine nor whist had apparently any charms for him. He declined dining with the mess of the volunteer cohort, which had been lately embodied, and shunned joining the convivialities of either of the two parties which then divided Fairport, as they did more important places. He was too little of an aristocrat to join the club of Royal True Blues, and too little of a democrat to fraternize with an affiliated society of the *soi-disant* Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A coffee-room was his detestation; and, I grieve to say it, he had as few sympathies with the tea-table. In short, since the name was fashionable in novel-writing, and that is a great while agone, there was never a Master Lovel of whom so little positive was known, and who was so universally described by negatives.

One negative, however, was important: nobody knew any harm of Lovel. Indeed, had such existed, it would have been speedily made public; for the natural desire of speaking evil of our neighbor could in his case have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for a being so unsocial. On one account alone he fell somewhat under suspicion. As he made free use of his pencil in his solitary walks, and had drawn several views of the harbor, in which the signal-tower, and even the four-gun battery, were introduced, some zealous friends of the public sent abroad a whisper that this mysterious stranger must certainly be a French spy. The sheriff paid his respects to Mr. Lovel accordingly, but in the interview which followed it would seem that he had entirely removed that magistrate's suspicions, since he not only suffered him to remain undisturbed in his retirement, but, it was credibly reported, sent him two invitations to dinner parties, both which were civilly declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not only from the public at large, but from his substitute, his clerk, his wife, and his two daughters, who formed his privy council on all questions of official duty.

All these particulars being faithfully reported by Mr. Caxon to his patron at Monkbarns, tended much to raise

Lovel in the opinion of his former fellow-traveller. "A decent sensible lad," said he to himself, "who scorns to enter into the fooleries and nonsense of these idiot people at Fairport. I must do something for him—I must give him a dinner; and I will write Sir Arthur to come to Monkbarns to meet him. I must consult my womankind."

Accordingly, such consultation having been previously held, a special messenger, being no other than Caxon himself, was ordered to prepare for a walk to Knockwinnock Castle with a letter, "For the honored Sir Arthur Wardour of Knockwinnock, Bart." The contents ran thus—

"Dear Sir Arthur,

"On Tuesday the 17th curt. *stilo novo*, I hold a cænobitical symposion at Monkbarns, and pray you to assist thereat, at four o'clock precisely. If my fair enemy Miss Isabel can and will honor us by accompanying you, my womankind will be but too proud to have the aid of such an auxiliary in the cause of resistance to lawful rule and right supremacy. If not, I will send the womankind to the manse for the day. I have a young acquaintance to make known to you, who is touched with some strain of a better spirit than belongs to these giddy-paced times—reveres his elders, and has a pretty notion of the classics—and, as such a youth must have a natural contempt for the people about Fairport, I wish to show him some rational as well as worshipful society. I am, dear Sir Arthur," etc., etc., etc.

"Fly with this letter, Caxon," said the senior, holding out his missive, *signatum atque sigillatum*—"fly to Knockwinnock and bring me back an answer. Go as fast as if the town council were met, and waiting for the provost, and the provost was waiting for his new-powdered wig."

"Ah! sir," answered the messenger, with a deep sigh, "thae days hae lang gane by. Deil a wig has a provost of Fairport worn sin' auld Provost Jervie's time; and he had a queen of a servant lass that dressed it hersell, wi' the doup o' a candle and a drudging-box. But I hae seen the day, Monkbarns, when the town council of Fairport wad hae as soon wanted their town clerk, or their gill of brandy ower-head after the haddies, as they wad hae wanted ilk ane a weel-favored, sonsy, decent periwig on his pow. Hegh, sirs! nae wonder the commons will be discontent and rise against the law, when they see magistrates and bailies and deacons, and

the provost himself, wi' heads as bald and as bare as ane o' my blocks!"

"And as well furnished within, Caxon. But away with you; you have an excellent view of public affairs, and, I dare say, have touched the cause of our popular discontent as closely as the provost could have done himself. But away with you, Caxon."

And off went Caxon upon his walk of three miles—

> "He hobbled, but his heart was good;
> Could he go faster than he could?"

While he is engaged in his journey and return, it may not be impertinent to inform the reader to whose mansion he was bearing his embassy.

We have said that Mr. Oldbuck kept little company with the surrounding gentlemen, excepting with one person only. This was Sir Arthur Wardour, a baronet of ancient descent, and of a large but embarrassed fortune. His father, Sir Anthony, had been a Jacobite, and had displayed all the enthusiasm of that party while it could be served with words only. No man squeezed the orange with more significant gesture; no one could more dexterously intimate a dangerous health without coming under the penal statutes; and, above all, none drank success to the cause more deeply and devoutly. But, on the approach of the Highland army in 1745, it would appear that the worthy baronet's zeal became a little more moderate just when its warmth was of most consequence. He talked much, indeed, of taking the field for the rights of Scotland and Charles Stuart; but his demi-pique saddle would suit only one of his horses, and that horse could by no means be brought to stand fire. Perhaps the worshipful owner sympathized in the scruples of this sagacious quadruped, and began to think that what was so much dreaded by the horse could not be very wholesome for the rider. At any rate, while Sir Anthony Wardour talked and drank and hesitated, the sturdy provost of Fairport (who, as we before noticed, was the father of our Antiquary) sallied from his ancient burgh, heading a body of Whig burghers, and seized at once, in the name of George II., upon the Castle of Knockwinnock and on the four carriage horses and person of the proprietor. Sir Anthony was shortly after sent off to the Tower of London by a secretary of state's warrant, and with him went his son Arthur, then a youth. But as nothing appeared like an overt act of treason, both father and son were soon set at liberty, and returned to their own mansion of Knockwinnock

to drink healths five fathoms deep and talk of their sufferings in the royal cause. This became so much a matter of habit with Sir Arthur that, even after his father's death, the non-juring chaplain used to pray regularly for the restoration of the rightful sovereign, for the downfall of the usurper, and for deliverance from their cruel and bloodthirsty enemies; although all idea of serious opposition to the house of Hanover had long mouldered away, and this treasonable liturgy was kept up rather as a matter of form than as conveying any distinct meaning. So much was this the case that, about the year 1770, upon a disputed election occurring in the county, the worthy knight fairly gulped down the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, in order to serve a candidate in whom he was interested; thus renouncing the heir for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Heaven, and acknowledging the usurper, whose dethronement he had never ceased to pray for. And to add to this melancholy instance of human inconsistency, Sir Arthur continued to pray for the house of Stuart even after the family had been extinct, and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty he was pleased to regard them as alive, yet in all actual service and practical exertion he was a most zealous and devoted subject of George III.

In other respects Sir Arthur Wardour lived like most country gentlemen in Scotland—hunted and fished, gave and received dinners, attended races and county meetings, was a deputy-lieutenant and trustee upon turnpike acts. But in his more advanced years, as he became too lazy or unwieldy for field sports, he supplied them by now and then reading Scottish history; and, having gradually acquired a taste for antiquities, though neither very deep nor very correct, he became a crony of his neighbor, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, and a joint laborer with him in his antiquarian pursuits.

There were, however, points of difference between these two humorists which sometimes occasioned discord. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was boundless, and Mr. Oldbuck (notwithstanding the affair of the *prætorium* at the Kaim of Kinprunes) was much more scrupulous in receiving legends as current and authentic coin. Sir Authur would have deemed himself guilty of the crime of leze-majesty had he doubted the existence of any single individual of that formidable bead-roll of one hundred and four kings of Scotland, received by Boethius, and rendered classical by Buchanan, in virtue of whom James VI. claimed to rule his ancient kingdom, and whose portraits still frown grimly upon

the walls of the gallery of Holyrood. Now Oldbuck, a shrewd and suspicious man, and no respecter of divine hereditary right, was apt to cavil at this sacred list, and to affirm that the procession of the posterity of Fergus through the pages of Scottish history was as vain and unsubstantial as the gleamy pageant of the descendants of Banquo through the cavern of Hecate.

Another tender topic was the good fame of Queen Mary, of which the knight was a most chivalrous assertor, while the esquire impugned it, in spite both of her beauty and misfortunes. When, unhappily, their conversation turned on yet later times, motives of discord occurred in almost every page of history. Oldbuck was upon principle a stanch Presbyterian, a ruling elder of the kirk, and a friend to revolution principles and Protestant succession, while Sir Arthur was the very reverse of all this. They agreed, it is true, in dutiful love and allegiance to the sovereign who now fills * the throne; but this was their only point of union. It therefore often happened that bickerings hot broke out between them, in which Oldbuck was not always able to suppress his caustic humor, while it would sometimes occur to the Baronet that the descendant of a German printer, whose sires had "sought the base fellowship of paltry burghers," forgot himself, and took an unlicensed freedom of debate, considering the rank and ancient descent of his antagonist. This, with the old feud of the coach horses, and the seizure of his manor-place and tower of strength by Mr. Oldbuck's father, would at times rush upon his mind, and inflame at once his cheeks and his arguments. And, lastly, as Mr. Oldbuck thought his worthy friend and compeer was in some respects little better than a fool, he was apt to come more near communicating to him that unfavorable opinion than the rules of modern politeness warrant. In such cases they often parted in deep dudgeon and with something like a resolution to forbear each other' company in future:

"But with the morning calm reflection came;"

and as each was sensible that the society of the other had become, through habit, essential to his comfort, the breach was speedily made up between them. On such occasions Oldbuck, considering that the Baronet's pettishness resembled that of a child, usually showed his superior sense by compassionately making the first advances to reconciliation. But it

* The reader will understand that this refers to the reign of our late Gracious Sovereign, George the Third.

once or twice happened that the aristocratic pride of the far-descended knight took a flight too offensive to the feelings of the representative of the typographer. In these cases the breach between these two originals might have been immortal but for the kind exertions and interposition of the Baronet's daughter, Miss Isabella Wardour, who, with a son, now absent upon foreign and military service, formed his whole surviving family. She was well aware how necessary Mr. Oldbuck was to her father's amusement and comfort, and seldom failed to interpose with effect when the office of a mediator between them was rendered necessary by the satirical shrewdness of the one or the assumed superiority of the other. Under Isabella's mild influence the wrongs of Queen Mary were forgotten by her father, and Mr. Oldbuck forgave the blasphemy which reviled the memory of King William. However, as she used in general to take her father's part playfully in these disputes, Oldbuck was wont to call Isabella his fair enemy, though in fact he made more account of her than any other of her sex, of whom, as we have seen, he was no admirer.

There existed another connection betwixt these worthies which had alternately a repelling and attractive influence upon their intimacy. Sir Arthur always wished to borrow; Mr. Oldbuck was not always willing to lend. Mr. Oldbuck, *per contra*, always wished to be repaid with regularity; Sir Arthur was not always, nor indeed often, prepared to gratify this reasonable desire; and, in accomplishing an arrangement between tendencies so opposite, little "miffs" would occasionally take place. Still there was a spirit of mutual accommodation upon the whole, and they dragged on like dogs in couples, with some difficulty and occasional snarling, but without absolutely coming to a standstill or throttling each other.

Some little disagreement such as we have mentioned, arising out of business or politics, had divided the houses of Knockwinnock and Monkbarns when the emissary of the latter arrived to discharge his errand. In his ancient Gothic parlor, whose windows on one side looked out upon the restless ocean, and on the other upon the long straight avenue, was the Baronet seated, now turning over the leaves of a folio, now casting a weary glance where the sun quivered on the dark-green foliage and smooth trunks of the large and branching limes with which the avenue was planted. At length, sight of joy! a moving object is seen, and it gives rise to the usual inquiries, Who is it? and what can be his errand? The old whitish-gray coat, the hobbling gait, the hat, half-

slouched, half-cocked, announced the forlorn maker of periwigs, and left for investigation only the second query. This was soon solved by a servant entering the parlor—"A letter from Monkbarns, Sir Arthur."

Sir Arthur took the epistle with a due assumption of consequential dignity.

"Take the old man into the kitchen and let him get some refreshment," said the young lady, whose compassionate eye had remarked his thin gray hair and wearied gait.

"Mr. Oldbuck, my love, invites us to dinner on Tuesday the 17th," said the Baronet, pausing; "he really seems to forget that he has not of late conducted himself so civilly towards me as might have been expected."

"Dear sir, you have so many advantages over poor Mr. Oldbuck that no wonder it should put him a little out of humor; but I know he has much respect for your person and your conversation; nothing would give him more pain than to be wanting in any real attention."

"True, true, Isabella; and one must allow for the original descent: something of the German boorishness still flows in the blood, something of the Whiggish and perverse opposition to establish rank and privilege. You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute unless when he avails himself of a sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact, a tiresome and frivolous accuracy of memory which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent."

"He must find it convenient in historical investigation, I should think, sir?" said the young lady.

"It leads to an uncivil and positive mode of disputing; and nothing seems more unreasonable than to hear him impugn even Bellenden's rare translation of Hector Boece, which I have the satisfaction to possess, and which is a black-letter folio of great value, upon the authority of some old scrap of parchment which he has saved from its deserved destiny of being cut up into tailors' measures. And, besides, that habit of minute and troublesome accuracy leads to a mercantile manner of doing business, which ought to be beneath a landed proprietor whose family has stood two or three generations. I question if there's a dealer's clerk in Fairport that can sum an account of interest better than Monkbarns."

"But you'll accept his invitation, sir?"

"Why, ye—yes; we have no other engagement on hand, I think. Who can the young man be he talks of? he seldom picks up new acquaintance; and he has no relation that I ever heard of."

"Probably some relation of his brother-in-law, Captain M'Intyre."

"Very possibly. Yes, we will accept; the M'Intyres are of a very ancient Highland family. You may answer his card in the affirmative, Isabella; I believe I have no leisure to be 'Dear Sirring' myself."

So this important matter being adjusted, Miss Wardour intimated "her own and Sir Arthur's compliments, and that they would have the honor of waiting upon Mr. Oldbuck. Miss Wardour takes this opportunity to renew her hostility with Mr. Oldbuck, on account of his late long absence from Knockwinnock, where his visits give so much pleasure." With this *placebo* she concluded her note, with which old Caxon, now refreshed in limbs and wind, set out on his return to the Antiquary's mansion.

CHAPTER VI

Moth. By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodnesday,
Truth is a thing that I will ever keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulcre.

CARTWRIGHT'S *Ordinary.*

OUR young friend Lovel, who had received a corresponding invitation, punctual to the hour of appointment, arrived at Monkbarns about five minutes before four o'clock on the 17th of July. The day had been remarkably sultry, and large drops of rain had occasionally fallen, though the threatened showers had as yet passed away.

Mr. Oldbuck received him at the Palmer's Port in his complete brown suit, gray silk stockings, and wig powdered with all the skill of the veteran Caxon, who, having smelled out the dinner, had taken care not to finish his job till the hour of eating approached.

"You are welcome to my symposion, Mr. Lovel; and now let me introduce you to my Clogdogdos, as Tom Otter calls them—my unlucky and good-for-nothing womankind—*malæ bestiæ*, Mr. Lovel."

"I shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the ladies very undeserving of your satire."

"Tilley-valley, Mr. Lovel—which, by the way, one commentator derives from *tittivillitium* and another from *talley-ho*—but tilley-valley, I say, a truce with your politeness. You will find them but samples of womankind. But here they be, Mr. Lovel. I present to you, in due order, my most discreet sister Griselda, who disdains the simplicity, as well as patience, annexed to the poor old name of Grizel; and my most exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary, and sometimes Molly."

The elderly lady rustled in silks and satins, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion in the ladies' memorandum-book for the year 1770, a superb piece of archi-

tecture not much less than a modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the turrets, the black pins the *chevaux de frize*, and the lappets the banners.

The face which, like that of the ancient statues of Vesta, was thus crowned with towers, was large and long, and peaked at nose and chin, and bore in other respects such a ludicrous resemblance to the physiognomy of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck that Lovel, had they not appeared at once, like Sebastian and Viola in the last scene of the "Twelfth Night," might have supposed that the figure before him was his old friend masquerading in female attire. An antique flowered silk gown graced the extraordinary person to whom belonged this unparalleled *tête*, which her brother was wont to say was fitter for a turban for Mahound or Termagant than a head-gear for a reasonable creature or Christian gentlewoman. Two long and bony arms were terminated at the elbows by triple blonde ruffles, and, being folded saltire-ways in front of her person, and decorated with long gloves of a bright vermilion color, presented no bad resemblance to a pair of gigantic lobsters. High-heeled shoes, and a short silk cloak, thrown in easy negligence over her shoulders, completed the exterior of Miss Griselda Oldbuck.

Her niece, the same whom Lovel had seen transiently during his first visit, was a pretty young woman, genteelly dressed according to the fashion of the day, with an air of *espièglerie* which became her very well, and which was perhaps derived from the caustic humor peculiar to her uncle's family, though softened by transmission.

Mr. Lovel paid his respects to both ladies, and was answered by the elder with the prolonged courtesy of 1760, drawn from the righteous period

> "When folks conceived a grace
> Of half an hour's space,
> And rejoiced in a Friday's capon,"

and by the younger with a modern reverence, which, like the festive benediction of a modern divine, was of much shorter duration.

While this salutation was exchanging, Sir Arthur, with his fair daughter hanging upon his arm, having dismissed his chariot, appeared at the garden door, and in all due form paid his respects to the ladies.

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "and you, my fair foe, let me make known to you my young friend Mr. Lovel, a gentleman who, during the scarlet fever which is epidemic

at present in this our island, has the virtue and decency to appear in a coat of a civil complexion. You see, however, that the fashionable color has mustered in his cheeks which appears not in his garments. Sir Arthur, let me present to you a young gentleman whom your further knowledge will find grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in all the hidden mysteries of the greenroom and stage, from the days of Davie Lindsay down to those of Dibdin—he blushes again, which is a sign of grace."

"My brother," said Miss Griselda, addressing Lovel, "has a humorous way of expressing himself, sir, nobody thinks anything of what Monkbarns says; so I beg you will not be so confused for the matter of his nonsense. But you must have had a warm walk beneath this broiling sun; would you take onything?—a glass of balm wine?"

Ere Lovel could answer, the Antiquary interposed. "Aroint thee, witch! wouldst thou poison my guests with thy infernal decoctions? Dost thou not remember how it fared with the clergyman whom you seduced to partake of that deceitful beverage?"

"O fie, fie, brother. Sir Arthur, did you ever hear the like! He must have everything his ain way, or he will invent such stories. But there goes Jenny to ring the old bell to tell us that the dinner is ready."

Rigid in his economy, Mr. Oldbuck kept no male servant. This he disguised under the pretext that the masculine sex was too noble to be employed in those acts of personal servitude which, in all early periods of society, were uniformly imposed on the female. "Why," would he say, "did the boy Tam Rintherout, whom, at my wise sister's instigation, I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial—why did he pilfer apples, take birds' nests, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble emulation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex, which has conducted him to Flanders with a musket on his shoulder, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious halbert, or even to the gallows? And why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Rintherout, move in the same vocation with safe and noiseless step, shod or unshod, soft as the pace of a cat, and docile as a spaniel—why? but because she is in her vocation. Let them minister to us, Sir Arthur—let them minister, I say; it's the only thing they are fit for. All ancient legislators, from Lycurgus to Mahommed, corruptly called Mahomet, agree in putting them in their proper and subordinate rank, and it is only

the crazy heads of our old chivalrous ancestors that erected their Dulcineas into despotic princesses."

Miss Wardour protested loudly against this ungallant doctrine; but the bell now rang for dinner.

"Let me do all the offices of fair courtesy to so fair an antagonist," said the old gentleman, offering his arm. "I remember, Miss Wardour, Mahommed (vulgarly Mahomet) had some hesitation about the mode of summoning his Moslemah to prayer. He rejected bells as used by Christians, trumpets as the summons of the Guebres, and finally adopted the human voice. I have had equal doubt concerning my dinner-call. Gongs, now in present use, seemed a new-fangled and heathenish invention, and the voice of the female womankind I rejected as equally shrill and dissonant; wherefore, contrary to the said Mahommed, or Mahomet, I have resumed the bell. It has a local propriety, since it was the conventual signal for spreading the repast in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongue of my sister's prime minister Jenny, that, though not quite so loud and shrill, it ceases ringing the instant you drop the bell-rope; whereas we know by sad experience that any attempt to silence Jenny only wakes the sympathetic chime of Miss Oldbuck and Mary M'Intyre to join in chorus."

With this discourse he led the way to his dining-parlor, which Lovel had not yet seen; it was wainscotted, and contained some curious paintings. The dining-table was attended by Jenny; but an old superintendent, a sort of female butler, stood by the sideboard, and underwent the burden of bearing several reproofs from Mr. Oldbuck, and innuendoes, not so much marked but not less cutting, from his sister.

The dinner was such as suited a professed antiquary, comprehending many savory specimens of Scottish viands now disused at the tables of those who affect elegance. There was the relishing solan goose, whose smell is so powerful that he is never cooked within doors. Blood-raw he proved to be on this occasion, so that Oldbuck half-threatened to throw the greasy sea-fowl at the head of the negligent housekeeper, who acted as priestess in presenting this odoriferous offering. But, by good hap, she had been most fortunate in the hotch-potch, which was unanimously pronounced to be inimitable. "I knew we should succeed here," said Oldbuck, exultingly, "for Davie Dibble, the gardener—an old bachelor like myself—takes care the rascally women do not dishonor our vegetables. And here is fish and sauce and crappit-heads. I acknowledge our womankind excel in that dish; it procures

them the pleasure of scolding, for half an hour at least, twice a week, with auld Maggy Mucklebackit, our fishwife. The chicken-pie, Mr. Lovel, is made after a recipe bequeathed to me by my departed grandmother of happy memory. And if you will venture on a glass of wine you will find it worthy of one who professes the maxim of King Alphonso of Castile—Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends, Sir Arthur—ay, Mr. Lovel, and young friends too—to converse with."

"And what news do you bring us from Edinburgh, Monkbarns?" said Sir Arthur; "how wags the world in Auld Reekie?"

"Mad, Sir Arthur, mad—irretrievably frantic—far beyond dipping in the sea, shaving the crown, or drinking hellebore. The worst sort of frenzy, a military frenzy, hath possessed man, woman, and child."

"And high time, I think," said Miss Wardour, "when we are threatened with invasion from abroad and insurrection at home."

"O, I did not doubt you would join the scarlet host against me: women, like turkeys, are always subdued by a red rag. But what says Sir Arthur, whose dreams are of standing armies and German oppression?"

"Why, I say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the knight, "that, so far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist *cum toto corpore regni*, as the phrase is, unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin, an enemy who comes to propose to us a Whiggish sort of government, a republican system, and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatics of the worst kind in our own bowels. I have taken some measures, I assure you, such as become my rank in the community; for I have directed the constables to take up that old scoundrelly beggar, Edie Ochiltree, for spreading disaffection against Church and State through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Caxon that Johnnie Howie's Kilmarnock cowl covered more sense than all the three wigs in the parish. I think it is easy to make out that innuendo. But the rogue shall be taught better manners."

"O no, my dear sir," exclaimed Miss Wardour, "not old Edie, that we have known so long. I assure you no constable shall have my good graces that executes such a warrant."

"Ay, there it goes," said the Antiquary; "you, to be a stanch Tory, Sir Arthur, have nourished a fine sprig of Whiggery in your bosom. Why, Miss Wardour is alone sufficient to control a whole quarter-session—a quarter-session? ay, a

general assembly or convocation to boot—a Boadicea she, an Amazon, a Zenobia."

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Oldbuck, I am glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Under arms, Lord love thee! didst thou ever read the history of Sister Margaret, which flowed from a head that, though now old and somedele gray, has more sense and political intelligence than you find nowadays in a whole synod? Dost thou remember the Nurse's dream in that exquisite work, which she recounts in such agony to Hubble Bubble? When she would have taken up a piece of broadcloth in her vision, lo! it exploded like a great iron cannon; when she put out her hand to save a pirn, it perked up in her face in the form of a pistol. My own vision in Edinburgh has been something similar. I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragoon's dress, belted and casqued, and about to mount a charger, which his writing-clerk (habited as a sharpshooter) walked to and fro before his door. I went to scold my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman; he had stuck into his head the plume which in more sober days he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an artillery officer. My mercer had his spontoon in his hand, as if he measured his cloth by that implement instead of a legitimate yard. The banker's clerk, who was directed to sum my cash account, blundered it three times, being disordered by the recollection of his military 'tellings-off' at the morning drill. I was ill, and sent for a surgeon—

> "'He came; but valor so had fired his eye,
> And such a falchion glitter'd on his thigh,
> That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
> I thought he came to murder, not to heal!'

I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practicing a more wholesale mode of slaughter than that which his profession had been supposed at all times to open to him. And now, since I have returned here, even our wise neighbors of Fairport have caught the same valiant humor. I hate a gun like a hurt wild duck, I detest a drum like a Quaker; and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the town's common so that every volley and roll goes to my very heart."

"Dear brother, dinna speak that gate o' the gentlemen volunteers; I am sure they have a most becoming uniform. Weel I wot they have been wet to the very skin twice last week; I met them marching in terribly droukit, an mony a sair hoast was amang them. And the trouble they take, I am sure it claims our gratitude."

"And I am sure," said Miss M'Intyre, "that my uncle sent twenty guineas to help out their equipments."

"It was to buy licorice and sugar-candy," said the cynic, "to encourage the trade of the place, and to refresh the throats of the officers who had bawled themselves hoarse in the service of their country."

"Take care, Monkbarns! we shall set you down among the black-nebs by and by."

"No, Sir Arthur, a tame grumbler I. I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without uniting my throat to the grand chorus of the marsh. *Ni quito rey, ni pongo rey*—I neither make king nor mar king, as Sancho says, but pray heartily for our own sovereign, pay scot and lot, and grumble at the exciseman. But here comes the ewe-milk cheese in good time; it is a better digestive than politics."

When dinner was over and the decanters placed on the table, Mr. Oldbuck proposed the King's health in a bumper, which was readily acceded to both by Lovel and the Baronet, the Jacobitism of the latter being now a sort of speculative opinion merely—the shadow of a shade.

After the ladies had left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Arthur entered into several exquisite discussions, in which the younger guest, either on account of the abstruse erudition which they involved, or for some other reason, took but a slender share, till at length he was suddenly started out of a profound revery by an unexpected appeal to his judgment.

"I will stand by what Mr. Lovel says; he was born in the north of England, and may know the very spot."

Sir Arthur thought it unlikely that so young a gentleman should have paid much attention to matters of that sort.

"I am advised of the contrary," said Oldbuck. "How say you, Mr. Lovel? Speak up for your own credit, man."

Lovel was obliged to confess himself in the ridiculous situation of one alike ignorant of the subject of conversation and controversy which had engaged the company for an hour.

"Lord help the lad, his head has been wool-gathering! I thought how it would be when the womankind were admitted—no getting a word of sense out of a young fellow for six hours after. Why, man, there was once a people called the Piks——"

"More properly Picts," interrupted the Baronet.

"I say the Pikar, Pihar, Piochtar, Piaghter, or Peughtar," vociferated Oldbuck; "they spoke a Gothic dialect——"

"Genuine Celtic," again asseverated the knight.

"Gothic! Gothic, I'll go to death upon it!" counter-asseverated the squire.

"Why, gentlemen," said Lovel, "I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language."

"There is but one word," said the Baronet, "but, in spite of Mr. Oldbuck's pertinacity, it is decisive of the question."

"Yes, in my favor," said Oldbuck. "Mr. Lovel, you shall be judge. I have the learned Pinkerton on my side."

"I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers."

"Gordon comes into my opinion."

"Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine."

"Innes is with me!" vociferated Oldbuck.

"Ritson has no doubt!" shouted the Baronet.

"Truly, gentlemen," said Lovel, "before you muster your forces and overwhelm me with authorities I should like to know the word in dispute.

"*Benval*," said both the disputants at once.

"Which signifies *caput valli*," said Sir Arthur.

"The head of the wall," echoed Oldbuck.

There was a deep pause. "It is rather a narrow foundation to build an hypothesis upon," observed the arbiter.

"Not a whit, not a whit," said Oldbuck; "men fight best in a narrow ring: an inch is as good as a mile for a home-thrust."

"It is decidedly Celtic," said the baronet; "every hill in the Highlands begins with 'ben.'"

"But what say you to 'val,' Sir Arthur? is it not decidedly the Saxon 'wall'?"

"It is the Roman *vallum*," said Sir Arthur; "the Picts borrowed that part of the word."

"No such thing; if they borrowed anything, it must have been your 'ben,' which they might have from the neighboring Britons of Strath Cluyd."

"The Piks, or Picts," said Lovel, "must have been singularly poor in dialect, since in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they have been confessedly obliged to borrow one of them from another language; and, methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought concerning the shield that had one side white and the other black. Each of you claim one-half of the word, and seem to resign the other. But what strikes me most is the poverty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it."

"You are in an error," said Sir Arthur; "it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people; built two steeples—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, thence called *Castrum Puellarum.*"

"A childish legend," said Oldbuck, "invented to give consequence to trumpery womankind. It was called the Maiden Castle, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because it resisted every attack, and women never do."

"There is a list of the Pictish kings," persisted Sir Arthur, "well authenticated, from Crentheminacheryme (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to Drusterstone, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic Mac prefixed—Mac, *id est filius;* what do you say to that, Mr. Oldbuck? There is Drust Macmorachin, Trynel Maclachlin (first of that ancient clan, as it may be judged), and Gormach Macdonald, Alpin Macmetegus, Drust Mactallargam [here he was interrupted by a fit of coughing], ugh, ugh, ugh—Golarge Macchan—ugh, ugh—Macchanan—ugh—Macchananail—Kenneth—ugh—ugh—Macferedith, Eachan Macfungus—and twenty more, decidedly Celtic names, which I could repeat if this damned cough would let me."

"Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that bead-roll of unbaptised jargon, that would choke the devil; why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you have repeated. They are all of the tribe of Macfungus, mushroom monarchs every one of them, sprung up from the fumes of conceit, folly, and falsehood fermenting in the brains of some mad Highland seannachie."

"I am surprised to hear you, Mr. Oldbuck; you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentates was copied by Henry Maule of Melgum from the *Chronicles of Loch-Leven* and *Saint Andrews*, and put forth by him in his short but satisfactory *History of the Picts*, printed by Robert Freebairn of Edinburgh, and sold by him at his shop in the Parliament Close, in the year of God seventeen hundred and five, or six, I am not precisely certain which; but I have a copy at home that stands next to my twelvemo copy of the Scots Acts, and ranges on the shelf with them very well. What say you to that, Mr. Oldbuck?"

"Say? Why I laugh at Harry Maule and his history," answered Oldbuck, "and thereby comply with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its merits."

"Do not laugh at a better man than yourself," said Sir Arthur, somewhat scornfully.

"I do not conceive I do, Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history."

"Henry Maule of Melgum was a gentleman, Mr. Oldbuck."

"I presume he had no advantage of me in *that* particular," replied the Antiquary, somewhat tartly.

"Permit me, Mr. Oldbuck; he was a gentleman of high family and ancient descent, and therefore——"

"The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference? Such may be your opinion, Sir Arthur; it is not mine. I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfbrand Oldenbuck, who, in the month of December 1493, under the patronage, as the colophon tells us, of Sebaldus Scheyter and Sebastian Kammermaister, accomplished the printing of the great *Chronicle of Nuremberg*—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminacheryme, not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name."

"If you mean the observation as a sneer at my ancestry," said the knight, with an assumption of dignified superiority and composure, "I have the pleasure to inform you that the name of my ancestor Gamelyn de Guardover, *miles*, is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Ragman Roll."

"Which only serves to show that he was one of the earliest who set the mean example of submitting to Edward I. What have you to say for the stainless loyalty of your family, Sir Arthur, after such a backsliding as that?"

"It's enough, sir," said Sir Arthur, starting up fiercely and pushing back his chair; "I shall hereafter take care how I honor with my company one who shows himself so ungrateful for my condescension."

"In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur; I hope that, as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation which you have done me by visiting my poor house, I may be excused for not having carried my gratitude to the extent of servility."

"Mighty well—mighty well, Mr. Oldbuck; I wish you a good evening. Mr. a—a—a—Shovel, I wish you a very good evening."

Out of the parlor door flounced the incensed Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table inflamed his single

bosom, and traversed with long strides the labyrinth of passages which conducted to the drawing-room.

"Did you ever hear such an old tup-headed ass?" said Oldbuck, briefly apostrophizing Lovel; "but I must not let him go in this mad-like way neither."

So saying, he pushed off after the retreating Baronet, whom he traced by the clang of several doors which he opened in search of the apartment for tea, and slammed with force behind him at every disappointment. "You'll do yourself a mischief," roared the Antiquary. "*Qui ambulat in tenebris, nescit quo vadit*—you'll tumble down the backstair."

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the sedative effect is well known to nurses and governesses who have to deal with pettish children. It retarded the pace of the irritated Baronet if it did not abate his resentment, and Mr. Oldbuck, better acquainted with the *locale*, got up with him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

"Stay a minute, Sir Arthur," said Oldbuck, opposing his abrupt entrance; "don't be quite so hasty, my good old friend. I was a little too rude with you about Sir Gamelyn. Why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, man, and a favorite; he kept company with Bruce and Wallace, and, I'll be sworn on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Ragman Roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of circumventing the false Southern. 'Twas right Scottish craft, my good knight; hundreds did it. Come, come, forget and forgive; confess we have given the young fellow here a right to think us two testy old fools."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, with much majesty.

"Awell, awell! a wilful man must have his way."

With that the door opened, and into the drawing-room marched the tall, gaunt form of Sir Arthur, followed by Lovel and Mr. Oldbuck, the countenances of all three a little discomposed.

"I have been waiting for you, sir," said Miss Wardour, "to propose we should walk forward to meet the carriage, as the evening is so fine."

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mood in which he found himself; and having, agreeably to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the refreshment of tea and coffee, he tucked his daughter under his arm, and, after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies and a very dry one of Oldbuck, off he marched.

"I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog on his back again," said Miss Oldbuck.

"Black dog! black devil! he's more absurd than womankind. What say you, Lovel? Why, the lad's gone too."

"He took his leave, uncle, while Miss Wardour was putting on her things; but I don't think you observed him."

"The devil's in the people! This is all one gets by fussing and bustling and putting one's self out of one's way in order to give dinners, besides all the charges they are put to. O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia!" said he, taking up a cup of tea in the one hand and a volume of the *Rambler* in the other—for it was his regular custom to read while he was eating or drinking in presence of his sister, being a practice which served at once to evince his contempt for the society of womankind and his resolution to lose no moment of instruction—"O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou spoken—'No man should presume to say, This shall be a day of happiness.'"

Oldbuck proceeded in his studies for the best part of an hour, uninterrupted by the ladies, who each in profound silence pursued some female employment. At length a light and modest tap was heard at the parlor door. "Is that you, Caxon? Come in, come in, man."

The old man opened the door, and, thrusting in his meagre face, thatched with thin gray locks, and one sleeve of his white coat, said in a subdued and mysterious tone of voice, "I was wanting to speak to you, sir."

"Come in, then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say."

"I'll maybe frighten the ladies," said the ex-friseur.

"Frighten!" answered the Antiquary, "what do you mean? never mind the ladies. Have you seen another ghaist at the Humlock Knowe?"

"Na, sir; it's no a ghaist this turn," replied Caxon; "but I'm no easy in my mind."

"Did you ever hear of anybody that was?" answered Oldbuck; "what reason has an old battered powder-puff like you to be easy in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?"

"It's no for mysell, sir; but it threatens an awfu' night; and Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, poor thing——"

"Why, man, they must have met the carriage at the head of the loaning or thereabouts; they must be home long ago."

"Na, sir; they didna gang the road by the turnpike to meet the carriage, they gaed by the sands."

The word operated like electricity on Oldbuck. "The sands!" he exclaimed; "impossible!"

"Ou, sir, that's what I said to the gardener; but he says he saw them turn down by the Mussel Craig. 'In troth,' says I to him, 'an that be the case, Davie, I am misdoubting——'"

"An almanac! an almanac!" said Oldbuck, starting up in great alarm; "not that bauble!" flinging away a little pocket almanac which his niece offered him. "Great God! my poor dear Miss Isabella! Fetch me instantly the Fairport Almanac." It was brought, consulted, and added greatly to his agitation. "I'll go myself; call the gardener and ploughman, bid them bring ropes and ladders, bid them raise more help as they come along; keep the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them; I'll go myself."

"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Oldbuck and Miss M'Intyre.

"The tide! the tide!" answered the alarmed Antiquary.

"Had not Jenny better—but no, I'll run myself," said the younger lady, partaking in all her uncle's terrors—"I'll run myself to Saunders Mucklebackit and make him get out his boat."

"Thank you, my dear, that's the wisest word that has been spoken yet; run! run! To go by the sands!" seizing his hat and cane; "was there ever such madness heard of?"

CHAPTER VII

> Pleased awhile to view
> The watery waste, the prospect wild and new;
> The now receding waters gave them space
> On either side the growing shores to trace;
> And then, returning, they contract the scene,
> Till small and smaller grows the walk between.
>
> CRABBE.

THE information of Davie Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Monkbarns, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal, to return to Knockwinnock by the turnpike road; but, when they reached the head of the loaning, as it was called, or great lane, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Monkbarns, they discerned a little way before them Lovel, who seemed to linger on the way as if to give him an opportunity to join them. Miss Wardour immediately proposed to her father that they should take another direction; and, as the weather was fine, walk home by the sands, which, stretching below a picturesque ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pleasanter passage between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns than the high-road.

Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. "It would be unpleasant," he said, "to be joined by that young fellow, whom Mr. Oldbuck had taken the freedom to introduce them to." And his old-fashioned politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to "cut" the person you have associated with for a week the instant you feel or suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him. Sir Arthur only stipulated that a little ragged boy, for the guerdon of one penny sterling, should run to meet his coachman and turn his equipage back to Knockwinnock.

When this was arranged, and the emissary dispatched, the knight and his daughter left the high-road, and following a wandering path among sandy hillocks, partly grown over with furze and the long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had

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computed; but this gave them no alarm: there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and rather served, with other legends, to amuse the hamlet fireside than to prevent any one from going between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool, moist, hard sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendor gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapors, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid coloring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots and shipmasters. The crags which rose

between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions—"I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage."

Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach Knockwinnock, he said, long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consolatory prediction.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket

Head! that person must have passed it;" thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God indeed!" echoed his daughter, half audibly, half internally, as expressing the gratitude which she strongly felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket Head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation—"we thought we could get round Halket Head."

"Halket Head! The tide will be running on Halket Head by this time like the Fall of Fyers! It was a' I could do to get round it twenty minutes since; it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe get back by Ballyburgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We can but try."

"My God! my child!" "My father, my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavored to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

"I heard ye were here frae the bit callant ye sent to meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, "and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilka forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o' the tide, till I settled it that, if I could get down time eneugh to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! for what mortal ee ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinning e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry; he aye held his neb abune the water in my day, but he's aneath it now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old

man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man—"mak haste, and we may do yet! Take haud o' my arm; an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig; it's sma' eneugh now, but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Ballyburgh Ness, for a' that's come and gane yet."

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour or his daughter to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in sae awsome a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings who, pent between two of the most magnificent yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost

among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child! to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him; "and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavoring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing?—of no help? I'll make you rich; I'll give you a farm; I'll——"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters; "they are sae already, for I hae nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

While they exchanged these words they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates and letting them loose upon the victims.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Sir Arthur, who heard but scarcely comprehended his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift.

Ochiltree paused. "I was a bauld craigsman," he said, "ance in my life, and mony a kittywake's and lungie's nest hae I harried up amang thae very black rocks; but it's lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could speel them without a rope; and if I had ane, my ee-sight and my footstep and my hand-grip hae a' failed mony a day sin syne; and then how could I save *you?* But there was a path here ance, though maybe, if we could see it, ye would rather bide where we are. His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's ane coming down the crag e'en now!" Then, exalting his voice, he hallooed out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind: "Ye're right, ye're right! that gate, that gate! Fasten the rope weel round Crummie's Horn, that's the muckle black stane; cast twa plies round it, that's it. Now, weize yoursell a wee easelward, a wee mair yet to that ither stane—we ca'd it the Cat's Lug. There used to be the root o' an aik-tree there. That will do! canny now, lad, canny now; tak tent and tak time, Lord bless ye, tak time. Vera weel! Now ye maun get to Bessy's Apron, that's the muckle braid flat blue stane; and then I think, wi' your help and the tow thegither, I'll win at ye, and then we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur."

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope; and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of Ochiltree, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there

in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge; and the stunning sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath seemed as if they still demanded the fugitives in accents of thunder as their destined prey. It was a summer night, doubtless; yet the probability was slender that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

"The lassie—the puir sweet lassie," said the old man; "mony such a night have I weathered at hame and abroad; but, God guide us! how can she ever win through it!"

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel; for, with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence. "I'll climb up the cliff again," said Lovel, "there's daylight enough left to see my footing—I'll climb up and call for more assistance."

"Do so, do so, for Heaven's sake!" said Sir Arthur, eagerly.

"Are ye mad?" said the mendicant. "Francie o' Fowlsheugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speel'd heugh (mair by token, he brake his neck upon the Dunbuy of Slaines), wadna hae ventured upon the Halket Head craigs after sundown. It's God's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea wi' what ye hae done already. I didna think there was the man left alive would hae come down the craigs as ye did. I question an I could hae done it mysell, at this hour and in this weather, in the youngest and yauldest of my strength. But to venture up again—it's a mere and a clear tempting o' Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lovel; "I marked all the stations perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough left to see them quite well. I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"Deil be in my feet then," answered the bedesman sturdily; "if ye gang, I'll gang too; for between the twa o' us we'll hae mair than wark eneugh to get to the tap o' the heugh."

"No, no; stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour; you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yoursell, then, and I'll gae," said the old man; "let death spare the green corn and take the ripe."

"Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly; "I am well, and can spend the night very well here; I feel quite refreshed." So saying, her voice failed her; she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel. "What is to be done? Hark! hark! Did I not hear a halloo?"

"The skreigh of a Tammie Norie," answered Ochiltree; "I ken the skirl weel."

"No, by Heaven," replied Lovel, "it was a human voice."

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises and the clang of the seamews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

CHAPTER VIII

> There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully on the confined deep;
> Bring me but to the very brim of it,
> And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear.
>
> *King Lear.*

THE shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above and the sufferers beneath, who were still clinging to their precarious place of safety; but the howling of the tempest limited their intercourse to cries as inarticulate as those of the winged denizens of the crag, which shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated sound of human voices where they had seldom been heard.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. Oldbuck was the foremost and most earnest, pressing forward with unwonted desperation to the very brink of the crag, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an air of determination which made his more timorous assistants tremble.

"Haud a care, haud a care, Monkbarns!" cried Caxon, clinging to the skirts of his patron, and withholding him from danger as far as his strength permitted. "God's sake, haud a care! Sir Arthur's drowned already, and an ye fa' over the cleugh too, there will be but ae wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's."

"Mind the peak there," cried Mucklebackit, an old fisherman and smuggler—"mind the peak. Steenie, Steenie Wilks, bring up the tackle. I'se warrant we'll sune heave them on board, Monkbarns, wad ye but stand out o' the gate."

"I see them," said Oldbuck—"I see them low down on that flat stone. Hilli-hilloa, hilli-ho-a!"

"I see them mysell weel eneugh," said Mucklebackit; "they are sitting down yonder like hoodiecraws in a mist; but d'ye think ye'll help them wi' skirling that gate like an

auld skart before a flaw o' weather? Steenie, lad, bring up the mast. Odd, I'se hae them up as we used to bouse up the kegs o' gin and brandy lang syne. Get up the pickaxe, make a step for the mast, make the chair fast with the rattlin, haul taught and belay!"

The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground and sufficiently secured. A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope which in the increasing darkness had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance, there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But, to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seamen had let down with the chair another line, which, being attached to it and held by the persons beneath, might serve by way of "gy," as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render its descent in some measure steady and regular. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a beetling precipice above and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet, wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had at his own imminent risk ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

"Let my father go first," exclaimed Isabella; "for God's sake, my friends, place him first in safety."

"It cannot be, Miss Wardour," said Lovel; "your life

must be first secured; the rope which bears your weight may——"

"I will not listen to a reason so selfish!"

"But ye maun listen to it, my bonny lassie," said Ochiltree, "for a' our lives depend on it; besides, when ye get on the tap o' the heugh yonder, ye can gie them a round guess o' what's ganging on in this Patmos o' ours; and Sir Arthur's far by that, as I am thinking."

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, "True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk! What shall I say to our friends above?"

"Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the craig, and to let the chair down, and draw it up hooly and fairly; we will halloo when we are ready."

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet. "What are ye doing wi' my bairn? What are ye doing? She shall not be separated from me. Isabel, stay with me, I command you."

"Lordsake, Sir Arthur, haud your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's wiser folk than you to manage this job," cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of the poor baronet.

"Farewell, my father," murmured Isabella; "farewell, my—my friends;" and, shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sat was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

"Canny now, lads, canny now!" exclaimed old Muckl' backit, who acted as commodore; "swerve the yard a bi Now—there! there she sits safe on dry land!"

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkbarns, in his ecstasy of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Caxon. "Haud a care o' us, your honor will be killed wi' the hoast; ye'll no get out o' your night-cowl this fortnight; and that will suit us unco ill. Na, na, there's the chariot down by, let twa o' the folk carry the young leddy there."

"You're right," said the Antiquary, readjusting the sleeves and collar of his coat—"you're right, Caxon; this is a naughty night to swim in. Miss Wardour, let me convey you to the chariot."

"Not for worlds, till I see my father safe."

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of so agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Ochiltree.

"Right, right, that's right too; I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself. I have a notion he would sign the abjuration oath, and the Ragman Roll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get alongside my bottle of old port that he ran away from, and left scarce begun. But he's safe now, and here a' comes—(for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part)—here a' comes; bowse away, my boys, canny wi' him. A pedigree of a hundred links is hanging on a tenpenny tow; the whole barony of Knockwinnock depends on three plies of hemp; *respice finem, respice funem*—look to your end, look to a rope's end. Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land. A cord forever against fifty fathom of water, though not in the sense of the base proverb; a fico for the phrase, better *sus. per funem* than *sus. per coll.*"

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the close embraces of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldbuck, as the vehicle once more ascended. "What patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" Then as the torches illumined the rough face and gray hairs of old Ochiltree—"What! is it thou? Come, old mocker, I must needs be friends with thee; but who the devil makes up your party besides?"

"Ane that's weel worth ony twa o' us, Monkbarns: it's the young stranger lad they ca' Lovel; and he's behaved this blessed night as if he had three lives to rely on, and was willing to waste them a' rather than endanger ither folks'. Ca' hooly, sirs, as ye wad win an auld man's blessing! Mind

there's naebody below now to haud the gy. Hae a care o' the Cat's Lug corner ; bide weel aff Crummie's Horn !"

"Have a care indeed," echoed Oldbuck. "What ! is it my *rara avis*, my black swan, my phœnix of companions in a post-chaise ? Take care of him, Mucklebackit."

"As muckle care as if he were a graybeard o' brandy ; and I canna take mair if his hair were like John Harlowe's. Yo ho, my hearts, bowse away with him !"

Lovel did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his precursors. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an agitated pendulum at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks. But he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the beggar's stout piked staff, which he had retained by advice of the proprietor, contrived to bear himself from the face of the precipice, and the yet more hazardous projecting cliffs which varied its surface. Tossed in empty space like an idle and unsubstantial feather, with a motion that agitated the brain at once with fear and with dizziness, he retained his alertness of exertion and presence of mind ; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff that he felt temporary and giddy sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had lingered till she saw the last of their company rescued from danger, and until she had been assured by the hoarse voice of Mucklebackit that "the callant had come off wi' unbrizzed banes, and that he was but in a kind of dwam." But Lovel was not aware that she had expressed in his fate even this degree of interest, which, though nothing more than was due to a stranger who had assisted her in such an hour of peril, he would have gladly purchased by braving even more imminent danger than he had that evening been exposed to. The beggar she had already commanded to come to Knockwinnock that night. He made an excuse. "Then to-morrow let me see you."

The old man promised to obey. Oldbuck thrust something into his hand. Ochiltree looked at it by the torchlight and returned it. "Na, na ! I never tak gowd ; besides, Monkbarns, ye wad maybe be rueing it the morn." Then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants—"Now, sirs, wha will gie me a supper and some clean pease-strae ?"

"I," "And I," "And I," answered many a ready voice.

"Aweel, since sae it is, and I can only sleep in ae barn at ance, I'll gae down wi' Saunders Mucklebackit; he has aye a soup o' something comfortable about his bigging; and, bairns, I'll maybe live to put ilka ane o' ye in mind some ither night that ye hae promised me quarters and my awmous;" and away he went with the fisherman.

Oldbuck laid the hand of strong possession on Lovel. "Deil a stride ye's go to Fairport this night, young man; you must go home with me to Monkbarns. Why, man, you have been a hero—a perfect Sir William Wallace, by all accounts. Come, my good lad, take hold of my arm; I am not a prime support in such a wind, but Caxon shall help us out. Here, you old idiot, come on the other side of me. And how the deil got you down to that infernal Bessy's Apron, as they call it? Bess, said they—why, curse her, she has spread out that vile pennon or banner of womankind, like all the rest of her sex, to allure her votaries to death and headlong ruin."

"I have been pretty well accustomed to climbing, and I have long observed fowlers practice that pass down the cliff."

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, came you to discover the danger of the pettish baronet and his far more deserving daughter?"

"I saw them from the verge of the precipice."

"From the verge! umph. And what possessed you, *dumosa pendere procul de rupe?* though *dumosa* is not the appropriate epithet—what the deil, man, tempted ye to the verge of the craig?"

"Why, I like to see the gathering and growling of a coming storm; or, in your own classical language, Mr. Oldbuck, *suave est mari magno*, and so forth. But here we reach the turn to Fairport; I must wish you good-night."

"Not a step, not a pace, not an inch, not a shathmont, as I may say; the meaning of which word has puzzled many that think themselves antiquaries. I am clear we should read 'salmon length' for 'shathmont's length.' You are aware that the space allotted for the passage of a salmon through a dam, dike, or wier, by statute, is the length within which a full-grown pig can turn himself round. Now I have a scheme to prove that, as terrestrial objects were thus appealed to for ascertaining submarine measurement, so it must be supposed that the productions of the water were established as gauges of the extent of land. Shathmont, salmont—you see the close alliance of the sounds; dropping out two *h's* and a *t*, and assuming an *l*, makes the

whole difference. I wish to Heaven no antiquarian derivation had demanded heavier concessions."

"But, my dear sir, I really must go home; I am wet to the skin."

"Shalt have my nightgown, man, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian fever, as men do the plague, by wearing infected garments. Nay, I know what you would be at; you are afraid to put the old bachelor to charges. But is there not the remains of that glorious chicken-pie, which, *meo arbitrio*, is better cold than hot, and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-sick baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck) had just taken one glass when his infirm noddle went a wool-gathering after Gamelyn de Guardover?"

So saying, he dragged Lovel forward, till the Palmer's Port of Monkbarns received them. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest; for Monkbarns's fatigue had been in a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companion had that evening undergone agitation of mind which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

CHAPTER IX

> Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest,
> Our haunted room was ever held the best.
> If, then, your valor can the sight sustain
> Of rustling curtains and the clinking chain;
> If your courageous tongue have powers to talk,
> When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
> If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
> I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room."
>
> *True Story.*

THEY reached the room in which they had dined, and were clamorously welcomed by Miss Oldbuck.

"Where's the younger womankind?" said the Antiquary.

"Indeed, brother, amang a' the steery Maria wadna be guided by me; she set away to the Halket Craig-head. I wonder ye didna see her."

"Eh! what—what's that you say, sister? Did the girl go out in a night like this to the Halket Head? Good God! the misery of the night is not ended yet!"

"But ye winna wait, Monkbarns; ye are so imperative and impatient——"

"Tittle-tattle, woman," said the impatient and agitated Antiquary, "where is my dear Mary?"

"Just where ye suld be yoursell, Monkbarns—upstairs and in her warm bed."

"I could have sworn it," said Oldbuck, laughing, but obviously much relieved—"I could have sworn it; the lazy monkey did not care if we were all drowned together. Why did you say she went out?"

"But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkbarns. She gaed out, and she came in again with the gardener sae sune as she saw that nane o' ye were clodded ower the craig, and that Miss Wardour was safe in the chariot; she was hame a quarter of an hour syne, for it's now ganging ten; sair droukit was she, puir thing, sae I e'en put a glass o' sherry in her water-gruel."

"Right, Grizel, right; let womankind alone for coddling each other. But hear ye, my venerable sister. Start not at

the word venerable; it implies many praiseworthy qualities besides age; though that too is honorable, albeit it is the last quality for which womankind would wish to be honored. But perpend my words; let Lovel and me have forthwith the relics of the chicken-pie and the reversion of the port."

"The chicken-pie! the port! Ou dear! brother, there was but a wheen banes and scarce a drap o' the wine."

The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well-bred to give way, in the presence of a stranger, to his displeased surprise at the disappearance of the viands on which he had reckoned with absolute certainty. But his sister understood these looks of ire. "Ou dear! Monkbarns, what's the use of making a wark?"

"I make no wark, as ye call it, woman."

"But what's the use o' looking sae glum and glunch about a pickle banes? An ye will hae the truth, ye maun ken the minister came in, worthy man; sair distressed he was, nae doubt, about your precarious situation, as he ca'd it (for ye ken how weel he's gifted wi' words), and here he wad bide till he could hear wi' certainty how the matter was likely to gang wi' ye a'. He said fine things on the duty of resignation to Providence's will, worthy man! that did he."

Oldbuck replied, catching the same tone, "Worthy man! he cared not how soon Monkbarns had devolved on an heir female, I've a notion. And while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon that the chicken-pie and my good port disappeared?"

"Dear brother, how can you speak of sic frivolities, when you have had sic an escape from the craig?"

"Better than my supper has had from the minister's craig, Grizie; it's all discussed, I suppose?"

"Hout, Monkbarns, ye speak as if there was nae mair meat in the house. Wad ye not have had me offer the honest man some slight refreshment after his walk frae the manse?"

Oldbuck half-whistled, half-hummed, the end of the old Scottish ditty,

> "O, first they eated the white puddings,
> And then they eated the black, O,
> And thought the gudeman unto himsell,
> The deil clink down wi' that, O!"

His sister hastened to silence his murmurs, by proposing some of the relics of the dinner. He spoke of another bottle of wine, but recommended in preference a glass of brandy, which was really excellent. As no entreaties could prevail

on Lovel to indue the velvet nightcap and branched morning-gown of his host, Oldbuck, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medical art, insisted on his going to bed as soon as possible, and proposed to dispatch a messenger (the indefatigable Caxon) to Fairport early in the morning to procure him a change of clothes.

This was the first intimation Miss Oldbuck had received that the young stranger was to be their guest for the night; and such was the surprise with which she was struck by a proposal so uncommon that, had the superincumbent weight of her head-dress, such as we before described, been less preponderant, her gray locks must have started up on end and hurled it from its position.

"Lord haud a care o' us!" exclaimed the astounded maiden.

"What's the matter now, Grizel?"

"Wad ye but just speak a moment, Monkbarns?"

"Speak! What should I speak about? I want to get to my bed; and this poor young fellow—let a bed be made ready for him instantly."

"A bed! The Lord preserve us," again ejaculated Grizel.

"Why, what's the matter now? are there not beds and rooms enough in the house? Was it not an ancient *hospitium*, in which I am warranted to say beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?"

"O dear, Monkbarns! wha kens what they might do lang syne? But in our time—beds! ay, troth, there's beds enow sic as they are, and rooms enow too; but ye ken yoursell the beds haena been sleepit in, Lord kens the time, nor the rooms aired. If I had kenned, Mary and me might hae gane down to the manse. Miss Beckie is aye fond to see us; and sae is the minister, brother. But now, gude save us—— !"

"Is there not the Green Room, Grizel?"

"Troth is there, and it is in decent order too, though naebody has sleepit there since Dr. Heavysterne, and——"

"And what?"

"And what! I'm sure ye ken yoursell what a night he had; ye wadna expose the young gentleman to the like o' that, wad ye?"

Lovel interfered upon hearing this altercation, and protested he would far rather walk home than put them to the least inconvenience; that the exercise would be of service to him; that he knew the road perfectly, by night or day, to Fairport; that the storm was abating, and so forth; adding all that civility could suggest as an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which

seemed more inconvenient to his host than he could possibly have anticipated. But the howling of the wind and pattering of the rain against the windows, with his knowledge of the preceding fatigues of the evening, must have prohibited Oldbuck, even had he entertained less regard for his young friend than he really felt, from permitting him to depart. Besides, he was piqued in honor to show that he himself was not governed by womankind. "Sit ye down, sit ye down, sit ye down, man," he reiterated; "an ye part so, I would I might never draw a cork again, and here comes out one from a prime bottle of—strong ale, right *anno domini;* none of your wassia quassia decoctions, but brewed of Monkbarns barley. John of the Girnel never drew a better flagon to entertain a wandering minstrel or palmer with the freshest news from Palestine. And to remove from your mind the slightest wish to depart, know, that if you do so your character as a gallant knight is gone forever. Why, 'tis an adventure, man, to sleep in the Green Room at Monkbarns. Sister, pray see it got ready. And, although the bold adventurer, Heavysterne, dree'd pain and dolor in that charmed apartment, it is no reason why a gallant knight like you, nearly twice as tall, and not half so heavy, should not encounter and break the spell."

"What! a haunted apartment, I suppose?"

"To be sure, to be sure; every mansion in this country of the slightest antiquity has its ghosts and its haunted chamber, and you must not suppose us worse off than our neighbors. They are going, indeed, somewhat out of fashion. I have seen the day when, if you had doubted the reality of the ghost in an old manor-house, you ran the risk of being made a ghost yourself, as Hamlet says. Yes, if you had challenged the existence of Redcowl in the castle of Glenstirym, old Sir Peter Pepperbrand would have had ye out to his courtyard, made you betake yourself to your weapon, and if your trick of fence were not the better, would have sticked you like a paddock on his own baronial middenstead. I once narrowly escaped such an affray; but I humbled myself and apologized to Redcowl; for, even in my younger days, I was no friend to the *monomachia* or duel, and would rather walk with Sir Priest than with Sir Knight; I care not who knows so much of my valor. Thank God! I am old now, and can indulge my irritabilities without the necessity of supporting them by cold steel."

Here Miss Oldbuck re-entered with a singularly sage expression of countenance. "Mr. Lovel's bed's ready, brother—clean sheets, weel aired, a spunk of fire in the chimney. I

am sure, Mr. Lovel (addressing him), it's no for the trouble; and I hope you will have a good night's rest. But——"

"You are resolved," said the Antiquary, "to do what you can to prevent it."

"Me? I am sure I have said naething, Monkbarns."

"My dear madam," said Lovel, "allow me to ask you the meaning of your obliging anxiety on my account."

"Ou, Monkbarns does not like to hear of it; but he kens himsell that the room has an ill name. It's weel minded that it was there auld Rab Tull, the town clerk, was sleeping when he had that marvellous communication about the grand law-plea between us and the feuars at the Mussel Craig. It had cost a hantle siller, Mr. Lovel—for law-pleas were no carried on without siller lang syne mair than they are now—and the Monkbarns of that day—our gudesire, Mr. Lovel, as I said before—was like to be waured afore the Session for want of a paper. Monkbarns there kens weel what paper it was, but I'se warrant he'll no help me out wi' my tale—but it was a paper of great significance to the plea, and we were to be waured for want o't. Aweel, the cause was to come on before the Fifteen—in presence, as they ca't it—and auld Rab Tull, the town clerk, he cam ower to make a last search for the paper that was wanting, before our gudesire gaed into Edinburgh to look after his plea; so there was little time to come and gang on. He was but a doited, snuffy body, Rab, as I've heard; but then he was the town clerk of Fairport, and the Monkbarns heritors aye employed him on account of their connection wi' the burgh, ye ken."

"Sister Grizel, this is abominable," interrupted Oldbuck; "I vow to Heaven ye might have raised the ghosts of every abbot of Trotcosey since the days of Waldimir in the time you have been detailing the introduction to this single spectre. Learn to be succinct in your narrative. Imitate the concise style of old Aubrey, an experienced ghost-seer, who entered his memoranda on these subjects in a terse, business-like manner; *exempli gratia*—'At Cirencester, 5th March 1670, was an apparition. Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, made no answer, but instantly disappeared with a curious perfume and a melodious twang.' *Vide* his *Miscellanies*, p. 18, as well as I can remember, and near the middle of the page."

"O, Monkbarns, man! do ye think everybody is as book-learned as yoursell? But ye like to gar folk look like fools; ye can do that to Sir Arthur, and the minister his very sell."

"Nature has been beforehand with me, Grizel, in both

these instances, and in another which shall be nameless; but take a glass of ale, Grizel, and proceed with your story, for it waxes late."

"Jenny's just warming your bed, Monkbarns, and ye maun e'en wait till she's done. Weel, I was at the search that our gudesire, Monkbarns that then was, made wi' auld Rab Tull's assistance; but ne'er-be-licket could they find that was to their purpose. And sae after they had touzled out mony a leather poke-full o' papers, the town clerk had his drap punch at e'en to wash the dust out of his throat; we never were glass-breakers in this house, Mr. Lovel, but the body had got sic a trick of sippling and tippling wi' the bailies and deacons when they met (which was amaist ilka night) concerning the common gude o' the burgh, that he couldna weel sleep without it. But his punch he gat, and to bed he gaed; and in the middle of the night he gat a fearfu' wakening! He was never just himself after it, and he was strucken wi' the dead palsy that very day four years. He thought, Mr. Lovel, that he heard the curtains o' his bed fissil, and out he lookit, fancying, puir man, it might hae been the cat. But he saw—God hae a care o' us, it gars my flesh aye creep, though I hae tauld the story twenty times—he saw a weel-fa'ard auld gentleman standing by his bedside in the moonlight, in a queer-fashioned dress, wi' mony a button and band-string about it, and that part o' his garments which it does not become a leddy to particulareeze was baith side and wide, and as mony plies o't as of ony Hamburgh skipper's. He had a beard too, and whiskers turned upwards on his upper lip, as lang as baudrons'; and mony mair particulars there were that Rab Tull tauld o', but they are forgotten now; it's an auld story. Aweel, Rab was a just-living man for a country writer, and he was less fear'd than maybe might just hae been expected, and he asked in the name o' goodness what the apparition wanted. And the spirit answered in an unknown tongue. Then Rab said he tried him wi' Erse, for he cam in his youth frae the braes of Glenlivat; but it wadna do. Aweel, in this strait he bethought him of the twa or three words o' Latin that he used in making out the town's deeds, and he had nae sooner tried the spirit wi' that than out cam sic a blatter o' Latin about his lugs that poor Rab Tull, wha was nae great scholar, was clean owerwhelmed. Od, but he was a bauld body, and he minded the Latin name for the deed that he was wanting. It was something about a cart I fancy, for the ghaist cried aye, *Carter, carter*——"

"*Carta*, you transformer of languages," cried Oldbuck;

"if my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world, at least he would not forget the Latinity for which he was so famous while in this."

"Weel, weel, *carta* be it, then, but they ca'd it *carter* that tell'd me the story. It cried aye *carta*, if sae be that it was *carta*, and made a sign to Rab to follow it. Rab Tull keepit a Highland heart, and bang'd out o' bed, and till some of his readiest claes; and he did follow the thing upstairs and downstairs to the place we ca' the high dow-cot (a sort of a little tower in the corner of the auld house, where there was a rickle o' useless boxes and trunks), and there the ghaist gae Rab a kick wi' the tae foot, and a kick wi' the tother, to that very auld east-country tabernacle of a cabinet that my brother has standing beside his library table, and then disappeared like a fuff o' tobacco, leaving Rab in a very pitiful condition."

"*Tenues secessit in auras*," quoth Oldbuck. "Marry, sir, *mansit odor*. But, sure enough, the deed was there found in a drawer of this forgotten repository, which contained many other curious old papers, now properly labelled and arranged, and which seemed to have belonged to my ancestor, the first possessor of Monkbarns. The deed thus strangely recovered was the original charter of erection of the abbey, abbey lands, and so forth, of Trotcosey, comprehending Monkbarns and others, into a lordship of regality in favor of the first Earl of Glengibber, a favorite of James the Sixth. It is subscribed by the King at Westminster, the seventeenth day of January, A.D. one thousand six hundred and twelve-thirteen. It's not worth while to repeat the witnesses' names."

"I would rather," said Lovel, with awakened curiosity—"I would rather hear your opinion of the way in which the deed was discovered."

"Why, if I wanted a patron for my legend, I could find no less a one than Saint Augustine, who tells the story of a deceased person appearing to his son, when sued for a debt which had been paid, and directing him where to find the discharge.* But I rather opine with Lord Bacon, who says that imagination is much akin to miracle-working faith. There was always some idle story of the room being haunted by the spirit of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my great-great-great-grandfather—it's a shame to the English language that we have not a less clumsy way of expressing a relationship of which we have occasion to think and speak so frequently.

* See Mr. Rutherford's Dream. Note 2.

He was a foreigner, and wore his national dress, of which tradition had preserved an accurate description; and indeed there is a print of him, supposed to be by Reginald Elstracke, pulling the press with his own hand, as it works off the sheets of his scarce edition of the Augsburg Confession. He was a chemist as well as a good mechanic, and either of these qualities in this country was at that time sufficient to constitute a white witch at least. This superstitious old writer had heard all this, and probably believed it, and in his sleep the image and idea of my ancestor recalled that of his cabinet, which, with the grateful attention to antiquities and the memory of our ancestors not unusually met with, had been pushed into the pigeon-house to be out of the way. Add a *quantum sufficit* of exaggeration, and you have a key to the whole mystery."

"Oh, brother, brother! But Dr. Heavysterne, brother, whose sleep was so sore broken that he declared he wadna pass another night in the Green Room to get all Monkbarns, so that Mary and I were forced to yield our——"

"Why, Grizel, the doctor is a good, honest, pudding-headed German, of much merit in his own way, but fond of the mystical, like many of his countrymen. You and he had a traffic the whole evening, in which you received tales of Mesmer, Schropfer, Cagliostro, and other modern pretenders to the mystery of raising spirits, discovering hidden treasure, and so forth, in exchange for your legends of the green bedchamber; and considering that the *illustrissimus* ate a pound and a half of Scotch collops to supper, smoked six pipes, and drank ale and brandy in proportion, I am not surprised at his having a fit of the nightmare. But everything is now ready. Permit me to light you to your apartment, Mr. Lovel; I am sure you have need of rest, and I trust my ancestor is too sensible of the duties of hospitality to interfere with the repose which you have so well merited by your manly and gallant behavior."

So saying, the Antiquary took up a bedroom candlestick of massive silver and antique form, which, he observed, was wrought out of the silver found in the mines of the Harz Mountains, and had been the property of the very personage who had supplied them with a subject for conversation. And having so said, he led the way through many a dusky and winding passage, now ascending and anon descending again, until he came to the apartment destined for his young guest.

CHAPTER X

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And none are wakeful but the dead;
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,—
Visions of long-departed joys.

W. R. SPENSER.

WHEN they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Oldbuck placed the candle on the toilet-table, before a huge mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-boxes of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. "I am seldom in this apartment," he said, "and never without yielding to a melancholy feeling; not, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Grizel was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr. Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those inanimate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold, unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings—changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as beings separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher who appealed from Philip inflamed with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety did not choose a judge so different as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be

touched with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated : *

"'My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"'Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away
Than what he leaves behind.'

Well, time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more." So saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good-night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lovel could trace his host's retreat along the various passages, and each door which he closed behind him fell with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the apartment. The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs. Grizel's attention had left some fresh wood, should he choose to continue it, and the apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century, and which the learned typographer, so often mentioned, had brought with him as a sample of the arts of the Continent. The subject was a hunting-piece ; and as the leafy boughs of the forest trees, branching over the tapestry, formed the predominant color, the apartment had thence acquired its name of the Green Chamber. Grim figures, in the old Flemish dress, with slashed doublets covered with ribbons, short cloaks, and trunk-hose, were engaged in holding greyhounds or stag-hounds in the leash, or cheering them upon the objects of their game. Others, with boar-spears, swords, and old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or boars whom they had brought to bay. The branches of the woven forest were crowded with fowls of various kinds, each depicted with its proper plumage. It seemed as if the prolific and rich invention of Old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its profusion, and Oldbuck had accordingly caused the following verses from that ancient and excellent poet to be embroidered

* Probably Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* had not as yet been published.

in Gothic letters on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry:

> Lo! here be oakis grete, streight as a lime,
> Under the which the grass, so fresh of line,
> Be'th newly sprung—at eight foot or nine.
> Everich tree well from his fellow grew
> With branches broad laden with leaves new,
> That sprongen out against the sonne sheene,
> Some golden red, and some a glad bright green.

And in another canton was the following similar legend:

> And many an hart and many an hind
> Was both before me and behind.
> Of fawns, sownders, bucks, and does
> Was full the wood, and many roes,
> And many squirrells that ysate
> High on the trees and nuts ate.

The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skilful hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered after the same pattern, and a lofty mirror over the antique chimney-piece corresponded in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

"I have heard," muttered Lovel, as he took a cursory view of the room and its furniture, "that ghosts often chose the best room in the mansion to which they attached themselves; and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the Augsburg Confession." But he found it so difficult to fix his mind upon the stories which had been told him, of an apartment with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he almost regretted the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear, half curiosity, which sympathize with the old legends of awe and wonder from which the anxious reality of his own hopeless passion at present detached him. For he now only felt emotions like those expressed in the lines—

> Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou changed
> The temper of my mind!
> My heart, by thee from all estranged,
> Becomes like thee unkind.

He endeavored to conjure up something like the feelings which would at another time have been congenial to his situ-

ation, but his heart had no room for these vagaries of imagination. The recollection of Miss Wardour, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and evincing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his imagination exclusively. But with this were united recollections more agitating if less painful—her hairbreadth escape, the fortunate assistance which he had been able to render her. Yet, what was his requital? She left the cliff while his fate was yet doubtful, while it was uncertain whether her preserver had not lost the life which he had exposed for her so freely. Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate. But no—she could not be selfish or unjust; it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate, since the more amiable his imagination presented Miss Wardour, the more inconsolable he felt he should be rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the power of removing her prejudices on some points; but, even in extremity, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed of ascertaining that she desired an explanation ere he intruded one upon her. And, turn the matter as he would, he could not regard his suit as desperate. There was something of embarrassment as well as of grave surprise in her look when Oldbuck presented him, and perhaps, upon second thoughts, the one was assumed to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Plans, suiting the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chased each other through his head, thick and irregular as the motes of the sunbeam, and long after he had laid himself to rest continued to prevent the repose which he greatly needed. Then, wearied by the uncertainty and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love, "Like dew-drops from the lion's mane," and resuming those studies and that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution he endeavored to fortify himself by every argument which pride, as well as reason, could suggest. "She shall not suppose," he said, "that, presuming on an accidental service to her or to her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice to which, personally, she considered

me as having no title. I will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords none fairer, has at least many as fair, and less haughty than Miss Wardour. To-morrow I will bid adieu to these northern shores, and to her who is as cold and relentless as her climate." When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, despite of wrath, doubt, and anxiety, he sunk into slumber.

It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing. Lovel's was disturbed by a thousand baseless and confused visions. He was a bird, he was a fish, or he flew like the one and swam like the other—qualities which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Then Miss Wardour was a siren, or a bird of Paradise; her father a triton or a sea-gull; and Oldbuck alternately a porpoise and a cormorant. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the usual vagaries of a feverish dream: the air refused to bear the visionary, the water seemed to burn him; the rocks felt like down pillows as he was dashed against them; whatever he undertook failed in some strange and unexpected manner, and whatever attracted his attention underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonderful metamorphosis, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the delusion, from which it in vain struggled to free itself by awakening—feverish symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-hag, whom the learned called Ephialtes, are but too well acquainted. At length these crude phantasmata arranged themselves into something more regular, if indeed the imagination of Lovel, after he awoke (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich), did not gradually, insensibly, and unintentionally arrange in better order the scene of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his feverish agitation may have assisted him in forming the vision.

Leaving this discussion to the learned, we will say that, after a succession of wild images, such as we have above described, our hero, for such we must acknowledge him, so far regained a consciousness of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the Green Chamber was depicted to his slumbering eye. And here, once more, let me protest that, if there should be so much old-fashioned faith left among this shrewd and sceptical generation as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine.

He was then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the Green Chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flame which the unconsumed remnants of the fagots sent forth, as one by one they fell down upon the red embers, into which the principal part of the boughs to which they belonged had crumbled away. Insensibly the legend of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparkles of light flashed from the chimney with such intense brilliancy as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry waved wildly on the wall, till its dusky forms seemed to become animated. The hunters blew their horns, the stag seemed to fly, the boar to resist, and the hounds to assail the one and pursue the other; the cry of deer, mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed at once to surround him; while every group pursued, with all the fury of the chase, the employment in which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lovel looked on this strange scene devoid of wonder (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping fancy), but with an anxious sensation of awful fear. At length an individual figure among the tissued huntsmen, as he gazed upon them more fixedly, seemed to leave the arras and to approach the bed of the slumberer. As he drew near his figure appeared to alter. His bugle-horn became a brazen clasped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a furred headgear as graces the burgomasters of Rembrandt; his Flemish garb remained, but his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chase, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure as might best portray the first proprietor of Monkbarns, such as he had been described to Lovel by his descendants in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place the hubbub among the other personages in the arras disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively bent on the single figure before him. Lovel strove to interrogate this awful person in the form of exorcism proper for the occasion; but his tongue, as is usual in frightful dreams, refused its office and clung palsied to the roof of his mouth. Aldobrand held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and began deliberately to unclasp the venerable volume which occupied his left hand. When it was unfolded he turned over the leaves hastily for a short space,

and then raising his figure to its full dimensions, and holding the book aloft in his left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although the language was unknown to our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed thus to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained riveted upon his memory. As the vision shut his volume a strain of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment. Lovel started and became completely awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, nor ceased till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scottish tune.

He sat up in bed, and endeavored to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during this weary night. The beams of the morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. He looked round upon the hangings, but the mixed groups of silken and worsted huntsmen were as stationary as tender-hooks could make them, and only trembled slightly as the early breeze, which found its way through an open crevice of the latticed window, glided along their surface. Lovel leaped out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown that had been considerately laid by his bedside, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows announced it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning was fair and serene. The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms; it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?

"Know'st thou not me!" the Deep Voice cried
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused,
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away,
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shall part forever!"

While the verses were yet singing, Lovel had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which they awakened was romantic and pleasing, such as his soul delighted in, and, willingly adjourning till more broad day the doubtful task of determining on his future line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing languor inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened at a late hour by old Caxon, who came creeping into the room to render the offices of a *valet-de-chambre.*

"I have brushed your coat, sir," said the old man, when he perceived Lovel was awake; "the callant brought it frae Fairport this morning, for that ye had on yesterday is scantly feasibly dry, though it's been a' night at the kitchen fire; and I hae cleaned your shoon. I doubt ye'll no be wanting me to tie your hair, for (with a gentle sigh) a' the young gentlemen wear crops now, but I hae the curling-tangs here to gie it a bit turn ower the brow, if ye like, before ye gae down to the leddies."

Lovel, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional offices, but accompanied the refusal with such a douceur as completely sweetened Caxon's mortification.

"It's a pity he disna get his hair tied and pouthered," said the ancient friseur, when he had got once more into the kitchen, in which, on one pretence or other, he spent three-parts of his idle time—that is to say, of his whole time—"it's a great pity, for he's a comely young gentleman."

"Hout awa, ye auld gowk," said Jenny Rintherout, "would ye creesh his bonny brown hair wi' your nasty ulyie, and then moust it like the auld minister's wig? Ye'll be for your breakfast, I'se warrant? Hae, there's a soup o' parritch for ye; it will set ye better to be slaistering at them and the lapper-milk than meddling wi' Mr. Lovel's head; ye wad spoil the maist natural and beautifaest head o' hair in a' Fairport, baith burgh and county."

The poor barber sighed over the disrespect into which his

art had so universally fallen, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradiction; so, sitting quietly down in the kitchen, he digested at once his humiliation and the contents of a bicker which held a Scotch pint of substantial oat-meal porridge.

CHAPTER XI

> Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this pageant sent,
> And order'd all the pageants as they went;
> Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,
> The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

We must now request our readers to adjourn to the breakfast-parlor of Mr. Oldbuck, who, despising the modern slops of tea and coffee, was substantially regaling himself, *more majorum*, with cold roast beef and a glass of a sort of beverage called "mum," a species of fat ale brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, of which the present generation only know the name by its occurrence in revenue acts of parliament, coupled with cider, perry, and other excisable commodities. Lovel, who was seduced to taste it, with difficulty refrained from pronouncing it detestable, but *did* refrain, as he saw he should otherwise give great offence to his host, who had the liquor annually prepared with peculiar care, according to the approved recipe bequeathed to him by the so often mentioned Aldobrand Oldenbuck. The hospitality of the ladies offered Lovel a breakfast more suited to modern taste, and while he was engaged in partaking of it he was assailed by indirect inquiries concerning the manner in which he had passed the night.

"We canna compliment Mr. Lovel on his looks this morning, brother; but he winna condescend on any ground of disturbance he has had in the night-time. I am certain he looks very pale, and when he came here he was as fresh as a rose."

"Why, sister, consider this rose of yours has been knocked about by sea and wind all yesterday evening, as if he had been a bunch of kelp or tangle, and how the devil would you have him retain his color?"

"I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued," said Lovel, "notwithstanding the excellent accommodations with which your hospitality so amply supplied me."

"Ah, sir!" said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowing smile, or what was meant to be one, "ye'll not allow of ony inconvenience, out of civility to us."

"Really, madam," replied Lovel, "I had no disturbance; for I cannot term such the music with which some kind fairy favored me."

"I doubted Mary wad waken you wi' her skreighing; she didna ken I had left open a chink of your window, for, forbye the ghaist, the Green Room disna vent weel in a high wind. But I am judging ye heard mair than Mary's lilts yestreen; weel, men are hardy creatures, they can gae through wi' a' thing. I am sure had I been to undergo onything of that nature—that's to say, that's beyond nature—I would hae skreigh'd out at once and raised the house, be the consequence what liket; and I dare say the minister wad hae done as mickle, and sae I hae tauld him. I ken naebody but my brother, Monkbarns himsell, wad gae through the like o't if, indeed, it binna you, Mr. Lovel."

"A man of Mr. Oldbuck's learning, madam," answered the questioned party, "would not be exposed to the inconvenience sustained by the Highland gentleman you mentioned last night."

"Ay! ay! ye understand now where the difficulty lies—language? He has ways o' his ain wad banish a' thae sort o' worriecows as far as the hindermost parts of Gideon [meaning possibly Midian], as Mr. Blattergowl says; only ane wadna be uncivil to ane's forebear though he be a ghaist. I am sure I will try that receipt of yours, brother, that ye showed me in a book, if onybody is to sleep in that room again, though I think, in Christian charity, ye should rather fit up the matted room; it's a wee damp and dark, to be sure, but then we hae sae seldom occasion for a spare bed."

"No, no, sister; dampness and darkness are worse than spectres, ours are spirits of light; and I would rather have you try the spell."

"I will do that blithely, Monkbarns, an I had the ingredients, as my cookery book ca's them. There was vervain and dill, I mind that—Davie Dibble will ken about them, though maybe he'll gie them Latin names—and peppercorn, we hae walth o' them, for——"

"Hypericon, thou foolish woman!" thundered Oldbuck; "d'ye suppose you're making a haggis; or do you think that a spirit, though he be formed of air, can be expelled by a receipt against wind? This wise Grizel of mine, Mr. Lovel, recollects—with what accuracy you may judge—a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to hit her superstitious noddle, she remembers better than anything tending to a useful purpose I may chance to have said for this ten years. But many an old woman besides herself——"

"Auld woman! Monkbarns," said Miss Oldbuck, roused something above her usual submissive tone, "ye really are less than civil to me."

"Not less than just, Grizel; however, I include in the same class many a sounding name, from Jamblichus down to Aubrey, who have wasted their time in devising imaginary remedies for non-existing diseases. But I hope, my young friend, that, charmed or uncharmed, secured by the potency of Hypericon,

> "'With vervain and with dill,
> That hinder witches of their will,'

or left disarmed and defenceless to the inroads of the invisible world, you will give another night to the terrors of the haunted apartment, and another day to your faithful and feal friends."

"I heartily wish I could, but——"

"Nay, 'But me no buts'; I have set my heart upon it."

"I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but——"

"Look ye there now—'but' again! I hate 'but'; I know no form of expression in which he can appear that is amiable excepting as a butt of sack. 'But' is to me a more detestable combination of letters than 'no' itself. 'No' is a surly, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once. 'But' is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptious sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips.

> "'It does allay
> The good precedent; fie upon "but yet"!
> "But yet" is as a jailer to bring forth
> Some monstrous malefactor.'"

"Well, then," answered Lovel, whose motions were really undetermined at the moment, "you shall not connect the recollection of my name with so churlish a particle; I must soon think of leaving Fairport, I am afraid, and I will, since you are good enough to wish it, take this opportunity of spending another day here."

"And you shall be rewarded, my boy. First you shall see John o' the Girnel's grave, and then we'll walk gently along the sands, the state of the tide being first ascertained—for we will have no more Peter Wilkins' adventures, no more Glum and Gawrie work,—as far as Knockwinnock Cas-

tle, and inquire after the old knight and my fair foe, which will be but barely civil, and then——"

"I beg pardon, my dear sir; but perhaps you had better adjourn your visit till to-morrow. I am a stranger, you know."

"And are, therefore, the more bound to show civility, I should suppose. But I beg your pardon for mentioning a word that perhaps belongs only to a collector of antiquities. I am one of the old school,

> "'When courtiers gallop'd o'er four counties
> The ball's fair partner to behold,
> And humbly hope she caught no cold.'"

"Why, if—if—if you thought it would be expected; but I believe I had better stay."

"Nay, nay, my good friend, I am not so old-fashioned as to press you to what is disagreeable, neither; it is sufficient that I see there is some *remora*, some cause of delay, some mid impediment, which I have no title to inquire into. Or you are still somewhat tired, perhaps; I warrant I find means to entertain your intellects without fatiguing your limbs. I am no friend to violent exertion myself—a walk in the garden once a day is exercise enough for any thinking being, none but a fool or a fox-hunter would require more. Well, what shall we set about—my *Essay on Castrametation?* but I have that *in petto* for our afternoon cordial. Or I will show you the controversy upon *Ossian's Poems* between Mac-Cribb and me; I hold with the acute Orcadian, he with the defenders of the authenticity. The controversy began in smooth, oily, lady-like terms, but is now waxing more sour and eager as we get on; it already partakes somewhat of old Scaliger's style. I fear the rogue will get some scent of that story of Ochiltree's; but at worst I have a hard repartee for him on the affair of the abstracted Antigonus. I will show you his last epistle, and the scroll of my answer; egad, it is a trimmer!"

So saying, the Antiquary opened a drawer and began rummaging among a quantity of miscellaneous papers, ancient and modern. But it was the misfortune of this learned gentleman, as it may be that of many learned and unlearned, that he frequently experienced on such occasions what harlequin calls *l'embarras des richesses;* in other words, the abundance of his collection often prevented him from finding the article he sought for. "Curse the papers! I believe,"

said Oldbuck, as he shuffled them to and fro—"I believe they make themselves wings like grasshoppers and fly away bodily; but here, in the meanwhile, look at that little treasure." So saying, he put into his hand a case made of oak, fenced at the corner with silver roses and studs. "Pr'ythee undo this button," said he, as he observed Lovel fumbling at the clasp. He did so, the lid opened, and discovered a thin quarto curiously bound in black shagreen—"There, Mr. Lovel, there is the work I mentioned to you last night—the rare quarto of the Augsburg Confession, the foundation at once and the bulwark of the Reformation, drawn up by the learned and venerable Melancthon, defended by the Elector of Saxony and the other valiant hearts who stood up for their faith, even against the front of a powerful and victorious emperor, and imprinted by the scarcely less venerable and praiseworthy Albbrand Oldenbuck, my happy progenitor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II. to suppress at once civil and religious liberty. Yes, sir, for printing this work that eminent man was expelled from his ungrateful country, and driven to establish his household gods even here at Monkbarns, among the ruins of papal superstition and domination. Look upon his venerable effigies, Mr. Lovel, and respect the honorable occupation in which it presents him, as laboring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and political knowledge. And see here his favorite motto, expressive of his independence and self-reliance, which scorned to owe anything to patronage that was not earned by desert—expressive also of that firmness of mind and tenacity of purpose recommended by Horace. He was, indeed, a man who would have stood firm had his whole printing-house, presses, founts, forms, great and small pica, been shivered to pieces around him. Read, I say, his motto; for each printer had his motto or device when that illustrious art was first practiced. My ancestor's was expressed, as you see, in the Teutonic phrase, *Kunst macht Gunst*; that is, skill or prudence in availing ourselves of our natural talents and advantages will compel favor and patronage, even where it is withheld from prejudice or ignorance."

"And that," said Lovel, after a moment's thoughtful silence—"that then is the meaning of these German words?"

"Unquestionably; you perceive the appropriate application to a consciousness of inward worth, and of eminence in a useful and honorable art. Each printer in those days, as I have already informed you, had his device, his *impresa*, as I may call it, in the same manner as the doughty chivalry of

the age, who frequented tilt and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much in his as if he had displayed it over a conquered field of battle, though it betokened the diffusion of knowledge, not the effusion of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance."

"And what is that said to have been, my good sir?" inquired his young friend.

"Why, it rather encroaches on my respected predecessor's fame for prudence and wisdom; *sed semel insanivimus omnes*—everybody has played the fool in their turn. It is said my ancestor, during his apprenticeship with the descendant of old Fust, whom popular tradition hath sent to the devil under the name of Faustus, was attracted by a paltry slip of womankind, his master's daughter, called Bertha. They broke rings, or went through some idiotical ceremony, as is usual on such idle occasions as the plighting of a true-love troth, and Aldobrand set out on his journey through Germany, as became an honest *handwerker;* for such was the custom of mechanics at that time, to make a tour through the empire, and work at their trade for a time in each of the most eminent towns, before they finally settled themselves for life. It was a wise custom; for, as such travellers were received like brethren in each town by those of their own handicraft, they were sure in every case to have the means either of gaining or communicating knowledge. When my ancestor returned to Nuremburgh he is said to have found his old master newly dead, and two or three gallant young suitors, some of them half-starved sprigs of nobility, forsooth, in pursuit of the Yungfrau Bertha, whose father was understood to have bequeathed her a dowry which might weigh against sixteen armorial quarters. But Bertha, not a bad sample of womankind, had made a vow she would only marry that man who could work her father's press. The skill at that time was as rare as wonderful: besides, that the expedient rid her at once of most of her 'gentle' suitors, who would have as soon wielded a conjuring wand as a composing stick. Some of the more ordinary typographers made the attempt; but none were sufficiently possessed of the mystery. But I tire you."

"By no means; pray, proceed, Mr. Oldbuck. I listen with uncommon interest."

"Ah! it is all folly. However, Aldobrand arrived in the ordinary dress, as we would say, of a journeyman printer—the same with which he had traversed Germany, and con-

versed with Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and other learned men, who disdained not his knowledge, and the power he possessed of diffusing it, though hid under a garb so homely. But what appeared respectable in the eyes of wisdom, religion, learning, and philosophy seemed mean, as might readily be supposed, and disgusting, in those of silly and affected womankind, and Bertha refused to acknowledge her former lover in the torn doublet, skin cap, clouted shoes, and leathern apron of a travelling handicraftsman or mechanic. He claimed his privilege, however, of being admitted to a trial; and when the rest of the suitors had either declined the contest, or made such work as the devil could not read if his pardon depended on it, all eyes were bent on the stranger. Aldobrand stepped gracefully forward, arranged the types without omission of a single letter, hyphen, or comma, imposed them without deranging a single space, and pulled off the first proof as clear and free from errors as if it had been a triple revise! All applauded the worthy successor of the im nortal Faustus, the blushing maiden acknowledged her error in trusting to the eye more than the intellect, and the elected bridegroom thenceforward chose for his impress or device the appropriate words, 'Skill wins favor.' But what is the matter with you? you are in a brown-study? Come, I told you this was but trumpery conversation for thinking people; and now I have my hand on the Ossianic controversy."

"I beg your pardon," said Lovel; "I am going to appear very silly and changeable in your eyes, Mr. Oldbuck, but you seemed to think Sir Arthur might in civility expect a call from me?"

"Psha, psha, I can make your apology; and if you must leave us so soon as you say, what signifies how you stand in his honor's good graces? And I warn you that the *Essay on Castrametation* is something prolix, and will occupy the time we can spare after dinner, so you may lose the Ossianic controversy if we do not dedicate this morning to it. We will go out to my evergreen bower, my sacred holly tree yonder, and have it *fronde super viridi.*

> "'Sing hey-ho! hey-ho! for the green holly,
> Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.'

But, egad," continued the old gentleman, "when I look closer at you I begin to think you may be of a different opinion. Amen, with all my heart; I quarrel with no man's

hobby, if he does not run it a-tilt against mine; and if he does, let him beware his eyes. What say you? in the language of the world and worldlings base, if you can condescend to so mean a sphere, shall we stay or go?"

"In the language of selfishness then, which is of course the language of the world, let us go by all means."

"'Amen, amen, quoth the earl marshal,'" answered Oldbuck, as he exchanged his slippers for a pair of stout walking shoes, with "cutikins," as he called them, of black cloth. He only interrupted the walk by a slight deviation to the tomb of John o' the Girnel, remembered as the last bailiff of the abbey who had resided at Monkbarns. Beneath an old oak tree upon a hillock, sloping pleasantly to the south, and catching a distant view of the sea over two or three rich enclosures and the Mussel Crag, lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldbuck affirmed (though many doubted), the defaced characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect:

> **Heir lyeth John o' ye Girnell,**
> **Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.**
> **In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,**
> **Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,**
> **He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,**
> **Four for ye halie kirke and ane for pure mennis wyvis.**

"You see how modest the author of this sepulchral commendation was: he tells us that honest John could make five firlots, or quarters, as you would say, out of the boll, instead of four; that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other four to the abbot and chapter; that in his time the wives' hens always laid eggs, and devil thank them, if they got one-fifth of the abbey rents; and that honest men's hearths were never unblest with offspring—an addition to the miracle which they, as well as I, must have considered as perfectly unaccountable. But come on; leave we Jock o' the Girnel, and let us jog on to the yellow sands, where the sea, like a repulsed enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night."

Thus saying, he led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downs close to them were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapors of pitch melting under a burning sun to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by

these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your honor?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck—"caller haddocks and whitings, a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle?"

"How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and saxpence," answered the Naiad.

"Four devils and six of their imps!" retorted the Antiquary; "do ye think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms akimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day—sic a sea as it's yet outby—and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying: it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair: I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately; and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"Deil gin their boat were knockit against the Bell Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for thae twa bonnie fish! Od, that's ane indeed!"

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkbarns, deil a fit. I'll rather deal wi' yoursell; for, though you're near enough, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip. I'll gie ye them (in a softened tone) for three-and-saxpence."

"Eighteen-pence, or nothing!"

"Eighteen-pence!!!" in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine when the dealer turned as if to walk away. "Ye'll no be for the fish, then?" Then louder, as she saw him moving off—"I'll gie them—and—and—and a half-a-dozen o' partans to make the sauce for three shillings and a dram."

"Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"Aweel, your honor maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller, now the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay; it's easy for your honor and the like o' you gentlefolks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning, after his exertions last night?"

"In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in't like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkbarns."

"That I will—or I'll send little Jenny, she'll rin faster; but I'll ca' on Miss Grizie for the dram mysell, and say ye sent me."

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid, as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made decent, as her mother called it, which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantily below her knee, the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck, with much self-complacency, "ere my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skinflint, though they sometimes wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. But, come, wend we on our way to Knockwinnock."

CHAPTER XII

Beggar! The only freeman of your commonwealth;
Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels.

BROME.

WITH our readers' permission we will outstep the slow though sturdy pace of the Antiquary, whose halts, as he turned round to his companion at every moment to point out something remarkable in the landscape, or to enforce some favorite topic more emphatically than the exercise of walking permitted, delayed their progress considerably.

Notwithstanding the fatigues and dangers of the preceding evening, Miss Wardour was able to rise at her usual hour, and to apply herself to her usual occupations, after she had first satisfied her anxiety concerning her father's state of health. Sir Arthur was no further indisposed than by the effects of great agitation and unusual fatigue, but these were sufficient to induce him to keep his bedchamber.

To look back on the events of the preceding day was to Isabella a very unpleasing retrospect. She owed her life, and that of her father, to the very person by whom, of all others, she wished least to be obliged, because she could hardly even express common gratitude towards him without encouraging hopes which might be injurious to them both. "Why should it be my fate to receive such benefits, and conferred at so much personal risk, from one whose romantic passion I have so unceasingly labored to discourage? Why should chance have given him this advantage over me? and why, oh why, should a half-subdued feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has attained it!"

While Miss Wardour thus taxed herself with wayward caprice, she beheld advancing down the avenue, not her younger and more dreaded preserver, but the old beggar who had

made such a capital figure in the melodrama of the preceding evening.

She rang the bell for her maid-servant. "Bring the old man upstairs."

The servant returned in a minute or two. "He will come up at no rate, madam; he says his clouted shoes never were on a carpet in his life, and that, please God, they never shall. Must I take him into the servants' hall?"

"No; stay, I want to speak with him. Where is he?" for she had lost sight of him as he approached the house.

"Sitting in the sun on the stone-bench in the court, beside the window of the flagged parlor."

"Bid him stay there; I'll come down to the parlor and speak with him at the window."

She came down accordingly, and found the mendicant half-seated, half-reclining upon the bench beside the window. Edie Ochiltree, old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some internal consciousness of the favorable impressions connected with his tall form, commanding features, and long white beard and hair. It used to be remarked of him, that he was seldom seen but in a posture which showed these personal attributes to advantage. At present, as he lay half-reclined, with his wrinkled yet ruddy cheek and keen gray eye turned up towards the sky, his staff and bag laid beside him, and a cast of homely wisdom and sarcastic irony in the expression of his countenance, while he gazed for a moment around the courtyard, and then resumed his former look upward, he might have been taken by an artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, musing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits, and the precarious tenure of human possessions, and looking up to the source from which aught permanently good can alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the open window, but divided from the courtyard by a grating, with which, according to the fashion of ancient times, the lower windows of the castle were secured, gave an interest of a different kind, and might be supposed by a romantic imagination an imprisoned damsel communicating a tale of her durance to a palmer, in order that he might call upon the gallantry of every knight whom he should meet in his wanderings to rescue her from her oppressive thraldom.

After Miss Wardour had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which the beggar declined as far beyond his merit, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more feelingly

The interview between Miss Wardour and Eddie Ochiltree at the grated window of the flagged parlor.

to his apprehension. "She did not know," she said, "what her father intended particularly to do for their preserver, but certainly it would be something that would make him easy for life; if he chose to reside at the castle she would give orders——"

The old man smiled and shook his head. "I wad be baith a grievance and a disgrace to your fine servants, my leddy, and I have never been a disgrace to onybody yet, that I ken of."

"Sir Arthur would give strict orders——"

"Ye're very kind, I doubtna, I doubtna; but there are some things a master can command and some he canna. I dare say he wad gar them keep hands aff me--and troth, I think they wad hardly venture on that ony gate—and he wad gar them gie me my soup parritch and bit meat. But trow ye that Sir Arthur's command could forbid the gibe o' the tongue or the blink o' the ee, or gar them gie me my food wi' the look o' kindness that gars it digest sae weel, or that he could make them forbear a' the slights and taunts that hurt ane's spirit mair nor downright misca'ing? Besides, I am the idlest auld carle that ever lived; I downa be bound down to hours o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I wad be a very bad example in ony weel-regulated family."

"Well, then, Edie, what do you think of a neat cottage and a garden, and a daily dole, and nothing to do but to dig a little in your garden when you pleased yourself?"

"An how often wad that be, trow ye, my leddy? maybe no ance atween Candlemas and Yule. And if a' thing were done to my hand as if I was Sir Arthur himsell, I could never bide the staying still in ae place, and just seeing the same joists and couples aboon my head night after night. And then I have a queer humor o' my ain, that sets a strolling beggar weel eneugh, whase word naebody minds; but ye ken Sir Arthur has odd sort o' ways, and I wad be jesting or scorning at them, and ye wad be angry, and then I wad be just fit to hang mysell."

"O, you are a licensed man," said Isabella; "we shall give you all reasonable scope. So you had better be ruled, and remember your age."

"But I am no that sair failed yet," replied the mendicant. "Od, ance I gat a wee soupled yestreen I was as yauld as an eel. And then what wad a' the country about do for want o' auld Edie Ochiltree, that brings news and country cracks frae ae farm-steading to anither, and gingerbread to the lasses, and helps the lads to mend their fiddles, and the

guidwives to clout their pans, and plaits rush-swords and grenadier caps for the weans, and busks the laird's flees, and has skill o' cow-ills and horse-ills, and kens mair auld sangs and tales than a' the barony besides, and gars ilka body laugh wherever he comes? Troth, my leddy, I canna lay down my vocation: it would be a public loss."

"Well, Edie, if your idea of your importance is so strong as not to be shaken by the prospect of independence——"

"Na, na, Miss; it's because I am mair independent as I am," answered the old man. "I beg nae mair at ony single house than a meal o' meat, or maybe but a mouthfu' o't; if it's refused at ae place, I get it at anither, sae I canna be said to depend on onybody in particular, but just on the country at large."

"Well, then, only promise me that you will let me know should you ever wish to settle as you turn old, and more incapable of making your usual rounds; and in the meantime take this."

"Na, na, my leddy; I downa take muckle siller at anes, it's against our rule; and—though it's maybe no civil to be repeating the like o' that—they say that siller's like to be scarce wi' Sir Arthur himsell, and that he's run himsell out o' thought wi' his houkings and minings for lead and copper yonder."

Isabella had some anxious anticipations to the same effect, but was shocked to hear that her father's embarrassments were such public talk; as if scandal ever failed to stoop upon so acceptable a quarry as the failings of the good man, the decline of the powerful, or the decay of the prosperous. Miss Wardour sighed deeply. "Well, Edie, we have enough to pay our debts, let folks say what they will, and requiting you is one of the foremost; let me press this sum upon you."

"That I might be robbed and murdered some night between town and town? or, what's as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension o't? I am no (lowering his voice to a whisper and looking keenly around him)—I am no that clean unprovided for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dike, they'll find as muckle quilted in this auld blue gown as will bury me like a Christian, and gie the lads and lasses a blithe lykewake too; sae there's the gaberlunzie's burial provided for, and I need nae mair. Were the like o' me ever to change a note, wha the deil d'ye think wad be sic fules as to gie me charity after that? It wad flee through the country like wild-fire that auld Edie suld hae done siccan a like thing, and then I'se warrant I might grane

my heart out or onybody wad gie me either a bane or a bodle."

"Is there nothing, then, that I can do for you?"

"Ou ay! I'll aye come for my awmous as usual; and whiles I wad be fain o' a pickle sneeshin, and ye maun speak to the constable and ground-officer just to owerlook me, and maybe ye'll gie a gude word for me to Sandie Netherstanes, the miller, that he may chain up his muckle dog; I wadna hae him to hurt the puir beast, for it just does its office in barking at a gaberlunzie like me. And there's ae thing maybe mair, but ye'll think it's very bauld o' the like o' me to speak o't."

"What is it, Edie? if it respects you it shall be done, if it is in my power."

"It respects yoursell, and it is in your power, and I maun come out wi't. Ye are a bonny young leddy, and a gude ane, and maybe a weel-tochered ane; but dinna ye sneer awa the lad Lovel, as ye did a while sinsyne on the walk beneath the Brierybank, when I saw ye baith, and heard ye too, though ye saw nae me. Be canny wi' the lad, for he loes ye weel, and it's to him, and no to onything I could have done for you, that Sir Arthur and you wan ower yestreen."

He uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and, without waiting for an answer, walked towards a low door which led to the apartments of the servants, and so entered the house.

Miss Wardour remained for a moment or two in the situation in which she had heard the old man's last extraordinary speech, leaning, namely, against the bars of the window, nor could she determine upon saying even a single word relative to a subject so delicate until the beggar was out of sight. It was, indeed, difficult to determine what to do. That her having had an interview and private conversation with this young and unknown stranger should be a secret possessed by a person of the last class in which a young lady would seek a confidant, and at the mercy of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighborhood, gave her acute agony. She had no reason, indeed, to suppose that the old man would wilfully do anything to hurt her feelings, much less to injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking to her upon such a subject showed, as might have been expected, a total absence of delicacy; and what he might take it into his head to do or say next, *that* she was pretty sure so professed an admirer of liberty would not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This idea so much hurt and vexed her that she

half-wished the officious assistance of Lovel and Ochiltree had been absent upon the preceding evening.

While she was in this agitation of spirits, she suddenly observed Oldbuck and Lovel entering the court. She drew instantly so far back from the window that she could, without being seen, observe how the Antiquary paused in front of the building, and, pointing to the various scutcheons of its former owners, seemed in the act of bestowing upon Lovel much curious and erudite information, which, from the absent look of his auditor, Isabella might shrewdly guess was entirely thrown away. The necessity that she should take some resolution became instant and pressing; she rang, therefore, for a servant, and ordered him to show the visitors to the drawing-room, while she, by another staircase, gained her own apartment, to consider, ere she made her appearance, what line of conduct were fittest for her to pursue. The guests, agreeably to her instructions, were introduced into the room where company was usually received.

CHAPTER XIII

> The time was that I hated thee,
> And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
> Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
> I will endure—
> But do not look for further recompense.
>
> *As You Like It.*

MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR'S complexion was considerably heightened when, after the delay necessary to arrange her ideas, she presented herself in the drawing-room.

"I am glad you are come, my fair foe," said the Antiquary, greeting her with much kindness, "for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent, auditor, in my young friend here, while I endeavored to make him acquainted with the history of Knockwinnock Castle. I think the danger of last night has mazed the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabel, why, you look as if flying through the night air had been your natural and most congenial occupation. Your color is even better than when you honored my *hospitium* yesterday. And Sir Arthur—how fares my good old friend?"

"Indifferently well, Mr. Oldbuck; but, I am afraid, not quite able to receive your congratulations, or to pay—to pay-Mr. Lovel his thanks for his unparalleled exertions."

"I dare say not. A good down pillow for his good white head were more meet than a couch so churlish as Bessy's Apron, plague on her!"

"I had no thought of intruding," said Lovel, looking upon the ground, and speaking with hesitation and suppressed emotion—"I did not—did not mean to intrude upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who—who must necessarily be unwelcome—as associated, I mean, with painful reflections."

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," said Miss Wardour. "I dare say," she continued, participating in Lovel's embarrassment—"I dare say—I am certain—that my father would be happy to show his gratitude—in any way, that is, which Mr. Lovel could consider it as proper to point out."

"Why, the deuce," interrupted Oldbuck, "what sort of a qualification is that? On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who, choosing, like a formal old fop as he is, to drink to my sister's inclinations, thought it necessary to add the saving clause, 'Provided, madam, they be virtuous.' Come, let us have no more of this nonsense. I dare say Sir Arthur will bid us welcome on some future day. And what news from the kingdom of subterranean darkness and airy hope? What says the swart spirit of the mine? Has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen Withershins?"

Miss Wardour shook her head—"But indifferent, I fear, Mr. Oldbuck; but there lie some specimens which have lately been sent down."

"Ah! my poor dear hundred pounds, which Sir Arthur persuaded me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a porter's load of mineralogy. But let me see them."

And so saying, he sat down at the table in the recess, on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and pshawing at each which he took up and laid aside.

In the meantime Lovel, forced as it were by this secession of Oldbuck into a sort of *tête-à-tête* with Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. "I trust Miss Wardour will impute to circumstances almost irresistible this intrusion of a person who has reason to think himself—so unacceptable a visitor."

"Mr. Lovel," answered Miss Wardour, observing the same tone of caution, "I trust you will not—I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged or repaid. Could Mr. Lovel see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, from all I have ever heard of Mr. Lovel, ought to be—more welcome; but——"

Oldbuck's anathema against the preposition "but" was internally echoed by Lovel. "Forgive me if I interrupt you, Miss Wardour. You need not fear my intruding upon a subject where I have been already severely repressed; but do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigor of obliging me to disavow them."

"I am much embarrassed, Mr. Lovel," replied the young lady, "by your—I would not willingly use a strong word—

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your romantic and hopeless pertinacity. It is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your country has upon your talents, that you will not waste, in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-placed predilection, time which, well redeemed by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction; let me entreat that you would form a manly resolution——"

"It is enough, Miss Wardour; I see plainly that——"

"Mr. Lovel, you are hurt, and, believe me, I sympathize in the pain which I inflict; but can I, in justice to myself, in fairness to you, do otherwise? Without my father's consent I never will entertain the addresses of any one, and how totally impossible it is that he should countenance the partiality with which you honor me, you are yourself fully aware; and, indeed——"

"No, Miss Wardour," answered Lovel, in a tone of passionate entreaty, "do not go further—is it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation?—do not carry your resolutions further; why urge what would be your conduct if Sir Arthur's objections could be removed?"

"It is indeed vain, Mr. Lovel," said Miss Wardour, "because their removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is obliged to you for her own and her father's life, to entreat you to suppress this unfortunate attachment, to leave a country which affords no scope for your talents, and to resume the honorable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Well, Miss Wardour, your wishes shall be obeyed. Have patience with me one little month, and if in the course of that space I cannot show you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and with the same breath to all my hopes of happiness."

"Not so, Mr. Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more rational basis than your present wishes, are, I trust, before you. But it is full time to finish this conversation. I cannot force you to adopt my advice. I cannot shut the door of my father's house against the preserver of his life and mine; but the sooner Mr. Lovel can teach his mind to submit to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more highly he will rise in my esteem; and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting an interdict upon conversation on a subject so painful."

A servant at this moment announced that Sir Arthur desired to speak with Mr. Oldbuck in his dressing-room.

"Let me show you the way," said Miss Wardour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her *tête-à-tête* with Lovel, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's apartment.

Sir Arthur, his legs swathed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. "Welcome, Mr. Oldbuck," he said; "I trust you have come better off than I have done from the inclemency of yesterday evening?"

"Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it: I kept *terra firma;* you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble esquire—to rise on the wings of the night-wind, to dive into the bowels of the earth. What news from our subterranean Good Hope—the *terra incognita* of Glen Withershins?"

"Nothing good as yet," said the Baronet, turning himself hastily, as if stung by a pang of the gout; "but Dousterswivel does not despair."

"Does he not?" quoth Oldbuck; "I do, though, under his favor. Why, old Dr. H——n * told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we should never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I showed him, to make a pair of sixpenny knee-buckles; and I cannot see that those samples on the table below differ much in quality."

"The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume?"

"No; but he is one of our first chemists; and this tramping philosopher of yours, this Dousterswivel, is, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers described by Kircher, *Artem habent sine arte, partem sine parte, quorum medium est mentiri, vita eorum mendicatum ire;* that is to say, Miss Wardour——"

"It is unnecessary to translate," said Miss Wardour, "I comprehend your general meaning; but I hope Mr. Dousterswivel will turn out a more trustworthy character."

"I doubt it not a little," said the Antiquary, "and we are a foul way out if we cannot discover this infernal vein that he has prophesied about these two years."

"*You* have no great interest in the matter, Mr. Oldbuck," said the baronet.

"Too much, too much, Sir Arthur; and yet, for the sake of my fair foe here, I would consent to lose it all so you had no more on the venture."

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir

* Probably Dr. Hutton, the celebrated geologist.

Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I understand," he at length said, "that the young gentleman to whose gallantry and presence of mind we were so much indebted last night has favored me with a visit; I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed any one but an old friend like you, Mr. Oldbuck."

A declination of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowledged the preference.

"You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?"

Oldbuck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

"Why, then, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr. Lovel than you are," said the baronet.

"Indeed! I was not aware of that," answered Oldbuck, somewhat surprised.

"I met Mr. Lovel," said Isabella, slightly coloring, "when I resided this last spring with my aunt, Mrs. Wilmot."

"In Yorkshire? and what character did he bear then, or how was he engaged?" said Oldbuck; "and why did not you recognize him when I introduced you?"

Isabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other. "He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputation; he was much respected as an amiable and promising young man."

"And pray, such being the case," replied the Antiquary, not disposed to take one reply in answer to two distinct questions, "why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house? I thought you had less of the paltry pride of womankind about you, Miss Wardour."

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur, with dignity; "you know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps you will call them—of our house concerning purity of birth. This young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself," answered Oldbuck, with his usual dry causticity of humor, "I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lad! that was the cause, then, that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bend of bastardy upon the shield yonder under the corner turret!"

"True," said the baronet, with complacency, "it is the shield of Malcolm the Usurper, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Misticot's Tower, which I conceive to be a corruption for 'Misbegot.' He is denominated, in the Latin pedigree of our family, *Milcolumbus Nothus;* and his temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own illegitimate line in the estate of Knockwinnock, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes as strongly to found us in that horror and antipathy to defiled blood and illegitimacy which has been handed down to me from my respected ancestry."

"I know the story," said Oldbuck, "and I was telling it to Lovel this moment, with some of the wise maxims and consequences which it has engrafted on your family politics. Poor fellow! he must have been much hurt; I took the wavering of his attention for negligence, and was something piqued at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think the less of your life because it has been preserved by such assistance?"

"Nor the less of my assistant either," said the baronet; "my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most unblemished lineage."

"Come, I am glad of that; he'll know where he can get a dinner, then, if he wants one. But what views can he have in this neighborhood? I must catechise him; and if I find he wants it—or, indeed, whether he does or not—he shall have my best advice." As the Antiquary made this liberal promise, he took his leave of Miss Wardour and her father, eager to commence operations upon Mr. Lovel. He informed him abruptly that Miss Wardour sent her compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then, taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Knockwinnock still preserved much of the external attributes of a baronial castle. It had its drawbridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the sides of which had been planted with shrubs, chiefly of the evergreen tribes. Above these rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scarped down to the sea-beach, and partly from the steep green verge of the moat. The trees of the avenue have been already mentioned, and many others rose around of large size, as if to confute the prejudice that timber cannot be raised near to the ocean. Our walkers paused and looked back upon the castle as they attained the height of a small knoll, over which lay their homeward road, for it is to be

supposed they did not tempt the risk of the tide by returning along on the sands. The building flung its broad shadow upon the tufted foliage of the shrubs beneath it, while the front windows sparkled in the sun. They were viewed by the gazers with very different feelings. Lovel, with the fond eagerness of that passion which derives its food and nourishment from trifles, as the chameleon is said to live on the air, or upon the invisible insects which it contains, endeavored to conjecture which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Wardour's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more melancholy cast, and were partly indicated by the ejaculation of "*Cito peritura!*" as he turned away from the prospect. Lovel, roused from his revery, looked at him as if to inquire the meaning of an exclamation so ominous. The old man shook his head. "Yes, my young friend," said he, "I doubt greatly—and it wrings my heart to say it—this ancient family is going fast to the ground!"

"Indeed!" answered Lovel. "You surprise me greatly!"

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling—"we harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve the changes of this trumpery whirligig world. We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the *teres atque rotundus* of the poet; the stoical exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovel, warmly—"Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests! I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether millstone."

The Antiquary regarded his youthful companion with a look half of pity, half of sympathy, and shrugged up his shoulders as he replied, "Wait, young man—wait till your bark has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude; you will learn by that time to reef your sails, that she may obey the helm; or, in the language of this world, you will find distresses enough, endured and to endure, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without

concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid."

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, it may be so; but as yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of the family we have just left."

"And well you may," replied Oldbuck; "Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so pressing that I am surprised you have not heard of them. And then his absurd and expensive operations carried on by this High-German land-louper, Dousterswivel——"

"I think I have seen that person, when by some rare chance I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport—a tall, beetle-browed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to my ignorance, at least, with more assurance than knowledge, was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism; a simple youth whispered me that he was an *Illuminé*, and carried on an intercourse with the invisible world."

"O the same—the same; he has enough of practical knowledge to speak scholarly and wisely to those of whose intelligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this faculty, joined to his matchless impudence, imposed upon me for some time when I first knew him. But I have since understood that, when he is among fools and womankind, he exhibits himself as a perfect charlatan—talks of the *magisterium*, of sympathies and antipathies of the cabala, of the divining rod, and all the trumpery with which the Rosicrucians cheated a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has in some degree revived in our own. My friend Heavysterne knew this fellow abroad, and unintentionally—for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark, a sort of believer—let me into a good deal of his real character. Ah! were I caliph for a day, as honest Abou Hassan wished to be, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of scorpions. They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical trash as effectually as if they had besotted their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. And now has this strolling blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honorable family!"

"But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any ruinous extent?"

"Why, I don't know; Sir Arthur is a good honorable

gentleman, but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Pikish language, he is by no means very strong in the understanding. His estate is strictly entailed, and he has been always an embarrassed man. This rapparee promised him mountains of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money—I fear on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Some gentlemen—I was ass enough to be one—took small shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great outlay; we were trained on by specious appearances and more specious lies, and now, like John Bunyan, we awake and behold it is a dream."

"I am surprised that you, Mr. Oldbuck, should have encouraged Sir Arthur by your example."

"Why," said Oldbuck, dropping his large grizzled eyebrow, "I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself. It was not the lucre of gain: nobody cares less for money, to be a prudent man, than I do; but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected, though I am sure I cannot see why, that I should give something to any one who will be kind enough to rid me of that slip of womankind, my niece, Mary M'Intyre; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that jackanapes, her brother, on in the army. In either case, to treble my venture would have helped me out. And, besides, I had some idea that the Phœnicians had in former times wrought copper in that very spot. That cunning scoundrel, Dousterswivel, found out my blunt side, and brought strange tales, d—n him! of appearances of old shafts, and vestiges of mining operations, conducted in a manner quite different from those of modern times; and I—in short, I was a fool, and there is an end. My loss is not much worth speaking about; but Sir Arthur's engagements are, I understand, very deep, and my heart aches for him, and the poor young lady who must share his distress."

Here the conversation paused, until renewed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
Romeo and Juliet.

THE account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventure had led Oldbuck somewhat aside from his purpose of catechising Lovel concerning the cause of his residence at Fairport. He was now, however, resolved to open the subject. "Miss Wardour was formerly known to you, she tells me, Mr. Lovel?"

"He had had the pleasure," Lovel answered, "to see her at Mrs. Wilmot's, in Yorkshire."

"Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not accost her as an old acquaintance."

"I—I did not know," said Lovel, a good deal embarrassed, "it was the same lady till we met; and then it was my duty to wait till she should recognize me."

"I am aware of your delicacy; the knight's a punctilious old fool, but I promise you his daughter is above all nonsensical ceremony and prejudice. And now, since you have found a new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you proposed?"

"What if I should answer your question by another," replied Lovel, "and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?"

"Of dreams, you foolish lad! why, what should I think of them but as the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins? I know no difference betwixt them and the hallucinations of madness: the unguided horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbers. What says our Marcus Tullius—*Si insanorum visis fides non est habenda, cur credatur somnientium visis, quæ multo etiam perturbatiora sunt, non intelligo.*"

"Yes, sir, but Cicero also tells us, that as he who passes the whole day in darting the javelin must sometimes hit the mark, so, amid the cloud of nightly dreams, some may occur consonant to future events."

"Ay—that is to say, *you* have hit the mark in your own sage opinion? Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the oneirocritical science—I will give faith to the exposition of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream of yours has pointed to a prudent line of conduct."

"Tell me, then," answered Lovel, "why, when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise which I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I should last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance? Why should I have thought of those words, which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could so plainly apply to my own circumstances?"

The Antiquary burst into a fit of laughing. "Excuse me, my young friend, but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out-of-doors for motives which originate in our own wilful will. I think I can help out the cause of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Piks, which terminated so abruptly; but I remember producing to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him observe the motto. Your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds, and your busy fancy, stirred by Grizel's legend, I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which seized on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the sagest of us play off now and then to gratify our inclination at the expense of our understanding."

"I own it," said Lovel, blushing deeply; "I believe you are right, Mr. Oldbuck, and I ought to sink in your esteem for attaching a moment's consequence to such a frivolity; but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a line will tow a boat when afloat on the billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up on the beach."

"Right, right," exclaimed the Antiquary; "fall in my opinion! not a whit. I love thee the better, man; why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed *prœto-*

rium, though I am still convinced Agricola's camp must have been somewhere in this neighborhood. And now, Lovel, my good lad, be sincere with me. 'What make you from Wittenberg?' Why have you left your own country and professional pursuits for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport? A truant disposition, I fear."

"Even so," replied Lovel, patiently submitting to an interrogatory which he could not well evade; "yet I am so detached from all the world, have so few in whom I am interested, or who are interested in me, that my very state of destitution gives me independence. He whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone has the best right to pursue it according to his own fancy."

"Pardon me, young man," said Oldbuck, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full halt; "*sufflamina*—a little patience, if you please. I will suppose that you have no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life, that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection; but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty, for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others."

"But I am unconscious of possessing such powers," said Lovel, somewhat impatiently; "I ask nothing of society but the permission of walking innoxiously through the path of life without jostling others, or permitting myself to be jostled. I owe no man anything, I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence, and so moderate are my wishes in this respect that even these means, however limited, rather exceed than fall short of them."

"Nay, then," said Oldbuck, removing his hand, and turning again to the road, "if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, there's no more to be said; I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you: you have attained the acme—the summit of perfection. And how came Fairport to be the selected abode of so much self-denying philosophy? It is as if a worshipper of the true religion had set up his staff by choice among the multifarious idolaters of the land of Egypt. There is not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf—the Mammon of unrighteousness; why, even I, man, am so infected by the bad neighborhood that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolater myself."

"My principal amusements being literary," answered

The Kaim of Kinprunes.

Lovel, "and circumstances which I cannot mention having induced me, for a time at least, to relinquish the military service, I have pitched on Fairport as a place where I might follow my pursuits without any of those temptations to society which a more elegant circle might have presented to me."

"Aha!" replied Oldbuck, knowingly, "I begin to understand your application of my ancestor's motto: you are a candidate for public favor, though not in the way I first suspected; you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to merit favor by labor and perseverance?"

Lovel, who was rather closely pressed by the inquisitiveness of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted.

"I have been at times foolish enough," he replied, "to nourish some thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more melancholy; unless, as young men sometimes do, you had fancied yourself in love with some trumpery specimen of womankind, which is, indeed, as Shakespeare truly says, pressing to death, whipping, and hanging all at once."

He then proceeded with inquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For this good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories out of premises which were often far from affording sufficient ground for them; and being, as the reader must have remarked, sufficiently opinionative, he did not readily brook being corrected, either in matter of fact or judgment, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lovel's literary career for him.

"And with what do you propose to commence your *début* as a man of letters? But I guess—poetry—poetry, the soft seducer of youth. Yes! there is an acknowledging modesty of confusion in your eye and manner. And where lies your vein? Are you inclined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus, or to flutter around the base of the hill?"

"I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces," said Lovel.

"Just as I supposed—pruning your wing and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a bolder flight. Observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this unprofitable pursuit, but you say you are quite independent of the public caprice?"

"Entirely so," replied Lovel.

"And that you are determined not to adopt a more active course of life?"

"For the present such is my resolution," replied the young man.

"Why, then, it only remains for me to give you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the *Antiquarian Repository*, and therefore am an author of experience. There was my *Remarks on Hearne's Edition of Robert of Gloucester*, signed 'Scrutator;' and the other signed 'Indagator,' upon a passage in Tacitus. I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that is my paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* upon the inscription of Œlia Lelia, which I subscribed 'Œdipus.' So you see I am not an apprentice in the mysteries of author-craft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper of the times. And now, once more, what do you intend to commence with?"

"I have no instant thoughts of publishing."

"Ah! that will never do; you must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see now. A collection of fugitive pieces? But no, your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the bookseller. It should be something at once solid and attractive; none of your romances or anomalous novelties, I would have you take high ground at once. Let me see. What think you of a real epic? the grand old-fashioned historical poem which moved through twelve or twenty-four books. We'll have it so; I'll supply you with a subject—the battle between the Caledonians and Romans—*The Caledoniad; or, Invasion Repelled.* Let that be the title; it will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a touch of the times."

"But the invasion of Agricola was *not* repelled."

"No; but you are a poet, free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as Virgil himself. You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus."

"And pitch Agricola's camp at the Kaim of—what do you call it," answered Lovel, "in defiance of Edie Ochiltree?"

"No more of that, an thou lovest me. And yet I dare say ye may unwittingly speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the *toga* of the historian and the blue gown of the mendicant."

"Gallantly counselled. Well, I will do my best; your kindness will assist me with local information."

"Will I not, man? why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr. Lovel, only I was never able to write verses."

"It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art."

"Essential! not a whit: it is the mere mechanical department. A man may be a poet without measuring spondees and dactyls like the ancients, or clashing the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labor like a stone-mason. Dost think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod?"

"In that case there should be two authors to each poem—one to think and plan, another to execute."

"Why, it would not be amiss, at any rate we'll make the experiment—not that I would wish to give my name to the public. Assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what flourish your nature will; I am a total stranger to authorial vanity."

Lovel was much entertained by a declaration not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was, indeed, uncommonly delighted; for, like many other men who spend their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and habits of indolence and procrastination. "But," thought he, "I may, like a second Teucer, discharge my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and, admit that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape answerable for his deficiencies, and the good notes may very probably help off an indifferent text. But he is—he must be a good poet; he has the real Parnassian abstraction, seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated, drinks his tea scalding, and eats without knowing what he is putting into his mouth. This is the real *æstus*, the *awen* of the Welsh bards, the *divinus afflatus* that transports the poet beyond the limits of sublunary things. His visions, too, are very symptomatical of poetic fury; I must recollect to send Caxon to see he puts out his candle to-night, poets and visionaries are apt to be negligent in that respect." Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud in continuation:

"Yes, my dear Lovel, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the *Essay on Castrametation* into the appendix; it will give great value to the work. Then we will revive the good old forms so disgracefully neglected in modern times. You shall invoke the

Muse; and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author who, in an apostatizing age, adheres with the faith of Abdiel to the ancient form of adoration. Then we must have a vision, in which the genius of Caledonia shall appear to Galgacus and show him a procession of the real Scottish monarchs; and in the notes I will have a hit at Boethius—no, I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is likely to have vexation enough besides; but I'll annihilate Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb."

"But we must consider the expense of publication," said Lovel, willing to try whether this hint would fall like cold water on the blazing zeal of his self-elected coadjutor.

"Expense!" said Mr. Oldbuck, pausing and mechanically fumbling in his pocket—"that is true; I would wish to do something, but you would not like to publish by subscription?"

"By no means," answered Lovel.

"No, no!" gladly acquiesced the Antiquary. "It is not respectable. I'll tell you what: I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk print and paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can."

"O, I am no mercenary author," answered Lovel, smiling; "I only wish to be out of risk of loss."

"Hush! hush! we'll take care of that; throw it all on the publishers. I do long to see your labors commenced. You will choose blank verse, doubtless? It is more grand and magnificent for an historical subject; and, what concerneth you, my friend, it is, I have an idea, more easily written."

This conversation brought them to Monkbarns, where the Antiquary had to undergo a chiding from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him in the portico. "Guide us, Monkbarns, are things no dear enough already, but ye maun be raising the very fish on us, by giving that randy, Luckie Mucklebackit, just what she likes to ask?"

"Why, Grizel," said the sage, somewhat abashed at this unexpected attack, "I thought I made a very fair bargain."

"A fair bargain! when ye gied the limmer a full half o' what she seekit! An ye will be a wife-carle, and buy fish at your ain hands, ye suld never bid muckle mair than a quarter. And the impudent queen had the assurance to come up and seek a dram. But I trow Jenny and I sorted her!"

"Truly," said Oldbuck (with a sly look to his companion), "I think our estate was gracious that kept us out of hearing of that controversy. Well, well, Grizel, I was wrong for once in my life—*ultra crepidam*, I fairly admit. But hang

expenses, care killed a cat; we'll eat the fish, cost what it will. And then, Lovel, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day the rather because our cheer will be better than usual, yesterday having been a gaudé-day; I love the reversion of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the *analecta*, the *collectanea*, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on such occasions. And see there is Jenny going to ring the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER XV

Be this letter delivered with haste—haste—post-haste! Ride, villain, ride, for thy life—for thy life—for thy life!
Ancient Indorsation of Letters of Importance.

LEAVING Mr. Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlor of the postmaster's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles, and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaning information or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbors. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty.

"Eh, preserve us, sirs," said the butcher's wife, "there's ten, eleven, twal letters to Tennant & Co.; thae folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh."

"Ay; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side; I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

"Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets; "the lieutenant's been awa three weeks."

"Just ane on Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters.

"Was't a ship-letter?" asked the Fornarina.

"In troth was't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant, then," replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed; "I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her."

"Odd, here's another," quoth Mrs. Mailsetter. "A ship-letter, postmark Sunderland." All rushed to seize it. "Na, na, leddies," said Mrs. Mailsetter, interfering, "I hae had eneugh o' that wark. Ken ye that Mr. Mailsetter got an unco

rebuke frae the Secretary at Edinburgh for a complaint that was made about the letter of Ailie Bisset's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; "ye ken yoursell, madam, it just cam open o' free will in my hand. What could I help it? Folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I wot that's true, too," said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken onybody wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass; the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na; I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie," said the postmistress; "but I wad aye be obliging and neighborly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither. See, the seal has an anchor on't; he's done't wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking."

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker, and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter like the weird sisters in Macbeth upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman, she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, it's frae him, sure eneugh," said the butcher's lady. "I can read 'Richard Taffril' on the corner, and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end."

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required—"haud it lower down. Div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursell?"

"Whisht, whisht, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Mailsetter, "there's somebody in the shop;" then aloud, "Look to the customers, Baby!" Baby answered from without in a shrill tone, "It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken, we havena had time to sort the mail letters yet. She's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of

disappointment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mrs. Heukbane, "to scorn the puir silly gait of a lassie after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I mak nae doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake. "To cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersell! Hout! fie for shame!"

"Hout, tout, leddies," cried Mrs. Mailsetter, "ye're clean wrang. It's a line out o' ane o' his sailors' sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae," said the charitable Dame Heukbane, "but it disna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mailsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office thae love-letters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour, maist o' them sealed wi' wafers and no wi' wax; there will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Ay; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats of arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs. Heukbane. "Pride will hae a fa'. He hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth; he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs. Shortcake. "He's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking; the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire. "Twa letters for Monkbarns; they're frae some o' his learned friends now. See, sae close as they're written, down to the very seal, and a' to save sending a double letter; that's just like Monkbarns himsell. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale; but he's ne'er a grain abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone, and such like sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body the Laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs. Heukbane: "he'll make as muckle about buying a fore quarter o' lamb in August as about a back sey o' beef. Let's taste another drap o' the sinning (perhaps she meant cinnamon) waters, Mrs. Mailsetter, my dear. Ah! lasses, an ye had kend his brother as I did! Mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa at the Falkirk Tryst; weel, weel, we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs. Shortcake; "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man. We serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week; only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the nicksticks,* whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lasses," interrupted Mrs. Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter? This is new corn: I haena seen the like o' this. 'For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N.B.' This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see! That's him that the hale town kens naething about; and a weel-fa'ard lad he is. Let's see—let's see!" Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs. Mailsetter; "haud awa—bide aff, I tell you; this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it. The postage is five-and-twenty shillings; and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, bide aff; this maunna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"Odd, lass," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubtless, that the too, too solid wax

* See Note 3.

would melt and dissolve itself, "I wad like to ken what's in the inside o' this, for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plainstanes o' Fairport: naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'se sit down and crack about it. Baby, bring ben the tea-water. Muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake; and we'll steek the shop and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame; and then we'll try your braw veal sweetbread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa Mr. Lovel's letter?" said Mrs. Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon telled me that Mr. Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns; he's in a high fever wi' pu'ing the Laird and Sir Arthur out o' the sea."

"Silly auld doited carles," said Mrs. Shortcake; "what gar'd them gang to the douking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was gi'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs. Heukbane—"Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, ye ken—and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish-pound, for Monkbarns had threepit on them to gang in till't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense," answered the postmistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Caxon telled it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour and Mr. Lovel suld hae dined at Monkbarns——"

"But, Mrs. Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs. Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa this letter by express? There's our powny and our callant hae gane express for the office or now, and the powny hasna gane abune thirty mile the day. Jock was sorting him up as I came ower by."

"Why, Mrs. Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsell: we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws. It's a red half-guinea to him every time he munts his mear; and I dare say he'll be in sune, or I dare to say it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr. Lovel will be in town before the express gaes aff," said Mrs. Heukbane, "and whare are ye, then, lass? But ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Heukbane," answered Mrs. Mailsetter, a little out of humour, and even out of countenance, "I am

sure I am never against being neighbor-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order, ou, nae doubt it maun be obeyed. But I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye; I'll send little Davie on your powny, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka ane o' us, ye ken."

"Davie! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and to be plain wi' ye, our powny reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress, gravely, "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'; for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock; our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, aweel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at; but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service; Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of the town, aud, by the crack of his whip and the whoop and halloo of his too well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like she sibyls after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent were the rumors to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant & Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested; others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon; another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally rumored that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this report was only doubted by the wise because it was traced to Mrs. Mailsetter's shop, a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had

arrived, directed for Mr. Lovel, and that it had been forwarded by an orderly dragoon, dispatched from the headfuarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to inquire the way to Monkbarns. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual way variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendée, others that he was a spy, others that he was a general officer who was visiting the coast privately, others that he was a prince of the blood who was traveling *incognito*.

Meanwhile the progress of the packet which occasioned so much speculation towards its destined owner at Monkbarns had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, Davie Mailsetter, as little resembling a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkbarns by the pony so long as the animal had in his recollection the crack of his usual instrument of chastisement and the shout of the butcher's boy. But feeling how Davie, whose legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the pony began to disdain further compliance with the intimations he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk. This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider who had been considerably discomposed by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the opportunity of his abated pace to gnaw a piece of gingerbread which had been thrust into his hand by his mother, in order to reconcile this youthful emissary of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. By and by the crafty pony availed himself of this surcease of discipline to twitch the rein out of Davie's hands, and apply himself to browse on the grass by the side of the lane. Sorely astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to sit or to fall, poor Davie lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The pony, hearing this pudder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and Davie to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in utter rout, so the steed, alarmed by the boy's cries and by the flapping of the reins, which dangled about his forefeet, finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if Davie kept the saddle (a matter extremely dubious), would soon have presented him at Heukbane's stable-door, when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Ochiltree, caught hold of the

rein and stopped his further proceeding. "Wha's aught ye, callant? Whaten a gate's that to ride?"

"I canna help it!" blubbered the express; "they ca' me little Davie."

"And where are ye gaun?"

"I'm gaun to Monkbarns wi' a letter."

"Stirra, this is no the road to Monkbarns."

But Davie could only answer the expostulation with sighs and tears.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion where childhood was in the case. "I wasna gaun that gate," he thought, "but it's the best o' my way o' life that I canna be weel out o' my road. They'll gie me quarters at Monkbarns readily eneugh, and I'll e'en hirple awa there wi' the wean, for it will knock its harns out, puir thing, if there's no somebody to guide the powny. Sae ye hae a letter, hinney? will ye let me see't?"

"I'm no gaun to let naebody see the letter," sobbed the boy, "till I gie't to Mr. Lovel, for I am a faithfu' servant o' the office—if it werena for the powny."

"Very right, my little man," said Ochiltree, turning the reluctant pony's head towards Monkbarns; "but we'll guide him atween us, if he's no a' the sweerer."

Upon the very height of Kinprunes, to which Monkbarns had invited Lovel after their dinner, the Antiquary, again reconciled to the once degraded spot, was expatiating upon the topics the scenery afforded for a description of Agricola's camp at the dawn of morning, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the mendicant and his *protégé*. "What the devil! here comes old Edie, bag and baggage, I think."

The beggar explained his errand, and Davie, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to Monkbarns, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its proper owner, although he met him a mile nearer than the place he had been directed to. "But my minnie said I maun be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, an ten shillings and sixpence for the express; there's the paper."

"Let me see—let me see," said Oldbuck, putting on his spectacles and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davie appealed. "Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence. One day! why, it's not an hour! Man and horse! why, 'tis a monkey on a starved cat!"

"Father wad hae come himsell," said Davie, "on the

muckle red mear, an ye wad hae bidden till the morns' night."

"Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery! You little cockatrice' egg, do you understand the art of imposition so early?"

"Hout, Monkbarns, dinna set your wit against a bairn," said the beggar; "mind the butcher risked his beast and the wife her wean, and I am sure ten and sixpence isna ower muckle. Ye didna gang sae near wi' Johnnie Howie when——"

Lovel, who, sitting on the supposed *prætorium*, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by paying Davie's demand, and then, turning to Mr. Oldbuck with a look of much agitation, he excused himself from returning with him to Monkbarns that evening. "I must instantly go to Fairport, and perhaps leave it on a moment's notice; your kindness, Mr. Oldbuck, I never can forget."

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Antiquary.

"Of a very checkered complexion," answered his friend. "Farewell; in good or bad fortune I will not forget your regard."

"Nay, nay; stop a moment. If—if—(making an effort)—if there be any pecuniary inconvenience—I have fifty—or a hundred guineas at your service—till—till Whitsunday—or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Oldbuck, but I am amply provided," said his mysterious young friend. "Excuse me, I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write or see you before I leave Fairport; that is, if I find myself obliged to go." So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "staying no longer question."

"Very extraordinary indeed," said Oldbuck; "but there's something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for none of my womankind will venture into it after twilight."

"And how am I to win hame?" blubbered the disconsolate express.

"It's a fine night," said the Blue-Gown, looking up to the skies; "I had as gude gang back to the town and take care o' the wean."

"Do so, do so, Edie;" and, rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there's sixpence to ye to buy sneeshin."

CHAPTER XVI

I am bewitched with the rogue's company If the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; could not be else. I have drunk medicines.

Henry IV., Part II.

REGULAR for a fortnight were the inquiries of the Antiquary at the veteran Caxon whether he had heard what Mr. Lovel was about, and as regular were Caxon's answers, "that the town could learn naething about him whatever, except that he had received anither muckle letter or twa frae the south, and that he was never seen on the plainstanes at a'."

"How does he live, Caxon ?"

"Ou, Mrs. Hadoway just dresses him a beefsteak or a mutton-chop, or makes him some friar's chicken, or just what she likes hersell, and he eats it in the little red parlor off his bedroom. She canna get him to say that he likes ae thing better than anither ; and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles honorably wi' her every week."

"But does he never stir abroad ?"

"He has clean gi'en up walking, and he sits a' day in his room reading or writing ; a hantle letters he has written, but he wadna put them into our post-house, though Mrs. Hadoway offered to carry them hersell, but sent them a' under ae cover to the sheriff, and it's Mrs. Mailsetter's belief that the sheriff sent his groom to put them into the post-office at Tannonburg. It's my puir thought that he jaloused their looking into his letters at Fairport ; and weel had he need, for my puir daughter Jenny——"

"Tut, don't plague me with your womankind, Caxon. About this poor young lad, does he write nothing but letters ?"

"Ou, ay ; hale sheets o' other things, Mrs. Hadoway says. She wishes muckle he could be gotten to take a walk ; she thinks he's but looking very puirly, and his appetite's clean gane ; but he'll no hear o' ganging ower the door-stane—him that used to walk sae muckle too."

"That's wrong ; I have a guess what he's busy about,

but he must not work too hard neither. I'll go and see him this very day; he's deep, doubtless, in the *Caledoniad*."

Having formed this manful resolution, Mr. Oldbuck equipped himself for the expedition with his thick walking-shoes and gold-headed cane, muttering the while the words of Falstaff which we have chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the Antiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entertained for this stranger. The riddle was, notwithstanding, easily solved. Lovel had many attractive qualities, but he won our Antiquary's heart by being on most occasions an excellent listener.

A walk to Fairport had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr. Oldbuck, and one which he did not often care to undertake. He hated greetings in the market-place; and there were generally loiterers in the street to persecute him either about the news of the day or about some petty pieces of business. So on this occasion he had no sooner entered the streets of Fairport than it was "Good morrow, Mr. Oldbuck, a sight o' you's gude for sair een; what d'ye think of the news in the *Sun* the day? they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight."

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might hear no more about it."

"Monkbarns, your honor," said the nursery and seedsman, "I hope the plants gied satisfaction? and if ye wanted ony flower roots fresh frae Holland, or (this in a lower key) an anker or twa o' Cologne gin, ane o' our brigs cam in yestreen."

"Thank ye, thank ye, no occasion at present, Mr. Crabtree," said the antiquary, pushing resolutely onward.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said the town clerk (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman), "the provost, understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak so ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell spring through a part o' your lands."

"What the deuce! have they nobody's land but mine to cut and carve on? I won't consent, tell them."

"And the provost," said the clerk, going on without noticing the rebuff, "and the council wad be agreeable that ye should hae the auld stanes at Donagild's chapel, that ye was wussing to hae."

"Eh? what? Oho, that's another story. Well, well, I'll call upon the provost and we'll talk about it."

"But ye maun speak your mind on't forthwith, Monkbarns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harlewalls thinks the carved through-stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house; that is, the twa cross-legged figures that the caliants used to ca' Robin and Bobbin, ane on ilka door cheek; and the other stane, that they ca'd Ailie Dailie, abune the door. It will be very tastefu', the deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic."

"Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!" exclaimed the Antiquary. "A monument of a Knight Templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it! O *crimini!* Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we'll not differ about the water-course. It's lucky I happened to come this way to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the dexterity he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance because they encroached three feet upon the public road) and the privilege of conveying the water to the burgh through the estate of Monkbarns was an idea which had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.

Through these various entanglements Monkbarns (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs. Hadoway's. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Fairport, who had been reduced by her husband's untimely death to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The tenement which she occupied and the furniture of which she was possessed gave her the means of letting a part of her house, and as Lovel had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had qualified the necessary intercourse which they had together with a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs. Hadoway, not perhaps much used to such kindly treatment, had become greatly attached to her lodger, and was profuse in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for "the poor young gentleman's dinner;" to exert her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his in order to procure scarce vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labor in which she delighted, although she anxiously concealed it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this secrecy of benevolence to

avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown complexion, though belonging to a woman of five-and-forty, and enclosed within a widow's close-drawn pinners, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she could not anticipate its having birth in that of any one else. But she concealed her attentions solely out of delicacy to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his being likely to feel extreme pain at leaving any of her civilities unrequited. She now opened the door to Mr. Oldbuck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

"I am glad to see you, sir—I am very glad to see you. My poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and O, Mr. Oldbuck, he'll see neither doctor nor minister nor writer! And think what it would be if, as my poor Mr. Hadoway used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties!"

"Greatly better than with them," grumbled the cynical Antiquary. "I tell you, Mrs. Hadoway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes."

"O fie, Monkbarns, to hear the like o' that frae you! But ye'll walk up and see the poor young lad? Hegh, sirs, sae young and weel-favored; and day by day he has eat less and less, and now he hardly touches onything, only just pits a bit on the plate to make fashion, and his poor cheek has turned every day thinner and paler, sae that he now really looks as auld as me, that might be his mother; no, that I might be just that neither, but something very near it."

"Why does he not take some exercise?" said Oldbuck.

"I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Gibbie Golightly, the galloping groom. A gude judge o' horse-flesh Gibbie tauld our lass that he was; for he offered him a beast he thought wad answer him weel enough, as he was a bookish man, but Mr. Lovel wadna look at it, and bought ane might serve the Master o' Morphie. They keep it at the Græme's Arms, ower the street, and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast. But winna ye walk up to his room?"

"Presently, presently; but has he no visitors?"

"O dear, Mr. Oldbuck, not ane; if he wadna receive them when he was weel and sprightly, what chance is there of onybody in Fairport looking in upon him now?"

"Ay, ay, very true; I should have been surprised had it been otherwise. Come, show me upstairs, Mrs. Hadoway, lest I make a blunder and go where I should not."

The good landlady showed Mr. Oldbuck up her narrow staircase, warning him of every turn, and lamenting all the while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up so high. At length she gently tapped at the door of her guest's parlor.

"Come in," said Lovel; and Mrs. Hadoway ushered in the Laird of Monkbarns.

The little apartment was neat and clean, and decently furnished, ornamented too by such relics of her youthful arts of sempstress-ship as Mrs. Hadoway had retained; but it was close, overheated, and, as it appeared to Oldbuck, an unwholesome situation for a young person in delicate health, an observation which ripened his resolution touching a project that had already occurred to him in Lovel's behalf. With a writing-table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lovel was seated on a couch in his nightgown and slippers. Oldbuck was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow had assumed a ghastly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of hale and hardy complexion which had formerly overspread and somewhat embrowned his countenance. Oldbuck observed that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same color hung on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered Lovel arose and came forward to welcome him.

"This is very kind," he said, shaking him by the hand and thanking him warmly for his visit—"this is very kind, and has anticipated a visit with which I intended to trouble you; you must know I have become a horseman lately."

"I understand as much from Mrs. Hadoway; I only hope, my good young friend, you have been fortunate in a quiet horse. I myself inadvertently bought one from the said Gibbie Golightly, which brute ran two miles on end with me after a pack of hounds with which I had no more to do than the last year's snow, and, after affording infinite amusement, I suppose, to the whole hunting field, he was so good as to deposit me in a dry ditch. I hope yours is a more peaceful beast?"

"I hope at least we shall make our excursions on a better plan of mutual understanding."

"That is to say, you think yourself a good horseman?"

"I would not willingly," answered Lovel, "confess myself a very bad one."

"No; all you young fellows think that would be equal to calling yourselves tailors at once. But have you had experience? for, *crede experto*, a horse in a passion is no joker."

"Why, I should be sorry to boast myself as a great horseman, but when I acted as aid-de-camp to Sir ——— in the cavalry action at ——, last year, I saw many better cavaliers than myself dismounted."

"Ah! you have looked in the face of the grisly god of arms then, you are acquainted with the frowns of Mars armipotent? That experience fills up the measure of your qualifications for the epopea! The Britons, however, you will remember, fought in chariots—*covinarii* is the phrase of Tacitus; you recollect the fine description of their dashing among the Roman infantry, although the historian tells us how ill the rugged face of the ground was calculated for equestrian combat; and truly, upon the whole, what sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland anywhere but on turnpike roads has been to me always matter of amazement. And well now, has the Muse visited you? Have you got anything to show me?"

"My time," said Lovel, with a glance at his black dress, "has been less pleasantly employed."

"The death of a friend?" said the Antiquary.

"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, of almost the only friend I could ever boast of possessing."

"Indeed! Well, young man," replied his visitor, in a tone of seriousness very different from his affected gravity, "be comforted: to have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy dispensation. Look round you; how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! Our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Bacha, and we hew out to ourselves other reservoirs, from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded; jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life that they may not be forgotten at his death—

"'Hæc data pœna diu viventibus.'

Ah! Mr. Lovel, if it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy

and comfortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising. But I cram these words into your ears against the stomach of your sense."

"I am sensible of your kindness," answered the youth, "but the wound that is of recent infliction must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present calamity—forgive me for saying so—by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr. Oldbuck, have least reason of many men to take so gloomy a view of life. You have a competent and easy fortune, are generally respected, may, in your own phrase, *vacare musis*—indulge yourself in the researches to which your taste addicts you; you may form your own society without doors, and within you have the affectionate and sedulous attention of the nearest relatives."

"Why, yes, the womankind; for womankind are, thanks to my training, very civil and tractable, do not disturb me in my morning studies, creep across the floor with the stealthy pace of a cat when it suits me to take a nap in my easy-chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well, but I want something to exchange ideas with—something to talk to."

"Then why do you not invite your nephew, Captain M'Intyre, who is mentioned by every one as a fine-spirited young fellow, to become a member of your family?"

"Who?" exclaimed Monkbarns, "my nephew Hector! the Hotspur of the North! Why, Heaven love you, I would as soon invite a firebrand into my stackyard. He's an Almanzor, a Chamont, has a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High Street of Fairport, which he unsheathed upon the surgeon the last time he was at Fairport. I expect him here one of these days, but I will keep him at staff's end, I promise you. He an inmate of my house! to make my very chairs and tables tremble at his brawls. No, no, I'll none of Hector M'Intyre. But hark ye, Lovel, you are a quiet, gentle-tempered lad; had not you better set up your staff at Monkbarns for a month or two, since I conclude you do not immediately intend to leave this country? I will have a door opened out to the garden—it will cost but a trifle, there is the space for an old one which was condemned long ago—by which said door you may pass and repass into the Green Chamber at pleasure, so you will not interfere with the old man, nor he with you. As for

your fare, Mrs. Hadoway tells me you are, as she terms it, very moderate of your mouth, so you will not quarrel with my humble table. Your washing——"

"Hold, my dear Mr. Oldbuck," interposed Lovel, unable to repress a smile; "and before your hospitality settles all my accommodations, let me thank you most sincerely for so kind an offer; it is not at present in my power to accept of it, but very likely before I bid adieu to Scotland I shall find an opportunity to pay you a visit of some length."

Mr. Oldbuck's countenance fell. "Why, I thought I had hit on the very arrangement that would suit us both, and who knows what might happen in the long run, and whether we might ever part? Why, I am master of my acres, man; there is the advantage of being descended from a man of more sense than pride: they cannot oblige me to transmit my goods chattels, and heritages, any way but as I please. No string of substitute heirs of entail, as empty and unsubstantial as the morsels of paper strung to the train of a boy's kite, to cumber my flights of inclination and my humors of predilection. Well, I see you won't be tempted at present. But *Caledonia* goes on, I hope?"

"O, certainly!" said Lovel, "I cannot think of relinquishing a plan so hopeful."

"It is indeed," said the Antiquary, looking gravely upward, for, though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, he had a very natural, though rather disproportioned, good opinion of the importance of those which originated with himself—"it is indeed one of those undertakings which, if achieved with spirit equal to that which dictates its conception, may redeem from the charge of frivolity the literature of the present generation."

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the room door, which introduced a letter for Mr. Lovel. The servant waited, Mrs. Hadoway said, for an answer. "You are concerned in this matter, Mr. Oldbuck," said Lovel, after glancing over the billet, and handed it to the Antiquary as he spoke.

It was a letter from Sir Arthur Wardour, couched in extremely civil language, regretting that a fit of the gout had prevented his hitherto showing Mr. Lovel the attentions to which his conduct during a late perilous occasion had so well entitled him, apologizing for not paying his respects in person, but hoping Mr. Lovel would dispense with that ceremony and be a member of a small party which proposed to visit the

ruins of Saint Ruth's priory on the following day, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening at Knockwinnock Castle. Sir Arthur concluded with saying that he had sent to request the Monkbarns family to join the party of pleasure which he thus proposed. The place of rendezvous was fixed at a turnpike gate, which was about an equal distance from all the points from which the company were to assemble.

"What shall we do?" said Lovel, looking at the Antiquary, but pretty certain of the part he would take.

"Go, man; we'll go by all means. Let me see—it will cost a post-chaise, though, which will hold you and me and Mary M'Intyre very well, and the other womankind may go to the manse; and you can come out in the chaise to Monkbarns, as I will take it for the day."

"Why, I rather think I had better ride."

"True, true, I forgot your Bucephalus. You are a foolish lad, by the by, for purchasing the brute outright; you should stick to eighteenpence a side, if you will trust any creature's legs in preference to your own."

"Why, as the horses have the advantage of moving considerably faster, and are, besides, two pair to one, I own I incline——"

"Enough said—enough said; do as you please. Well, then, I'll bring either Grizel or the minister, for I love to have my full pennyworth out of post-horses; and we meet at Tirlingen turnpike on Friday, at twelve o'clock precisely." And with this agreement the friends separated.

CHAPTER XVII

> Of seats they tell, where priests, 'mid tapers dim,
> Breathed the warm prayer or tuned the midnight hymn.
> To scenes like these the fainting soul retired,
> Revenge and anger in these cells expired,
> By Pity soothed, Remorse lost half her fears,
> And soften'd Pride dropp'd penitential tears.
>
> CRABBE'S *Borough.*

THE morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended; and that is a rare event, whether in novel-writing or real life. Lovel, who felt the genial influence of the weather and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Wardour, trotted forward to the place of rendezvous with better spirits than he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and brighten before him, and hope, although breaking like the morning sun through clouds and showers, appeared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting, and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intently directed towards the road from Knockwinnock Castle that he was only apprised of the arrival of the Monkbarns division by the gee-hupping of the postilion, as the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In this vehicle were pent up, first the stately figure of Mr. Oldbuck himself; secondly, the scarce less portly person of the Reverend Mr. Blattergowl, minister of Trotcosey, the parish in which Monkbarns and Knockwinnock were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a buzz wig, upon the top of which was an equilateral cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monkbarns used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison—Sir Arthur's ramilies being the positive, his own bob-wig the comparative, and the overwhelming grizzle of the worthy clergyman figuring as the superlative. The superintendent of these antique garnitures, deeming, or affecting to deem, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated him-

self on the board behind the carriage, "just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the gentlemen sat down to dinner." Between the two massive figures of Monkbarns and the clergyman was stuck, by way of bodkin, the slim form of Mary M'Intyre, her aunt having preferred a visit to the manse and a social chat with Miss Beckie Blattergowl to investigating the ruins of the priory of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Monkbarns party and Mr. Lovel, the baronet's carriage, an open barouche, swept onward to the place of appointment, making, with its smoking bays, smart drivers, arms, blazoned panels, and a brace of outriders, a strong contrast with the battered vehicle and broken-winded hacks which had brought thither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by Sir Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance which passed betwixt Miss Wardour and Lovel, her color rose considerably; but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him as a friend, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the mode of her reply to his fluttered salutation. Sir Arthur halted the barouche to shake his preserver kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had on this opportunity of returning him his personal thanks; then mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr. Dousterswivel, Mr. Lovel."

Lovel took the necessary notice of the German adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependents or inferiors. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lovel had already conceived towards him; and it was plain, from the lower of the Antiquary's shaggy eyebrow, that he too looked with displeasure on this addition to the company. Little more than distant greeting passed among the members of the party, until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horseshoes, a small hedge inn, where Caxon humbly opened the door and let down the step of the hack-chaise, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courtly attendants, assisted to leave their equipage.

Here renewed greetings passed; the young ladies shook hands; and Oldbuck, completely in his element, placed himself as guide and cicerone at the head of the party, who were now to advance on foot towards the object of their curiosity.

He took care to detain Lovel close beside him as the best listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Wardour and Mary M'Intyre, who followed next in order. The baronet and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware both of them conceived they understood such matters as well, or better, than he did; and Dousterswivel, besides that he looked on him as a charlatan, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company that he could not abide the sight of him. These two latter satellites, therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally induced to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot. This is particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, unenclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of rills or small rivers has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially termed, "dens," on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is the more gratifying as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended and winded round the hillside, trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted, and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses in which the sheep love to repose themselves—a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges and filled up in the middle by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together that although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, the scene might on the whole be termed decidedly woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and, between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its

waters were seen hurling clear and rapid under their sylvan canopy,

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of cicerone, and anxiously directed the company not to go a footbreadth off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. "You are happy in me for a guide, Miss Wardour," exclaimed the veteran, waving his hand and head in cadence as he repeated with emphasis,

> "'I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
> And every bosky bower from side to side.'

Ah! deuce take it! that spray of a bramble has demolished all Caxon's labors, and nearly canted my wig into the stream —so much for recitations *hors de propos.*"

"Never mind, my dear sir," said Miss Wardour, "you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear with it as restored to its original splendor I will carry on the quotation:

> "'So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames on the forehead——'"

"O enough, enough!" answered Oldbuck; "I ought to have known what it was to give you advantage over me. But here is what will stop your career or satire, for you are an admirer of nature, I know." In fact, when they had followed him through a breach in a low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they came suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheatre to give room for a pure and profound lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then arose everywhere steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks, in others covered with the copse, which run up, feathering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the green pasture-ground. Beneath, the lake discharged itself into the huddling and tumultuous brook which had been their companion since they had entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from "its parent lake" stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the singular beauty, as well as wild and

sequestered character, of the spot on which they were situated gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The eastern window of the church remained entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work, and the sides upheld by flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous, but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed other two, and the gardens a fourth. The side of these buildings which overhung the brook was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock ; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter during Montrose's wars. The ground formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few orchard trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks and elms and chestnuts growing singly, which had attained great size. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a close-cropped sward, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the scythe and broom. The whole scene had a repose which was still and affecting without being monotonous. The dark deep basin in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the water lilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook, which broke away from the outlet as if escaping from confinement and hurried down the glen, wheeling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and brawling in foam and fury with every shelve and stone which obstructed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow in which the ruins were situated, and the large timber trees which were scattered over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arose at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and feathery underwood, partly rising in steeps clothed with purple heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into fronts of gray rock checkered with lichen, and with those hardy plants which find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

"There was the retreat of learning in the days of darkness, Mr. Lovel," said Oldbuck, around whom the company

had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so romantic—"there reposed the sages who were aweary of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this. I will show you presently the library: see that stretch of wall with square-shafted windows—there it existed, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession assures me with five thousand volumes. And here I might well take up the lamentation of the learned Leland, who, regretting the downfall of the conventual libraries, exclaims, like Rachael weeping for her children, that if the papal laws, decrees decretals, clementines, and other such drugs of the devil, yea, if Heytesbury's sophisms, Porphyry's universals, Aristotle's logic, and Dunse's divinity, with such other lousy legerdemains(begging your pardon, Miss Wardour) and fruits of the bottomless pit, had leaped out of our libraries, for the accommodation of grocers, candle-makers, soap-sellers, and other worldly occupiers, we might have been therewith contented. But to put our ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned commentaries and national muniments, to such offices of contempt and subjection has greatly degraded our nation, and showed ourselves dishonored in the eyes of posterity to the utmost stretch of time. O negligence most unfriendly to our land!"

"And, O John Knox," said the baronet, "through whose influence, and under whose auspices, the patriotic task was accomplished!"

The antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a woodcock caught in his own spring, turned short round and coughed to excuse a slight blush, as he mustered his answer —"As to the Apostle of Scottish Reformation——"

But Miss Wardour broke in to interrupt a conversation so dangerous—"Pray, who was the author you quoted, Mr. Oldbuck?"

"The learned Leland, Miss Wardour, who lost his senses on witnessing the destruction of the conventual libraries in England."

"Now I think," replied the young lady, "his misfortune may have saved the rationality of some modern antiquaries, which would certainly have been drowned if so vast a lake of learning had not been diminished by draining."

"Well, thank Heaven, there is no danger now: they have hardly left us a spoonful in which to perform the dire feat."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck led the way down the bank by a

steep but secure path, which soon placed them on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood. "There they lived," continued the Antiquary, "with naught to do but to spend their time in investigating points of remote antiquity, transcribing manuscripts, and composing new works for the information of posterity."

"And," added the baronet, "in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of the office of the priesthood."

"And if Sir Arthur's excellence will permit," said the German, with a low bow, "the monksh might also make de vary curious experiment in deir laboraties, both in chemistry and *magia naturalis*."

"I think," said the clergyman, "they would have enough to do in collecting the teinds of the parsonage and vicarage of three good parishes."

"And all," added Miss Wardour, nodding to the Antiquary, "without interruption from womankind."

"True, my fair foe," said Oldbuck; "this was a paradise where no Eve was admitted, and we may wonder the rather by what chance the good fathers came to lose it."

With such criticisms on the occupations of those by whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they wandered for some time from one moss-grown shrine to another, under the guidance of Oldbuck, who explained with much plausibility the ground-plan of the edifice, and read and expounded to the company the various moldering inscriptions which yet were to be traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches of the sainted images. "What is the reason," at length Miss Wardour asked the Antiquary, "why tradition has preserved to us such meagre accounts of the inmates of these stately edifices, raised with such expense of labor and taste, and whose owners were in their times personages of such awful power and importance? The meanest tower of a freebooting baron or squire who lived by his lance and broadsword is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the names and feats of its inhabitants; but ask a countryman concerning these beautiful and extensive remains—these towers these arches and buttresses and shafted windows, reared at such cost three words fill up his answer—"they were made by the monks lang syne."'

The question was somewhat puzzling. Sir Arthur looked upward, as if hoping to be inspired with an answer; Oldbuck shoved back his wig; the clergyman was of opinion that his

parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true Presbyterian doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical cumberers of the land, offshoots as they were of the great overshadowing tree of iniquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination; Lovel thought the question was best resolved by considering what are the events which leave the deepest impression on the minds of the common people. "These," he contended, "were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilizing river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The eras by which the vulgar compute time have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder," he concluded, "that the ferocious warrior is remembered, and the peaceful abbots are abandoned to forgetfulness and oblivion."

"If you pleashe, gentlemans and ladies, and ashking pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and this worthy clergymansh, and my goot friend Mr. Oldenbuck, who is my countrymansh, and of goot young Mr. Lofel also, I think it is all owing to de hand of glory."

"The hand of what?" exclaimed Oldbuck.

"De hand of glory, my goot Master Oldenbuck, which is a vary great and terrible secrets, which de monksh used to conceal their treasures when they were triven from their cloisters by what you call de Reform."

"Ay, indeed! tell us about that," said Oldbuck, "for these are secrets worth knowing."

"Why, my goot Master Oldenbuck, you will only laugh at me. But de hand of glory is vary well known in de countries where your worthy progenitors did live, and it is hand cut off from a dead man as has been hanged for murther, and dried very nice in de shmoke of juniper wood, and if you put a little of what you call yew wid your juniper it will not be any better—that is, it will not be no worse; then you do take something of de fatsh of de bear, and of de badger, and of de great *eber*, as you call de grand boar, and of de little sucking child as has not been christened—for dat is very essentials—and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, with de proper ceremonish, and he who seeksh for treasuresh shall never find none at all."

"I dare take my corporal oath of that conclusion," said the Antiquary. "And was it the custom, Mr. Dousterswivel, in Westphalia to make use of this elegant candelabrum?"

"Alwaysh, Mr. Oldenbuck, when you did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wash doing about. And de monksh alwaysh did this when they did hide their church plates, and their great chalices, and de rings, wid very preshious shtones and jewels."

"But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Rosy Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to conceal?"

"Ah! goot Mr. Oldenbuck," replied the adept, shaking his head mysteriously, "you was very hard to believe; but if you had seen de great huge pieces of de plate so massive, Sir Arthur, so fine fashion, Miss Wardour, and de silver cross dat we did find—dat was Schroepfer and my ownself—for de Herr Freygraff, as you call de Baron von Blunderhaus, I do believe you would have believed then."

"Seeing *is* believing indeed. But what was your art—what was your mystery, Mr. Dousterswivel?"

"Aha, Mr. Oldenbuck, dat is my little secret, mine goot sir; you sall forgife me that I not tell that. But I will tell you dere are various ways; yes, indeed, dere is de dream dat you dream tree times, dat is a very goot way."

"I am glad of that," said Oldenbuck; "I have a friend (with a side-glance to Lovel) who is peculiarly favored by the visits of Queen Mab."

"Den dere is de sympathies and de antipathies, and de strange properties and virtues natural of divers herb and of de little divining rod."

"I would gladly rather see some of these wonders than hear of them," said Miss Wardour.

"Ah, but, my much-honored young lady, this is not de time or de way to do de great wonder of finding all de church's plate and treasure; but to oblige you, and Sir Arthur my patron, and de reverend clergymans, and goot Mr. Oldenbuck, and young Mr. Lofel, who is a very goot young gentleman also, I will show you dat it is possible, a vary possible, to discover de spring of water and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattock or spade or dig at all."

"Umph!" quoth the Antiquary, "I have heard of that conundrum. That will be no very productive art in our country; you should carry that property to Spain or Portugal and turn it to good account."

"Ah! my goot Master Oldenbuck, dere is de Inquisition and de auto-da-fé: they would burn me, who am but a simple philosopher, for one great conjurer."

"They would cast away their coals then," said Oldbuck; "but," continued he, in a whisper to Lovel, "were they to pillory him for one of the most impudent rascals that ever wagged a tongue, they would square the punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see, I think he is about to show us some of his legerdemain."

In truth, the German was now got to a little copse-thicket at some distance from the ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as should suit the purpose of his mystery; and, after cutting and examining and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding the forked ends of the wand each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined aisles and cloisters, followed by the rest of the company in admiring procession. "I believe dere was no waters here," said the adept, when he had made the round of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of those indications which he pretended to expect—"I believe those Scotch monksh did find de water too cool for de climate, and alwaysh drank de goot comfortable Rhine wine—but, aha! see there." Accordingly, the assistants observed the rod to turn in his fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight. "Dere is water here about sure enough," and, turning this way and that way, as the agitation of the divining rod seemed to increase or diminish, he at length advanced into the midst of a vacant and roofless enclosure, which had been the kitchen of the priory, when the rod twisted itself so as to point almost straight downwards. "Here is de place," said the adept, "and if you do not find de water here I will give you all leave to call me an impudent knave."

"I shall take that license," whispered the Antiquary to Lovel, "whether the water is discovered or no."

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now dispatched to a neighboring forester's hut for a mattock and pick-axe. The loose stones and rubbish being removed from the spot indicated by the German, they soon came to the sides of a regularly built well; and, when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of the forester and his sons, the water began to rise rapidly, to the delight of the philosopher, the astonishment of the ladies, Mr. Blattergowl, and Sir Arthur, the surprise of Lovel, and the confusion of the incredulous Antiquary. He did not fail,

however, to enter his protest in Lovel's ear against the miracle. "This is a mere trick," he said; "the rascal had made himself sure of the existence of this old well, by some means or other, before he played off this mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he talks of next. I am much mistaken if this is not intended as a prelude to some more serious fraud; see how the rascal assumes consequence, and plumes himself upon the credit of his success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in the tide of nonsense which he is delivering to him as principles of occult science!"

"You do see, my goot patron, you do see, my goot ladies, you do see, worthy Dr. Bladderhowl, and even Mr. Lofel and Mr. Oldenbuck may see, if they do will to see, how art has no enemy at all but ignorance. Look at this little slip of hazel nuts, it is fit for nothing at all but to whip de little child" ["I would choose a cat and nine tails for your occasions," whispered Oldbuck apart], "and you put it in the hands of a philosopher, paf! it makes de grand discovery. But this is nothing, Sir Arthur, nothing at all, worthy Dr. Botherhowl, nothing at all, ladies, nothing at all, young Mr. Lofel and goot Mr. Oldenbuck, to what art can do. Ah! if dere was any man that had de spirit and de courage I would show him better things than de well of water, I would show him——"

"And a little money would be necessary also, would it not?" said the Antiquary.

"Bah! one trifle, not worth talking about, might be necessaries," answered the adept.

"I thought as much," rejoined the Antiquary, dryly; "and I, in the meanwhile, without any divining rod, will show you an excellent venison pasty and a bottle of London particular Madeira, and I think that will match all that Mr. Dousterswivel's art is like to exhibit."

The feast was spread *fronde super viridi*, as Oldbuck expressed himself, under a huge old tree, called the Prior's Oak, and the company sitting down around it did ample honor to the contents of the basket.

CHAPTER XVIII

> As when a gryphon through the wilderness,
> With winged course, o'er hill and moory dale,
> Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
> Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
> The guarded gold, so eagerly the Fiend——
>
> *Paradise Lost.*

When their collation was ended, Sir Arthur resumed the account of the mysteries of the divining rod, as a subject on which he had formerly conversed with Dousterswivel. "My friend Mr. Oldbuck will now be prepared, Mr. Dousterswivel, to listen with more respect to the stories you have told us of the late discoveries in Germany by the brethren of your association."

"Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing to speak to those gentlemans, because it is want of credulity—what you call faith—that spoils the great enterprise."

"At least, however, let my daughter read the narrative she has taken down of the story of Martin Waldeck."

"Ah, that was very true story; but Miss Wardour, she is so sly and so witty that she has made it just like one romance, as well as Goethe or Wieland could have done it, by mine honest wort."

"To say the truth, Mr. Dousterswivel," answered Miss Wardour, "the romantic predominated in the legend so much above the probable that it was impossible for a lover of fairyland like me to avoid lending a few touches to make it perfect in its kind. But here it is, and if you do not incline to leave this shade till the heat of the day has somewhat declined, and will have sympathy with my bad composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr. Oldbuck will read it to us."

"Not I," said Sir Arthur; "I was never fond of reading aloud."

"Nor I," said Oldbuck, "for I have forgot my spectacles; but here is Lovel, with sharp eyes and a good voice, for Mr. Blattergowl, I know, never reads anything, lest he should be suspected of reading his sermons."

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who received

with some trepidation, as Miss Wardour delivered with a little embarrassment, a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a necessity of suppressing his emotions; and, after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself and read the company the following tale:—

The Fortunes of Martin Waldeck *

The solitude of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favorite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.†

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out in the long run fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

* See Note 4

† See Spectre of the Harz. Note 5.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases; but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not

given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burned for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous, excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon. He lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves, haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd; and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you, then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and

divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing upon the opposite bank of the glen or valley a huge fire, surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin, conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire upon the opposite bank of the glen again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Among these strange unearthly forms George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which from time to time he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned and was about to fly;

but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being coked or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but, observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but when he returned he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire, but the tinder was moist and his labor proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was that the Muhllerhaussers,

their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire" induced him to dismiss this belief, and, although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished at the same time the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and, therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly that he could recognize in the presiding figure the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared, and even courted, the intercourse which was now about to take place confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which to his stunned ears seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth; "and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the specter; "and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn. "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon. But take thy fire that thou camest to seek and begone; no mortal may long look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the nindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the specter had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him pronounce these words: "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal

vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighborhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another: the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw with double dislike the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends the wretch who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labors and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honorable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province and demand permission to enter the lists. This

was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honor of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way between two mountains they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire MY coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and clinching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished

with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent which arose in a wood of pine trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth hastily attained and ill-employed exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

CHAPTER XIX

> Here has been such a stormy encounter
> Betwixt my cousin captain and this soldier,
> About I know not what! Nothing, indeed—
> Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
> Of soldiership!
>
> *A Fair Quarrel.*

THE attentive audience gave the fair transcriber of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldbuck alone curled up his nose, and observed that Miss Wardour's skill was something like that of the alchemists, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very trumpery and ridiculous legend. "It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant fictions; for me,

> "'I bear an English heart,
> Unused at ghosts and rattling bones to start.'"

"Under your favor, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck," said the German, "Miss Wardour has turned de story, as she does everything as she touches, very pretty indeed; but all the history of de Harz goblin, and how he walks among de desolate mountains wid a great fir tree for his walking-cane aud wid de great green bush around his head and his waist—that is as true as I am an honest man."

"There is no disputing any proposition so well guaranteed," answered the Antiquary, dryly. But at this moment the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.

The new-comer was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing in his look and manner a good deal of the martial profession—nay, perhaps a little more than is quite consistent with the ease of a man of perfect good-breeding, in whom no professional habit ought to predominate. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. "My dear Hector!" said Miss M'Intyre, as she rose to take his hand——

"Hector, son of Priam, whence comest thou?" said the Antiquary.

"From Fife, my liege," answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely saluted the rest of the company, and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter—"I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monkbarns to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place, and I willingly embrace the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once."

"And to a new one also, my trusty Trojan," said Oldbuck. "Mr. Lovel, this is my nephew, Captain M'Intyre; Hector, I recommend Mr. Lovel to your acquaintance."

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and paid his compliment with more reserve than cordiality; and, as our acquaintance thought his coldness almost supercilious, he was equally frigid and haughty in making the necessary return to it; and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Lovel made during the remainder of this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain M'Intyre, with the gallantry to be expected from his age and profession, attached himself to the service of Miss Wardour, and offered her on every possible opportunity those marks of attention which Lovel would have given the world to have rendered, and was only deterred from offering by the fear of her displeasure. With forlorn dejection at one moment and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw this handsome young soldier assume and exercise all the privileges of a *cavaliere servente.* He handed Miss Wardour's gloves, he assisted her in putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks, had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was addressed chiefly to her, and, where circumstances permitted, it was exclusively so. All this Lovel well knew might be only that sort of egotistical gallantry which induces some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of engrossing the attention of the prettiest woman in company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain M'Intyre something of marked and peculiar tenderness, which was calculated to alarm the jealousy of a lover. Miss Wardour also received his attentions; and, although his candor allowed they were of a kind which could not be repelled without some strain of affectation, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-burning which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent seasoning to the dry antiquarian dis-

cussions with which Oldbuck, who continued to demand his particular attention, was unremittingly persecuting him ; and he underwent, with fits of impatience that amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon monastic architecture in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the florid Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James the First's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions arose side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of art resolved into their primitive confusion. "What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils," said Oldbuck, in rapturous enthusiasm, "which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them ?" Lovell answered by an involuntary groan. "I see, my dear young friend and most congenial spirit, that you feel these enormities almost as much as I do. Have you ever approached them or met them without longing to tear, to deface, what is so dishonorable ?"

"Dishonorable !" echoed Lovel, "in what respect dishonorable ?"

"I mean disgraceful to the arts."

"Where ? how ?"

"Upon the portico, for example, of the schools of Oxford, where, at immense expense, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignorant architect has chosen to represent the whole five orders of architecture on the front of one building."

By such attacks as these Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovell to give him a share of his attention, as a skilful angler by means of his line maintains an influence over the most frantic movements of his agonized prey.

They were now on their return to the spot where they had left the carriages ; and it is inconceivable how often in the course of that short walk Lovel, exhausted by the unceasing prosing of his worthy companion, mentally bestowed on the devil, or any one else that would have rid him of hearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been invented or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight incident occurred, however, which sprinkled a little patience on the heat of his distemperature.

Miss Wardour and her self-elected knight-companion rather preceded the others in the narrow path, when the young lady apparently became desirous to unite herself with

the rest of the party, and, to break off her *tête-à-tête* with the young officer, fairly made a pause until Mr. Oldbuck came up. "I wished to ask you a question, Mr. Oldbuck, concerning the date of these interesting ruins."

It would be doing injustice to Miss Wardour's *savoir faire* to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. The Antiquary, starting like a war-horse at the trumpet sound, plunged at once into the various arguments for and against the date of 1273, which had been assigned to the priory of St. Ruth by a late publication on Scottish architectural antiquities. He raked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution, of the nobles who had bestowed lands upon it, and of the monarchs who had slept their last sleep among its roofless courts. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of his ancestors which occurred in Oldbuck's disquisition, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and his trophies; and worthy Dr. Blattergowl was induced, from the mention of a grant of lands, *cum decimis inclusis tam vicariis quam garbalibus, et nunquam antea separatis*, to enter into a long explanation concerning the interpretation given by the Teind Court in the consideration of such a clause, which had occurred in a process for localling his last augmentation of stipend. The orators, like three racers, each pressed forward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and jostled his competitors. Mr. Oldbuck harangued, the baronet declaimed, Mr. Blattergowl prosed and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of blazonry and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the Teind Court of Scotland. "He was," exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, "indeed an exemplary prelate; and, from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind and the infirmities endured by his great age and ascetic habits——"

Here he chanced to cough, and Sir Arthur burst in, or rather continued—"was called popularly Hell-in-Harness; he carried a shield, gules with a sable fess, which we have since disused, and was slain at the battle of Vernoil, in France, after killing six of the English with his own——"

"Decreet of certification," proceeded the clergyman, in that prolonged, steady, prosing tone which, however overpowered at first by the vehemence of competition, promised in

the long run to obtain the ascendency in this strife of narrators—"decreet of certification having gone out, and parties being held as confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded, when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the ewes to lamb on the teind-free land, which was a mere evasion, for——"

But here the baronet and Mr. Oldbuck having recovered their wind and continued their respective harangues, the three strands of the conversation, to speak the language of a rope-work, were again twined together into one undistinguishable string of confusion.

Yet, howsoever uninteresting this piebald jargon might seem, it was obviously Miss Wardour's purpose to give it her attention, in preference to yielding Captain M'Intyre an opportunity of renewing their private conversation. So that, after waiting for a little time with displeasure ill concealed by his haughty features, he left her to enjoy her bad taste, and, taking his sister by the arm, detained her a little behind the rest of the party.

"So I find, Mary, that your neighborhood has neither become more lively nor less learned during my absence."

"We lacked your patience and wisdom to instruct us, Hector."

"Thank you, my dear sister. But you have got a wiser, if not so lively an addition to your society than your unworthy brother; pray, who is this Mr. Lovel, whom our old uncle has at once placed so high in his good graces? He does not use to be so accessible to strangers."

"Mr. Lovel, Hector, is a very gentleman-like young man."

"Ay, that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is whole at the elbows."

"No, brother; it says a great deal more. It says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class."

"But I desire to know what is his birth and his rank in society, and what is his title to be in the circle in which I find him domesticated?"

"If you mean how he comes to visit at Monkbarns, you must ask my uncle, who will probably reply, that he invites to his own house such company as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir Arthur, you must know that Mr. Lovel rendered Miss Wardour and him a service of the most important kind."

"What! that romantic story is true, then? And pray, does the valorous knight aspire, as is befitting on such occasions, to the hand of the young lady whom he redeemed from peril? It is quite in the rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that she was uncommonly dry to me as we walked together, and seemed from time to time as if she watched whether she was not giving offence to her gallant cavalier."

"Dear Hector," said his sister, "if you really continue to nourish any affection for Miss Wardour——"

"If, Mary? What an 'if' was there!"

"—I own I consider your perseverance as hopeless."

"And why hopeless, my sage sister?" asked Captain M'Intyre. "Miss Wardour, in the state of her father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune; and as to family, I trust that of M'Intyre is not inferior."

"But, Hector," continued his sister, "Sir Arthur always considers us as members of the Monkbarns family."

"Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases," answered the Highlander, scornfully; "but any one with common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband, and that my father's pedigree of fifteen unblemished descents must have ennobled my mother, if her veins had been filled with printer's ink."

"For God's sake, Hector," replied his anxious sister, "take care of yourself. A single expression of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indiscreet or interested eavesdropper, would lose you his favor forever, and destroy all chance of your succeeding to his estate."

"Be it so," answered the heedless young man. "I am one of a profession which the world has never been able to do without, and will far less endure to want for half a century to come; and my good old uncle may tack his good estate and his plebeian name to your apron-string if he pleases, Mary, and you may wed this new favorite of his if you please, and you may both of you live quiet, peaceable, well-regulated lives if it pleases Heaven. My part is taken: I'll fawn on no man for an inheritance which should be mine by birth."

Miss M'Intyre laid her hand on her brother's arm and entreated him to suppress his vehemence. "Who," she said, "injures, or seeks to injure, you but your own hasty temper? what dangers are you defying but those you have yourself conjured up? Our uncle has hitherto been all that is kind and paternal in his conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will in future be otherwise than what he has ever been since we were left as orphans to his care?"

"He is an excellent old gentleman, I must own," replied M'Intyre, "and I am enraged at myself when I chance to offend him; but then his eternal harangues upon topics not worth the spark of a flint, his investigations about invalided pots and pans and tobacco-stoppers past service—all these things put me out of patience. I have something of Hotspur in me, sister, I must confess."

"Too much, too much, my dear brother. Into how many risks, and, forgive me for saying, some of them little creditable, has this absolute and violent temper led you! Do not let such clouds darken the time you are now to pass in our neighborhood, but let our old benefactor see his kinsman as he is—generous, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong, and impetuous."

"Well," answered Captain M'Intyre, "I am schooled, good manners be my speed! I'll do the civil thing by your new friend: I'll have some talk with this Mr. Lovel."

With this determination, in which he was for the time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were walking before them. The treble disquisition was by this time ended, and Sir Arthur was speaking on the subject of foreign news and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the tapis, Lovel, accidentally mingling in the conversation, made some assertion concerning it, of the accuracy of which Captain M'Intyre seemed not to be convinced, although his doubts were politely expressed.

"You must confess yourself in the wrong here, Hector," said his uncle, "although I know no man less willing to give up an argument; but you were in England at the time, and Mr. Lovel was probably concerned in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then," said M'Intyre; "may I inquire to what regiment Mr. Lovel belongs?" Mr. Lovel gave him the number of the regiment. "It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr. Lovel. I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times."

A blush crossed Lovel's countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied; "I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir —— ——."

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance; for, although I did not serve with General Sir —— ——, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel."

At this observation Lovel again blushed so deeply as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain M'Intyre's triumph. "There is something strange in this," said Oldbuck to himself, "but I will not readily give up my phœnix of post-chaise companions; all his actions, language, and bearing are those of a gentleman."

Lovel in the meanwhile had taken out his pocket-book, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to M'Intyre. "You know the general's hand, in all probability; I own I ought not to show these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me." The letter contained a very handsome compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain M'Intyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the general's hand, but dryly observed, as he returned it, that the address was wanting. "The address, Captain M'Intyre," answered Lovel in the same tone, "shall be at your service whenever you choose to inquire after it."

"I certainly shall not fail to do so," rejoined the soldier.

"Come, come," exclaimed Oldbuck, "what is the meaning of all this? Have we got Hiren here? We'll have no swaggering, youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like bull-dog puppies, forsooth, that, when the bull, poor fellow, is removed from the ring, fall to brawl among themselves, worry each other, and bite honest folks' shins that are standing by?"

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, that the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to grow warm upon such a trifling subject as the back of a letter.

Both the disputants disclaimed any such intention, and, with high color and flashing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the party; they talked in future too much by the rule to be sociable, and Lovel, conceiving himself the object of cold and suspicious looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his indirect replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had proposed in spending the day at Knockwinnock.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache, occasioned by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, listening more to recent suspicion than to the

gratitude due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good breeding exactly demanded.

When Lovel took leave of the ladies, Miss Wardour's manner seemed more anxious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain M'Intyre, perceptible only by Lovel, the subject of her alarm, and hoped, in a voice greatly under her usual tone, it was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr. Lovel's company. "No engagement had intervened," he assured her; "it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked."

"The best remedy in such a case is prudence, and I—every friend of Mr. Lovel's—will expect him to employ it."

Lovel bowed low and colored deeply, and Miss Wardour, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage. Lovel had next to part with Oldbuck, who during this interval had, with Caxon's assistance, been arranging his disordered periwig and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude path they had traversed. "What, man!" said Oldbuck, "you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector's indiscreet curiosity and vehemence? Why, he is a thoughtless boy, a spoiled child from the time he was in the nurse's arms: he threw his coral and bells at my head for refusing him a bit of sugar; and you have too much sense to mind such a shrewish boy; *æquam servare mentem* is the motto of our friend Horace. I'll school Hector by and by, and put it all to rights." But Lovel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a graver tone. "Take heed, young man, to your present feelings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the literature of your country, when you are not called upon to expose it in her defence, or in the rescue of the innocent. Private war, a practice unknown to the civilized ancients, is, of all the absurdities introduced by the Gothic tribes, the most gross, impious, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurd quarrels, and I will show you the treatise upon the duello which I composed when the town clerk and provost Mucklewhame chose to assume the privileges of gentlemen and challenged each other. I thought of printing my essay, which is signed 'Pacificator'; but there was no need, as the matter was taken up by the town council of the borough."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain M'Intyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary."

"See it be so, for otherwise I will stand second to both parties."

So saying, the old gentleman got into the chaise, close to which Miss M'Intyre had detained her brother, upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his fastening upon another. But Hector contrived to give her precaution the slip, for, as he was on horseback, he lingered behind the carriages until they had fairly turned the corner in the road to Knockwinnock, and then, wheeling his horse's head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction.

A very few minutes brought him up with Lovel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain M'Intyre. The young soldier, his natural heat of temper exasperated by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lovel's side, and, touching his hat slightly, inquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, "What am I to understand, sir, by your telling me that your address was at my service?"

"Simply, sir," replied Lovel, "that my name is Lovel, and that my residence is, for the present, Fairport, as you will see by this card."

"And this is all the information you are disposed to give me?"

"I see no right you have to require more."

"I find you, sir, in company with my sister," said the young soldier, "and I have a right to know who is admitted into Miss M'Intyre's society."

"I shall take the liberty of disputing that right," replied Lovel, with a manner as haughty as that of the young soldier; "you find me in society who are satisfied with the degree of information on my affairs which I have thought proper to communicate, and you, a mere stranger, have no right to inquire further."

"Mr. Lovel, if you served as you say you have——"

"If!" interrupted Lovel—"*if* I have served as I *say* I have?"

"Yes, sir, such is my expression; *if* you have so served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction either in one way or other."

"If that be your opinion, I shall be proud to give it to you, Captain M'Intyre, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen."

"Very well, sir," rejoined Hector, and, turning his horse round, galloped off to overtake his party.

His absence had already alarmed them, and his sister, having stopped the carriage, had her neck stretched out of the window to see where he was.

"What is the matter with you now?" said the Antiquary, "riding to and fro as your neck were upon the wager; why do you not keep up with the carriage?"

"I forgot my glove, sir," said Hector.

"Forgot your glove! I presume you meant to say you went to throw it down; but I will take order with you, my young gentleman: you shall return with me this night to Monkbarns." So saying, he bid the postilion go on.

CHAPTER XX

> If you fail Honour here,
> Never presume to serve her any more;
> Bid farewell to the integrity of armes,
> And the honourable name of soldier
> Fall from you, like a shivered wreath of laurel
> By thunder struck from a desertlesse forehead.
>
> *A Fair Quarrel.*

EARLY the next morning a gentleman came to wait upon Mr. Lovel, who was up and ready to receive him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain M'Intyre's at present in Fairport on the recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly known to each other. "I presume, sir," said Mr. Lesley (such was the name of the visitor), "that you guess the occasion of my troubling you so early?"

"A message from Captain M'Intyre, I presume?"

"The same; he holds himself injured by the manner in which you declined yesterday to answer certain inquiries which he conceived himself entitled to make respecting a gentleman whom he found in intimate society with his family."

"May I ask if you, Mr. Lesley, would have inclined to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and unceremoniously put to you?"

"Perhaps not; and therefore, as I know the warmth of my friend M'Intyre on such occasions, I feel very desirous of acting as peacemaker. From Mr. Lovel's very gentlemanlike manners every one must strongly wish to see him repel all that sort of dubious calumny which will attach itself to one whose situation is not fully explained. If he will permit me, in friendly conciliation, to inform Captain M'Intyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude that of Lovel is assumed——"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that inference."

"Or at least," said Lesley, proceeding, "that it is not the name by which Mr. Lovel has been at all times distinguished; if Mr. Lovel will have the goodness to explain this circumstance, which, in my opinion, he should do in justice

to his own character, I will answer for the amicable arrangement of this unpleasant business."

"Which is to say, Mr. Lesley, that if I condescend to answer questions which no man has a right to ask, and which are now put to me under penalty of Captain M'Intyre's resentment, Captain M'Intyre will condescend to rest satisfied? Mr. Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject. I have no doubt my secret, if I had one, might be safely intrusted to your honor, but I do not feel called upon to satisfy the curiosity of any one. Captain M'Intyre met me in society which of itself was a warrant to all the world, and particularly ought to be such to him, that I was a gentleman. He has, in my opinion, no right to go any further, or to inquire the pedigree, rank, or circumstances of a stranger who, without seeking any intimate connection with him or his, chances to dine with his uncle or walk in company with his sister."

"In that case, Captain M'Intyre requests you to be informed that your further visits at Monkbarns, and all connection with Miss M'Intyre, must be dropped, as disagreeable to him."

"I shall certainly," said Lovel, "visit Mr. Oldbuck when it suits me, without paying the least respect to his nephew's threats or irritable feelings. I respect the young lady's name too much—though nothing can be slighter than our acquaintance—to introduce it into such a discussion."

"Since that is your resolution, sir," answered Lesley, "Captain M'Intyre requests that Mr. Lovel, unless he wishes to be announced as a very dubious character, will favor him with a meeting this evening at seven, at the thorn tree in the little valley, close by the ruins of St. Ruth."

"Most unquestionably I will wait upon him. There is only one difficulty: I must find a friend to accompany me, and where to seek one on this short notice, as I have no acquaintances in Fairport—I will be on the spot, however, Captain M'Intyre may be assured of that."

Lesley had taken his hat and was as far as the door of the apartment, when, as if moved by the peculiarity of Lovel's situation, he returned and thus addressed him: "Mr. Lovel, there is something so singular in all this that I cannot help again resuming the argument. You must be yourself aware at this moment of the inconvenience of your preserving an incognito for which, I am convinced, there can be no dishonorable reason. Still, this mystery renders it difficult for you to procure the assistance of a friend in a crisis so delicate; nay, let me add, that many persons will even consider it as a piece

of Quixotry in M'Intyre to give you a meeting while your character and circumstances are involved in such obscurity."

"I understand your innuendo, Mr. Lesley," rejoined Lovel, "and though I might be offended at its severity, I am not so, because it is meant kindly. But, in my opinion, he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman to whose charge, during the time he has been known in the society where he happens to move, nothing can be laid that is unhandsome or unbecoming. For a friend, I dare say I shall find some one or other who will do me that good turn; and if his experience be less than I could wish, I am certain not to suffer through that circumstance when you are in the field for my antagonist."

"I trust you will not," said Lesley; "but as I must, for my own sake, be anxious to divide so heavy a responsibility with a capable assistant, allow me to say, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig is come into the roadstead, and he himself is now at old Caxon's, where he lodges. I think you have the same degree of acquaintance with him as with me, and as I am sure I should willingly have rendered you such a service were I not engaged on the other side, I am convinced he will do so at your first request."

"At the thorn tree, then, Mr. Lesley, at seven this evening. The arms, I presume, are pistols?"

"Exactly. M'Intyre has chosen the hour at which he can best escape from Monkbarns; he was with me this morning by five in order to return and present himself before his uncle was up. Good-morning to you, Mr. Lovel." And Lesley left the apartment.

Lovel was as brave as most men; but none can internally regard such a crisis as now approached without deep feelings of awe and uncertainty. In a few hours he might be in another world to answer for an action which his calmer thought told him was unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be wandering about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be saved by speaking a single word. Yet pride whispered, that to speak that word now would be ascribed to a motive which would degrade him more low than even the most injurious reasons that could be assigned for his silence. Every one, Miss Wardour included, must then, he thought, account him a mean, dishonored poltroon, who gave to the fear of meeting Captain M'Intyre the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome expostulations of Mr. Lesley. M'Intyre's insolent behavior to himself personally, the air of pretension

which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, arrogance, and incivility of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling his rude investigation. In short, he formed the resolution, which might have been expected from so young a man, to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffril.

The lieutenant received him with the good-breeding of a gentleman and the frankness of a sailor, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request that he might be favored with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffril rose up and walked through his apartment once or twice.

"This is a most singular circumstance," he said, "and really——"

"I am conscious, Mr. Taffril, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative."

"Permit me to ask you one question," asked the sailor; "is there anything of which you are ashamed in the circumstances which you have declined to communicate?"

"Upon my honor, no; there is nothing but what, in a very short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world."

"I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the lowness of your friends, perhaps, or connections?"

"No, on my word," replied Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffril; "indeed, I cannot be supposed to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast, and I believe I shall very soon form a connection which the world will think low enough with a very amiable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbors, at a time when I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

"I assure you, Mr. Taffril," replied Lovel, "whatever were the rank of my parents, I should never think of concealing it from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety."

"It is quite enough," said the honest sailor, "give me your hand; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an unpleasant one after all. But what of that? our own honor has the next call on us after our country. You are a lad of spirit, and I own I think Mr. Hector

M'Intyre, with his long pedigree and his airs of family, very much of a jackanapes. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am a sailor; he himself, I suppose, is little better, unless just as his uncle pleases; and whether one pursues fortune by land or sea makes no great difference, I should fancy."

"None in the universe, certainly," answered Lovel.

"Well," said his new ally, "we will dine together and arrange matters for this encounter. I hope you understand the use of the weapon?"

"Not particularly," Lovel replied.

"I am sorry for that; M'Intyre is said to be a marksman."

"I am sorry for it also," said Lovel; "both for his sake and my own. I must then, in self-defence, take my aim as well as I can."

"Well," added Taffril, "I will have our surgeon's mate on the field—a good clever young fellow at calking a shot-hole. I will let Lesley, who is an honest fellow for a landsman, know that he attends for the benefit of either party. Is there anything I can do for you in case of an accident?"

"I have but little occasion to trouble you," said Lovel; "this small billet contains the key of my escritoir and my very brief secret. There is one letter in the escritoir" (digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he spoke) "which I beg the favor of you to deliver with your own hand."

"I understand," said the sailor; "nay, my friend, never be ashamed for the matter; an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action; and, depend on it, whatever your injunctions are, Dan Taffril will regard them like the bequest of a dying brother. But this is all stuff! We must get our things in fighting order, and you will dine with me and my little surgeon's mate at the Græme's Arms, over the way, at four o'clock."

"Agreed," said Lovel.

"Agreed," said Taffril; and the whole affair was arranged.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn tree was lengthening upon the short greensward of the narrow valley, which was skirted by the woods that closed around the ruins of St. Ruth.*

* Supposed to have been suggested by the old abbey of Arbroath in Forfarshire (*Laing*).

Lovel and Lieutenant Taffril, with the surgeon, came upon the ground with a purpose of a nature very uncongenial to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which, during the ardent heat of the day, had sheltered in the breaches and hollows of the gravelly bank, or under the roots of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy their evening's pasture, and bleated to each other with that melancholy sound which at once gives life to a landscape and marks its solitude. Taffril and Lovel came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the Lieutenant's servant. The opposite party had not yet appeared on the field. But, when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn a figure as vigorous in his decay as the moss-grown but strong and contorted boughs which served him for a canopy. It was old Ochiltree. "This is embarrassing enough," said Lovel; "how shall we get rid of this old fellow?"

"Here, father Adam," cried Taffril, who knew the mendicant of yore—"here's half-a-crown for you; you must go to the Four Horseshoes yonder—the little inn, you know—and inquire for a servant with blue and yellow livery. If he is not come, you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate wait there till we come back, and—get off with you—come, come, weigh anchor."

"I thank ye for your awmous," said Ochiltree, pocketing the piece of money; "but I beg your pardon, Mr. Taffril, I canna gang your errand e'en now."

"Why not, man? what can hinder you?"

"I wad speak a word wi' young Mr. Lovel."

"With me?" answered Lovel; "what would you say with me? Come, say on, and be brief."

The mendicant led him a few paces aside. "Are ye indebted onything to the Laird o' Monkbarns?"

"Indebted! no, not I. What of that? what makes you think so?"

"Ye maun ken I was at the shirra's the day; for, God help me, I gang about a' gates like the troubled spirit, and wha suld come whirling there in a post-chaise but Monkbarns in an unco carfuffle. Now it's no a little thing that will make his honor take a chaise and post-horse twa days rinnin'."

"Well, well; but what is all this to me?"

"Ou, ye'se hear, ye'se hear. Weel, Monkbarns is closeted

wi' the shirra whatever puir folk may be left thereout, ye needna doubt that; the gentlemen are aye unco civil amang themsells."

"For Heaven's sake, my old friend——"

"Canna ye bid me gang to the deevil at ance, Mr. Lovel? it wad be mair purpose fa'ard than to speak o' Heaven in that impatient gate."

"But I have private business with Lieutenant Taffril here."

"Weel, weel, a' in gude time," said the beggar. "I can use a little wee bit freedom wi' Mr. Daniel Taffril; mony's the peery and the tap I worked for him lang syne, for I was a worker in wood as weel as a tinkler."

"You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to drive me mad."

"Nane o' the twa," said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the protracted drawl of the mendicant to a brief and decided tone. "The shirra sent for his clerk, and, as the lad is rather light o' the tongue, I fand it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend you; I thought it had been on a 'fugie' warrant for debt, for a' body kens the Laird likes naebody to pit his hand in his pouch. But now I may haud my tongue, for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr. Lesley coming up, and I guess that Monkbarns's purpose was very kind, and that yours is muckle waur than it should be."

The antagonists now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befitted the occasion. "What has this old fellow to do here?" said M'Intyre.

"I am an auld fallow," said Edie, "but I am also an auld soldier o' your father's, for I served wi' him in the 42d."

"Serve where you please, you have no title to intrude on us," said M'Intyre, "or"—and he lifted his cane *in terrorem*, though without the idea of touching the old man. But Ochiltree's courage was roused by the insult. "Haud down your switch, Captain M'Intyre! I am an auld soldier, as I said before, and I'll take muckle frae your father's son; but no a touch o' the wand while my pike-staff will haud thegither."

"Well, well, I was wrong—I was wrong," said M'Intyre. "Here's a crown for you; go your ways. What's the matter now?"

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and in despite of his dress, which indeed had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and

gesture, rather like a gray palmer or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were around him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanor. "What are ye come here for, young men?" he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; "are ye come among the most lovely works of God to break his laws? Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them; and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless? Ohon! it's an ill feight whar he that wins has the warst o't. Think on't, bairns. I'm a puir man, but I'm an auld man too; and what my poverty takes awa frae the weight o' my counsel, gray hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times. Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads; the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae feighting eneugh, and maybe auld Edie will hirple out himsell if he can get a feal-dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye."

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hardy sentiment, and manly, rude elocution of the old man that had its effect upon the party, and particularly on the seconds, whose pride was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody arbitrament, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend reconciliation.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lesley," said Taffril, "old Adam speaks like an oracle. Our friends here were very angry yesterday, and of course very foolish. To-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so in their behalf. I think the word should be forget and forgive on both sides, that we should all shake hands, fire these foolish crackers in the air, and go home to sup in a body at the Græme's Arms."

"I would heartily recommend it," said Lesley; "for, amidst a great deal of heat and irritation on both sides, I confess myself unable to discover any rational ground of quarrel."

"Gentlemen," said M'Intyre, very coldly, "all this should

have been thought of before. In my opinion, persons that have carried this matter so far as we have done, and who should part without carrying it any further, might go to supper at the Græme's Arms very joyously, but would rise the next morning with reputations as ragged as our friend here, who has obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his oratory. I speak for myself, that I find myself bound to call upon you to proceed without more delay."

"And I," said Lovel, "as I never desired any, have also to request these gentlemen to arrange preliminaries as fast as possible."

"Bairns, bairns!" cried old Ochiltree; but, perceiving he was no longer attended to—"Madmen, I should say; but your blood be on your heads!" And the old man drew off from the ground, which was now measured out by the seconds, and continued muttering and talking to himself in sullen indignation, mixed with anxiety, and with a strong feeling of painful curiosity. Without paying further attention to his presence or remonstrances, Mr. Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both parties should fire when Mr. Lesley dropped his handkerchief.

The fatal sign was given, and both fired almost in the same moment. Captain M'Intyre's ball grazed the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood. That of Lovel was more true to the aim: M'Intyre reeled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, his first exclamation was, "It is nothing—it is nothing; give us the other pistols." But in an instant he said in a lower tone, "I believe I have enough, and what's worse, I fear I deserve it. Mr. Lovel, or whatever your name is, fly and save yourself. Bear all witness, I provoked this matter." Then, raising himself again on his arm, he added, "Shake hands, Lovel. I believe you to be a gentleman; forgive my rudeness, and I forgive you my death. My poor sister!"

The surgeon came up to perform his part of the tragedy, and Lovel stood gazing on the evil of which he had been the active, though unwilling, cause, with a dizzy and bewildered eye. He was roused from his trance by the grasp of the mendicant—"Why stand you gazing on your deed? What's doomed is doomed, what's done is past recalling. But awa, awa, if ye wad save your young blood from a shamefu' death. I see the men out by yonder that are come ower late to part ye; but out and alack! sune eneugh and ower sune to drag ye to prison."

"He is right—he is right," exclaimed Taffril, "you must not attempt to get on the high-road; get into the wood till night. My brig will be under sail by that time, and at three in the morning, when the tide will serve, I shall have the boat waiting for you at the Mussel Crag. Away, away, for Heaven's sake!"

"O yes, fly, fly!" repeated the wounded man, his words faltering with convulsive sobs.

"Come with me," said the mendicant, almost dragging him off, "the Captain's plan is the best; I'll carry ye to a place where ye might be concealed in the meantime, were they to seek ye wi' sleuth-hounds."

"Go, go," again urged Lieutenant Taffril; "to stay here is mere madness."

"It was worse madness to have come hither," said Lovel, pressing his hand. "But farewell!" and he followed Ochiltree into the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER XXI

> The Lord Abbot had a soul
> Subtile and quick and searching as the fire.
> By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,
> And if in devils' possession gold be kept,
> He brought some sure from thence; 'tis hid in caves,
> Known, save to me, to none.
>
> *The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

Lovel almost mechanically followed the beggar, who led the way with a hasty and steady pace, through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to listen whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precarious path that the sheep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed to stray in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lovel had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and occupied by a thousand inquietudes as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone can counterbalance a thousand evils! "Yet, then," such was his hasty and involuntary reflection—"even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. What am I now, with this young man's blood upon my hands? The feeling of pride which urged me to the deed has now deserted me, as the actual fiend himself is said to do those whom he has tempted to guilt." Even his affection for Miss Wardour sunk for the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he could have encountered every agony of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from blood-guiltiness which he possessed in the morning.

These painful reflections were not interrupted by any conversation on the part of his guide, who threaded the thicket before him, now holding back the sprays to make his path easy, now exhorting him to make haste, now muttering

to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age, words which might have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, or which, apprehended and retained, were too isolated to convey any connected meaning—a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

At length, as Lovel, exhausted by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated and the exertion necessary to keep up with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fall behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overhung with brushwood and copse. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as a fox-earth, was indicated by a small fissure in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the cleft, flung its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, concealing it effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of those who had stood at its very opening, so uninviting was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an emblem of the cross, and indicated the abode of an anchoret of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gorton, near Roslyn, in a scene well known to the admirers of romantic nature.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which failed altogether in the inner recesses. "Few folks ken o' this place," said the old man; "to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa living by mysell, and that's Jingling Jock and the Lang Linker. I have had mony a thought, that when I faund mysell auld and forfairn, and no able to enjoy God's blessed air ony langer, I wad drag mysell here wi' a pickle aitmeal—and see, there's a bit bonny drapping well that popples that selfsame gate simmer and winter—and I wad c'en streek mysell out here, and abide my removal, like an auld dog that trails its useless ugsome carcass into some bush or bracken, no to gie living things a sconner wi' the sight o't when it's dead. Ay, and then, when the dogs barked at the lone farmstead, the gude wife wad cry, 'Whisht, stirra, that'll be auld Edie,' and the bits o' weans wad up, puir things, and toddle to the door, to pu' in the auld Blue-Gown that mends a' their bonny dies; but there wad be nae mair word o' Edie, I trow."

He then led Lovel, who followed him unresistingly, into one of the interior branches of the cave. "Here," he said, "is a bit of turnpike stair that gaes up to the auld kirk above. Some folks say this place was howkit out by the monks lang syne to hide their treasure in, and some said that they used to bring things into the abbey this gate by night, that they durstna sae weel hae brought in by the main port and in open day. And some said that ane o' them turned a saint—or aiblins wad hae had folk think sae—and settled him down in this Saint Ruth's cell, as the auld folks aye ca'd it and garr'd big the stair, that he might gang up to the kirk when they were at the divine service. The Laird o' Monkbarns wad hae a hantle to say about it, as he has about maist things, if he kenned only about the place. But whether it was made for man's devices or God's service, I have seen ower muckle sin done in it in my day, and far ower muckle have I been partaker of; ay, even here in this dark cove. Mony a gudewife's been wondering what for the red cock didna craw her up in the morning, when he's been roasting, puir fallow, in this dark hole. And, ohon! I wish that and the like o' that had been the warst o't! Whiles they wad hae heard the din we were making in the very bowels of the earth, when Sanders Aikwood, that was forester in thae days, the father o' Ringan that now is, was gaun daundering about the wood at e'en to see after the Laird's game; and whiles he wad hae seen a glance o' the light frae the door o' the cave, flaughtering against the havzls on the other bank, and then siccan stories as Sanders had about the worriecows and gyre-carlins that haunted about the auld wa's at e'en, and the lights that he had seen, and the cries that he had heard, when there was nae mortal ee open but his ain; and eh! as he wad thrum them ower and ower to the like o' me ayont the ingle at e'en, and as I wad gie the auld silly carle grane for grane, and tale for tale, thoughh I kend muckle better about it than ever he did. Ay, ay, they were daft days thae; but they were a' vanity and waur, and it's fitting that thae wha hae led a light and evil life, and abused charity when they were young, suld aiblins come to lack it when they are auld."

While Ochiltree was thus recounting the exploits and tricks of his earlier life, with a tone in which glee and compunction alternately predominated, his unfortunate auditor had sat down upon the hermit's seat, hewn out of the solid rock, and abandoned himself to that lassitude both of mind and body which generally follows a course of events that have agitated both. The effect of his late indisposition, which had

much weakened his system, contributed to this lethargic despondency. "The puir bairn," said auld Edie, "an he sleeps in this damp hole he'll maybe wauken nae mair, or catch some sair disease; it's no the same to him as to the like o' us, that can sleep ony gate an anes our wames are fu'. Sit up, Maister Lovel, lad; after a's come and gane, I daresay the captain lad will do weel eneugh; and after a', ye are no the first that has had this misfortune. I hae seen mony a man killed, and helped to kill them mysell, though there was nae quarrel between us; and if it is na wrang to kill folk we have nae quarrel wi', just because they wear another sort of a cockade and speak a foreign language, I canna see but a man may have excuse for killing his ain mortal foe, that comes armed to the fair field to kill him. I dinna say it's right—God forbid—or that it isna sinfu' to take away what ye canna restore, and that's the breath of man, whilk is in his nostrils; but I say it is a sin to be forgiven if it's repented of. Sinfu' men are we a'; but if ye wad believe an auld gray sinner that has seen the evil o' his ways, there is as much promise atween the twa boards o' the Testament as wad save the warst o' us, could we but think sae."

With such scraps of comfort and of divinity as he possessed, the mendicant thus continued to solicit and compel the attention of Lovel until the twilight began to fade into night. "Now," said Ochiltree, "I will carry ye to a mair convenient place, where I hae sat mony a time to hear the howlit crying out of the ivy tod, and to see the moonlight come through the auld windows o' the ruins. There can be naebody come here after this time o' night; and if they hae made ony search, thae blackguard shirra'-officers and constables, it will hae been ower lang syne. Odd, they are as great cowards as ither folk, wi' a' their warrants and king's keys. I hae gien some o' them a gliff in my day, when they were coming rather ower near me. But, lauded be grace for it! they canna stir me now for ony waur than an auld man and a beggar, and my badge is a gude protection; and then Miss Wardour is a tower o' strength, ye ken [Lovel sighed]. Aweel, dinna be cast down: bowls may a' row right yet; gie the lassie time to ken her mind. She's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend of mine: I gang by the bridewell as safe as by the kirk on a Sabbath; deil ony o' them daur hurt a hair o' auld Edie's head now. I keep the crown o' the causey when I gae to the borough, and rub shouthers wi' a bailie wi' as little concern as an he were a brock."

While the mendicant spoke thus, he was busied in removing a few loose stones in one angle of the cave, which obscured the entrance of the staircase of which he had spoken, and led the way into it, followed by Lovel in passive silence.

"The air's free eneugh," said the old man; the monks took care o' that, for they werena a lang-breathed generation, I reckon; they hae contrived queer tirlie-wirlie holes, that gang out to the open air and keep the stair as caller as a kail-blade."

Lovel accordingly found the staircase well aired, and, though narrow, it was neither ruin ous nor ong, but speedily admitted them into a narrow gallery contrived to run within the side wall of the chancel, from which it received air and light through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the florid ornaments of the Gothic architecture.

"This secret passage anes gaed round great part o' the biggin," said the beggar, "and through the wa' o' the place I've heard Monkbarns ca' the refractory (meaning probably refectory), and so awa to the prior's ain house. It's like he could use it to listen what the monks were saying at meal-time, and then he might come ben here and see that they were busy skreighing awa wi' the psalms doun below there; and then, when he saw a' was right and tight, he might step awa and fetch in a bonnie lass at the cove yonder, for they were queer hands the monks, unless mony lees is made on them. But our folk were at great pains lang syne to big up the passage in some parts, and pu' it down in others, for fear o' some uncanny body getting into it, and finding their way down to the cove. It wad hae been a fashions job that; by my certie, some o' our necks wad hae been ewking."

They now came to place where the gallery was enlarged into a small circle, sufficient to contain a stone seat. A niche, constructed exactly before it, projected forward into the chancel, and as its sides were latticed, as it were, with perforated stonework, it commanded a full view of the chancel in every direction, and was probably constructed, as Edie intimated, to be a convenient watch-tower from which the superior priest, himself unseen, might watch the behavior of his monks, and ascertain by personal inspection their punctual attendance upon those rites of devotion which his rank exempted him from sharing with them. As this niche made one of a regular series which stretched long the wall of the chancel, and in no respect differed from the rest when seen from below, the secret station, screened as it was by the stone figure of St. Michael and the Dragon and the open tracery

around the niche, was completely hid from observation. The private passage, confined to its pristine breadth, had originally continued beyond this seat; but the jealous precautions of the vagabonds who frequented the cave of St. Ruth had caused them to build it carefully up with hewn stones from the ruin.

"We shall be better here," said Edie, seating himself on the stone bench and stretching the lappet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he motioned Lovel to sit down beside him—"we shall be better here than doun below; the air's free and mild, and the savor of the wallflowers and siccan shrubs as grow on thae ruined wa's is far mair refreshing than the damp smell doun below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time, thae flowers, and they're maist aye seen about ruined buildings. Now, Maister Lovel, can ony o' your scholars gie a gude reason for that?"

Lovel replied in the negative.

"I am thinking," resumed the beggar, "that they'll be like mony folks' gude gifts, that often seem maist gracious in adversity; or maybe it's a parable, to teach us no to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the decay of tribulation, since God sends odors to refresh the mirkest hour, and flowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I wad like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is maist pleased wi' the sight we are looking upon—thae pleasant and quiet lang streaks o' moonlight that are lying sae still on the floor o' this auld kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stanchions o' the carved windows, and just dancing like on the leaves o' the dark ivy as the breath o' wind shakes it—I wonder whether this is mair pleasing to Heaven than when it was lighted up wi' lamps, and candles, nae doubt, and roughies, and wi' the mirth and the frankincent that they speak of in the Holy Scripture, and wi' organs assuredly, and men and women singers, and sackbuts, and dulcimers, and a' instruments o' music—I wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is of these grand parafle o' ceremonies that Holy Writ says, 'it is an abomination to Me.' I am thinking, Maister Lovel, if twa puir contrite spirits like yours and mine fand grace to make our petition——"

Here Lovel laid his hand eagerly on the mendicant's arm, saying, "Hush! I heard some one speak."

"I am dull o' hearing," answered Edie in a whisper, "but we're surely safe here; where was the sound?"

Lovel pointed to the door of the chancel, which, highly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, sur-

mounted by the carved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

"They can be nane o' our folk," said Edie in the same low and cautious tone; "there's but twa o' them kens o' the place, and they're mony a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimage. I'll never think it's the officers here at this time o' night. I am nae believer in auld wives' stories about ghaists, though this is gey like a place for them. But, mortal or of the other world, here they come! twa men and a light."

And in very truth, while the mendicant spoke, two human figures darkened with their shadows the entrance of the chancel which had before opened to the moonlight meadow beyond, and the small lantern which one of them displayed glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The first and most obvious idea was that, despite the asseverations of Edie Ochiltree, the persons who approached the ruins at an hour so uncommon must be the officers of justice in quest of Lovel. But no part of their conduct confirmed the suspicion. A touch and a whisper from the old man warned Lovel that his best course was to remain quiet and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should anything appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the private staircase and cavern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, therefore, as still as possible, and observed with eager and anxious curiosity every accent and motion of these nocturnal wanderers.

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the chancel, and a voice, which Lovel at once recognized from its tone and dialect to be that of Dousterswivel, pronounced in a louder but still a smothered tone, "Indeed, mine goot sir, dere cannot be one finer hour nor season for dis great purpose. You shall see, mine goot sir, dat it is all one bibble-babble dat Mr. Oldenbuck says, and dat he knows no more of what he speaks than one little shild. Mine soul! he expects to get as rich as one Jew for his poor dirty one hundred pounds, which I care no more about, by mine honest wort, than I care for an hundred stivers. But to you, my most munificent and reverend patron, I will show all de secrets dat art can show; ay, de secret of de great Pymander."

"That other ane," whispered Edie, "maun be, according

to a' likelihood, Sir Arthur Wardour. I ken naebody but himsell wad come here at this time at e'en wi' that German blackguard. Ane wad think he's bewitched him; he gars him e'en trow that chalk is cheese. Let's see what they can be doing."

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Lovel lose all Sir Arthur's answer to the adept, excepting the three last emphatic words, "Very great expense;" to which Dousterswivel at once replied, "Expenses! To be sure, dere must be de great expenses; you do not expect to reap before you do sow de seed: de expense is de seed, de riches and de mine of goot metal, and now de great big chests of plate, they are de crop, vary goot crop too, on mine wort. Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this night one little seed of ten guineas like one pinch of snuff, or so big, and if you do not reap de great harvest—dat is, de great harvest for de little pinch of seed, for it must be proportions, you must know—then never call one honest man Herman Dousterswivel. Now you see, mine patron—for I will not conceal mine secret from you at all—you see this little plate of silver, you know de moon measureth de whole zodiac in de space of twenty-eight day; every shild knows dat. Well, I take a silver plate when she is in her fifteenth mansion, which mansion is in de head of *Libra*, and I engrave upon one side de worts, Shedbarschemoth Schartachan—dat is, de emblems of de intelligence of de moon—and I make his picture like a flying serpent with a turkey-cock's head—vary well. Then upon this side I make de table of de moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and diameter nine—dere it is done very proper. Now I will make dis avail me at de change of every quarter-moon dat I shall find by de same proportions of expenses I lay out in de suffumigations, as nine to de product of nine multiplied into itself. But I shall find no more to-night as may be two or dree times nine, because dere is a thwarting power in de house of ascendency."

"But, Dousterswivel," said the simple baronet, "does not this look like magic? I am a true though unworthy son of the Episcopal Church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend."

"Bah! bah! not a bit magic in it at all, not a bit. It is all founded on de planetary influence, and de sympathy and force of numbers. I will show you much finer dan dis. I do not say dere is not de spirit in it, because of de suffumigation; but, if you are not afraid, he shall not be invisible."

"I have no curiosity to see him at all," said the baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quaver in his accent, to have taken a fit of the ague.

"Dat is great pity," said Dousterswivel; "I should have liked to show you de spirit dat guard dis treasure like one fierce watch-dog; but I know how to manage him. You would not care to see him?"

"Not at all," answered the baronet, in a tone of feigned indifference; "I think we have but little time."

"You shall pardon me, my patron, it is not yet twelve, and twelve precise is just our planetary hours; and I could show you de spirit vary well in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see, I would draw a pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my suffumigation within it, and dere we would be like in one strong castle, and you would hold de sword while I did say de needful worts. Den you should see de solid wall open like de gate of one city, and den—let me see—ay, you should see first one stag pursued by three black greyhounds, and they should pull him down as they do at de Elector's great hunting-match, and den one ugly, little, nasty, black negro should appear and take de stag from them, and paf, all should be gone; den you should hear horns winded dat all de ruins should ring—mine wort, they should play fine hunting-piece, as goot as him you call'd Fischer with his oboi; vary well, den comes one herald, as we call Erenhold, winding his horn, and den come de great Peolphan, called the Mighty Hunter of de North, mounted on hims black steed. But you would not care to see all this?"*

"Why, I am not afraid," answered the poor baronet, "if—that is—does anything—any great mischiefs—happen on such occasions?"

"Bah, mischiefs! no! Sometimes, if de circle be no quite just, or de beholder be de frightened coward, and not hold de sword firm and straight towards him, de Great Hunter will take his advantage, and drag him exorcist out of de circle and throttle him. Dat does happens."

"Weh, then, Dousterswivel, with every confidence in my courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparition and go on to the business of the night."

"With all mine heart, it is just one thing to me, and now it is de time; hold you de sword till I kindle de little what you call chip."

Dousterswivel accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips,

* See Dousterswivel's Legends. Note 6.

touched and prepared with some bituminous substance to make them burn fiercely; and when the flame was at the highest, and lightened with its short-lived glare all the ruins around, the German flung in a handful of perfumes, which produced a strong and pungent odor. The exorcist and his pupil both were so much affected as to cough and sneeze heartily; and, as the vapor floated around the pillars of the building and penetrated every crevice, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Lovel.

"Was that an echo?" said the baronet, astonished at the sternutation which resounded from above; "or," drawing close to the adept, "can it be the spirit you talked of, ridiculing our attempt upon his hidden treasures?"

"N—n—no," muttered the German, who began to partake of his pupil's terrors, "I hope not."

Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the mendicant was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting, half-smothered cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. "Lord have mercy on us!" said the baronet.

"*Alle guten Geistern, loben den Herrn!*" ejaculated the terrified adept. "I was begun to think," he continued, after a moment's silence, "that this would be de bestermost done in de daylight; we was bestermost to go away just now."

"You juggling villain," said the baronet, in whom these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terrors, connected as it was with the sense of desperation arising from the apprehension of impending ruin—"you juggling mountebank, this is some legerdemain trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promise, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven, I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to fool me on to my ruin! Go on, then; come fairy, come fiend, you shall show me that treasure, or confess yourself a knave and an impostor; or, by the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough."

The treasure-finder, trembling between his terror for the supernatural beings by whom he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, "Mine patron, this is not the allerbestmost usage. Consider, mine honored sir, that de spirits——"

Here Edie, who began to enter into the humor of the scene, uttered an extraordinary howl, being an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable whine in which he

was accustomed to solicit charity. Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees, "Dear Sir Arthurs, let us go, or let me go!"

"No, you cheating scoundrel," said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purposes of the exorcism, "that shift shall not serve you. Monkbarns warned me long since of your juggling pranks; I will see this treasure before you leave this place, or I will have you confess yourself an impostor; or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead should rise around us!"

"For de lofe of Heaven be patient, mine honored patron, and you shall hafe all de treasure as I knows of—yes, you shall indeed; but do not speak about de spirits, it makes dem angry."

Edie Ochiltree here prepared himself to throw in another groan, but was restrained by Lovel, who began to take a more serious interest as he observed the earnest and almost desperate demeanor of Sir Arthur. Dousterswivel, having at once before his eyes the fear of the foul fiend and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjurer extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, lest it should give offence to the invisible cause of his alarm. However, after rolling his eyes, muttering and sputtering German exorcisms, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditated fraud, he at length proceeded to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a recumbent posture carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, "Mine patrons, it is here. Got save us all!"

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his superstitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up all his faculties to the pitch of resolution necessary to carry on the adventure, lent the adept his assistance to turn over the stone, which, by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with difficulty effected. No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury, nor was there any apparition of spirits, earthly or infernal. But when Dousterswivel had, with great trepidation, struck a few strokes with a mattock, and as hastily thrown out a shovelful or two of earth (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging), something was heard to ring like the sound of a falling piece of metal, and Dousterswivel hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, ex-

claimed, "On mine dear wort, mine patrons, dis is all, it is indeed; I mean all we can do to-night," and he gazed round him with a cowering and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the avenger of his imposture was to start forth.

"Let me see it," said Sir Arthur; and then repeated still more sternly, "I will be satisfied, I will judge by mine own eyes." He accordingly held the object to the light of the lantern. It was a small case or casket, for Lovel could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the baronet's exclamation as he opened it, he concluded was filled with coin. "Ay," said the baronet, "this is being indeed in good luck! and if it omens proportional success upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six hundred of Goldieword's, added to the other incumbent claims, must have been ruin indeed. If you think we can parry it by repeating this experiment—suppose when the moon next changes—I will hazard the necessary advance, come by it how I may."

"O, mine goot patrons, do not speak about all dat," said Dousterswivel, "as just now, but help me to put de shtone to de rights, and let us begone our own ways." And accordingly, so soon as the stone was replaced, he hurried Sir Arthur, who was now resigned once more to his guidance, away from a spot where the German's guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented goblins as lurking behind each pillar with the purpose of punishing his treachery.

"Saw onybody e'er the like o' that!" said Edie, when they had disappeared like shadows through the gate by which they had entered—"saw ony creature living e'er the like o' that! But what can we do for that puir doited deevil of a knight-baronet? Odd, he showed muckle mair spunk, too, than I thought had been in him. I thought he wad hae sent cauld iron through the vagabond. Sir Arthur wasna half sae bauld at Bessie's Apron yon night; but then his blood was up even now, and that makes an unco difference. I hae seen mony a man wad hae felled another an' anger him that wadna muckle hae liked a clink against Crummie's Horn yon time. But what's to be done?"

"I suppose," said Lovel, "his faith in this fellow is entirely restored by this deception, which, unquestionably, he had arranged beforehand."

"What! the siller? Ay, ay, trust him for that: they that hide ken best where to find. He wants to wile him out o' his last guinea, and then escape to his ain country, the landlouper. I wad likeit weel just to hae come in at the clip-

ping-time and gien him a lounder wi' my pike-staff; he wad hae taen it for a benison frae some o' the auld dead abbots. But it's best no to be rash: sticking disna gang by strength, but by the guiding o' the gully. I'se be upsides wi' him ae day."

"What if you should inform Mr. Oldbuck?" said Lovel.

"Ou, I dinna ken. Monkbarns and Sir Arthur are like, and yet they're no like neither. Monkbarns has whiles influence wi' him, and whiles Sir Arthur cares as little about him as about the like o' me. Monkbarns is no that ower wise himsell in some things; he wad believe a bodle to be an auld Roman coin, as he ca's it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon ony leasing that idle folk made about it. I hae garr'd him trow mony a queer tale mysell, Gude forgie me. But wi' a' that he has unco little sympathy wi' ither folks; and he's snell and dure eneugh in casting up their nonsense to them, as if he had nane o' his ain. He'll listen the hale day, an ye'll tell him about tales o' Wallace and Blind Harry and Davie Lindsay; but ye maunna speak to him about ghaists or fairies, or spirits walking the earth, or the like o' that; he had amaist flung auld Caxon out o' the window—and he might just as weel hae flung awa his best wig after him—for threeping he had seen a ghaist at the Humlock Knowe. Now, if he was taking it up in this way, he wad set up the tother's birse, and maybe do mair ill nor gude; he's done that twice or thrice about thae mine-warks; ye wad thought Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gaun on wi' them the deeper, the mair he was warned against it by Monkbarns."

"What say you, then," said Lovel, "to letting Miss Wardour know the circumstance?"

"Ou, puir thing, how could she stop her father doing his pleasure? And, besides, what wad it help? There's a sough in the country about that six hundred pounds, and there's a writer chield in Edinburgh has been driving the spur-rowels o' the law up to the head into Sir Arthur's sides to gar him pay it, and if he canna he maun gang to jail or flee the country. He's like a desperate man, and just catches at this chance as a' he has left to escape utter perdition; so what signifies plaguing the puir lassie about what canna be helped? And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to tell the secret o' this place. It's unco convenient, ye see yoursell, to hae a hiding-hole o' ane's ain, and though I be out o' the line o' needing ane e'en now, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll ne'er do onything to need ane again, yet naebody kens what temptation ane may be gien ower to; and, to be brief, I

downa bide the thought of onybody kennin about the place. They say, 'Keep a thing seven year, an' ye'll aye find a use for't;' and maybe I may need the cove, either for mysell or for some ither body."

This argument, in which Edie Ochiltree, notwithstanding his scraps of morality and of divinity, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest, could not be handsomely controverted by Lovel, who was at that moment reaping the benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovel, as diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening, and considerably rousing the energies which had been stupefied by the first view of his calamity. He reflected that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one; that he had been hurried from the spot even before the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain M'Intyre's situation; and that he had duties on earth to perform, even should the very worst be true, which, if they could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.

Such were Lovel's feelings when the hour arrived when, according to Edie's calculation, who, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or timekeeper, it was fitting they should leave their hiding-place and betake themselves to the sea-shore, in order to meet Lieutenant Taffril's boat according to appointment.

They retreated by the same passage which had admitted them to the prior's secret seat of observation, and when they issued from the grotto into the wood, the birds, which began to chirp, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared over the sea as soon as their exit from the copse permitted them to view the horizon. Morning, said to be friendly to the muses, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovel, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was therefore with renewed health and vigor that Lovel, guided by the trusty mendicant, brushed away the dew as he traversed the downs which divided the Den of St. Ruth, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore,

The first level beam of the sun, as his brilliant disk began to emerge from the ocean, shot full upon the little gun-brig which was lying-to in the offing. Close to the shore the boat was already waiting, Taffril himself, with his naval cloak wrapped about him, seated in the stern. He jumped ashore when he saw the mendicant and Lovel approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, begged him not to be cast down. "M'Intyre's wound," he said, "was doubtful, but far from desperate." His attention had got Lovel's baggage privately sent on board the brig; "and," he said, "he trusted that, if Lovel chose to stay with the vessel, the penalty of a short cruise would be the only disagreeable consequence of his *rencontre*. As for himself, his time and motions were a good deal at his own disposal," he said, "excepting the necessary obligation of remaining on his station."

"We will talk of our further motions," said Lovel, "as we go on board."

Then turning to Edie, he endeavored to put money into his hand. "I think," said Edie, as he tendered it back again, "the hale folk here have either gane daft, or they hae made a vow to ruin my trade, as they say ower muckle water drowns the miller. I hae had mair gowd offered me within this twa or three weeks than I ever saw in my life afore. Keep the siller, lad, ye'll hae need o't, I'se warrant ye, and I hae nane. My claes is nae great things, and I get a blue gown every year, and as mony siller groats as the king, God bless him, is years auld—you and I serve the same master, ye ken, Captain Taffril—there's rigging provided for; and my meat and drink I get for the asking in my rounds, or at an orra time I can gang a day without it, for I make it a rule never to pay for nane. So that a' the siller I need is just to buy tobacco and sneeshin, and maybe a dram at a time in a cauld day, though I am nae dram-drinker to be a gaberlunzie. Sae take back your gowd and just gie me a lily-white shilling."

Upon these whims, which he imagined intimately connected with the honor of his vagabond profession, Edie was flint and adamant, not to be moved by rhetoric or entreaty; and therefore Lovel was under the necessity of again pocketing his intended bounty, and taking a friendly leave of the mendicant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of his cordial gratitude for the very important services which he had rendered him, recommending at the same time secrecy as to what they had that night witnessed. "Ye needna doubt that," said Ochiltree; "I never tell'd tales out o' yon cove in my life, though mony a queer thing I hae seen in't."

The boat now put off. The old man remained looking after it as it made rapidly towards the brig under the impulse of six stout rowers, and Lovel beheld him again wave his blue bonnet as a token of farewell ere he turned from his fixed posture and began to move slowly along the sands as if resuming his customary perambulations.

CHAPTER XXII

Wiser Raymond, as in his closet pent,
Laughs at such danger and adventurement,
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And now his second hopeful glasse is broke;
But yet, if haply his third furnace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold.*

About a week after the adventures commemorated in our last chapter, Mr. Oldbuck, descending to his breakfast-parlor, found that his womankind were not upon duty, his toast not made, and the silver jug which wont to receive his libations of mum, not duly aired for its reception.

"This confounded hot-brained boy," he said to himself, "now that he begins to get out of danger, I can tolerate this life no longer. All goes to sixes and sevens; an universal saturnalia seems to be proclaimed in my peaceful and orderly family. I ask for my sister; no answer. I call, I shout, I invoke my inmates by more names than the Romans gave to their deities; at length Jenny, whose shrill voice I have heard this half-hour lilting in the Tartarean regions of the kitchen, condescends to hear me and reply, but without coming upstairs, so the conversation must be continued at the top of my lungs." Here he again began to halloo aloud, "Jenny, where's Miss Oldbuck?"

"Miss Grizie's in the Captain's room."

"Umph, I thought so; and where's my niece?"

"Miss Mary's making the Captain's tea."

"Umph, I supposed as much again; and where's Caxon?"

"Awa to the town about the Captain's fowling-gun and his setting-dog."

"And who the devil's to dress my periwig, you silly jade? When you knew that Miss Wardour and Sir Arthur were coming here early after breakfast, how could you let Caxon go on such a Tom Fool's errand?"

"Me! what could I hinder him? Your honor wadna hae us contradict the Captain e'en now, and him maybe deeing?"

* The Author cannot remember where these lines are to be found; perhaps in Bishop Hall's *Satires*.—They occur in Book IV., Satire iii. (*Laing*).

"Dying!" said the alarmed Antiquary, "eh! what? has he been worse?"

"Na, he's no nae waur that I ken of."*

"Then he must be better; and what good is a dog and a gun to do here, but the one to destroy all my furniture, steal from my larder, and perhaps worry the cat, and the other to shoot somebody through the head; he has had gunning and pistolling enough to serve him one while, I should think."

Here Miss Oldbuck entered the parlor, at the door of which Oldbuck was carrying on this conversation, he bellowing downward to Jenny, and she again screaming upward in reply.

"Dear brother," said the old lady, "ye'll cry yoursell as hoarse as a corbie; is that the way to skreigh when there's a sick person in the house?"

"Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the house to himself. I have gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hunger or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman who lies six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and gun, though he knows I detest such implements ever since our elder brother, poor Williewald, marched out of the world on a pair of damp feet caught in the Kittlefitting Moss. But that signifies nothing. I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to carry Squire Hector out upon his litter, while he indulges his sportsman-like propensities by shooting my pigeons or my turkeys. I think any of the *feræ naturæ* are safe from him for one while."

Miss M'Intyre now entered, and began to her usual morning's task of arranging her uncle's breakfast with the alertness of one who is too late in setting about a task, and is anxious to make up for lost time. But this did not avail her. "Take care, you silly womankind, that mum's too near the fire, the bottle will burst; and I suppose you intend to reduce the toast to a cinder as a burnt-offering for Juno, or what do you call her—the female dog there, with some such Pantheon kind of a name, that your wise brother has, in his first moments of mature reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house—I thank him—and meet company to aid the rest of the womankind of my household in their daily conversation and intercourse with him."

"Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spaniel. She's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fairport, and she's broke her chain twice, and come running down here to

*See Nae Waur. Note 7.

him ; and you would not have us beat the faithful beast away from the door ; it moans as if it had some sense of poor Hector's misfortune, and will hardly stir from the door of his room."

"Why," said his uncle, "they said Caxon had gone to Fairport after his dog and gun."

"O dear sir, no," answered Miss M'Intyre, "it was to fetch some dressings that were wanted, and Hector only wished him to bring out his gun, as he was going to Fairport at any rate."

"Well, then, it is not altogether so foolish a business, considering what a mess of womankind have been about it. Dressings, quotha ! and who is to dress my wig ? But I suppose Jenny will undertake," continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass, "to make it somewhat decent. And now let us set to breakfast, with what appetite we may. Well may I say to Hector, as Sir Isaac Newton did to his dog Diamond, when the animal—I detest dogs—flung down the taper among calculations which had occupied the philosopher for twenty years, and consumed the whole mass of materials—'Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done !'"

"I assure you, sir," replied his niece, "my brother is quite sensible of the rashness of his own behavior, and allows that Mr. Lovel behaved very handsomely."

"And much good that will do, when he has frightened the lad out of the country ! I tell thee, Mary, Hector's understanding, and far more that of femininity, is inadequate to comprehend the extent of the loss which he has occasioned to the present age and to posterity—*aureum quidem opus*—a poem on such a subject, with notes illustrative of all that is clear, and all that is dark, and all that is neither dark nor clear, but hovers in dusky twilight in the region of Caledonian antiquities. I would have made the Celtic panegyrists look about them. Fingal, as they conceitedly term Fin Mac-Coul, should have disappeared before my search, rolling himself in his cloud like the spirit of Loda. Such an opportunity can hardly again occur to an ancient and gray-haired man ; and to see it lost by the madcap spleen of a hot-headed boy ! But I submit, Heaven's will be done !"

Thus continued the Antiquary to "maunder," as his sister expressed it, during the whole time of breakfast, while, despite of sugar and honey and all the comforts of a Scottish morning tea-table, his reflections rendered the meal bitter to all who heard them. But they knew the nature of the man.

"Monkbarns's bark," said Miss Griselda Oldbuck in confidential intercourse with Miss Rebecca Blattergowl, "is muckle waur than his bite."

In fact, Mr. Oldbuck had suffered in mind extremely while his nephew was in actual danger, and now felt himself at liberty, upon his returning health, to indulge in complaints respecting the trouble he had been put to and the interruption of his antiquarian labors. Listened to, therefore, in respectful silence by his niece and sister, he unloaded his discontent in such grumblings as we have rehearsed, venting many a sarcasm against womankind, soldiers, dogs, and guns, all which implements of noise, discord, and tumult, as he called them, he professed to hold in utter abomination.

This expectoration of spleen was suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage without, when, shaking off all sullenness at the sound, Oldbuck ran nimbly upstairs and downstairs, for both operations were necessary ere he could receive Miss Wardour and her father at the door of his mansion.

A cordial greeting passed on both sides. And Sir Arthur, referring to his previous inquiries by letter and message, requested to be particularly informed of Captain M'Intyre's health.

"Better than he deserves," was the answer—"better than he deserves, for disturbing us with his vixen brawls and breaking God's peace and the king's."

"The young gentleman," Sir Arthur said, "had been imprudent; but he understood they were indebted to him for the detection of a suspicious character in the young man Lovel."

"No more suspicious than his own," answered the Antiquary, eager in his favorite's defence; "the young gentleman was a little foolish and headstrong, and refused to answer Hector's impertinent interrogatories—that is all. Lovel, Sir Arthur, knows how to choose his confidants better; ay, Miss Wardour, you may look at me, but it is very true: it was in my bosom that he deposited the secret cause of his residence at Fairport, and no stone should have been left unturned on my part to assist him in the pursuit to which he had dedicated himself."

On hearing this magnanimous declaration on the part of the old Antiquary, Miss Wardour changed color more than once, and could hardly trust her own ears. For of all confidants to be selected as the depository of love affairs—and such she naturally supposed must have been the subject of communication—next to Edie Ochiltree, Oldbuck seemed the

most uncouth and extraordinary; nor could she sufficiently admire or fret at the extraordinary combination of circumstances which thus threw a secret of such a delicate nature into the possession of persons so unfitted to be intrusted with it. She had next to fear the mode of Oldbuck's entering upon the affair with her father, for such, she doubted not, was his intention. She well knew that the honest gentleman, however vehement in his prejudices, had no great sympathy with those of others, and she had to fear a most unpleasant explosion upon an *éclaircissement* taking place between them. It was therefore with great anxiety that she heard her father request a private interview, and observed Oldbuck readily arise and show the way to his library. She remained behind, attempting to converse with the ladies of Monkbarns, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to disguise his evil conscience by listening and replying to the observations of the attendant thanes upon the storm of the preceding night, while his whole soul is upon the stretch to listen for the alarm of murder, which he knows must be instantly raised by those who have entered the sleeping apartment of Duncan. But the conversation of the two *virtuosi* turned on a subject very different from that which Miss Wardour apprehended.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, when they had, after a due exchange of ceremonies, fairly seated themselves in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Antiquary, "you, who know so much of my family matters, may probably be surprised at the question I am about to put to you."

"Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry, but——"

"It does relate to money matters, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Really then, Sir Arthur," continued the Antiquary, "in the present state of the money-market, and stocks being so low——"

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Oldbuck," said the baronet; "I wished to ask your advice about laying out a large sum of money to advantage."

"The devil!" exclaimed the Antiquary; and, sensible that his involuntary ejaculation of wonder was not over and above civil, he proceeded to qualify it by expressing his joy that Sir Arthur should have a sum of money to lay out when the commodity was so scarce. "And as for the mode of employing it," said he, pausing, "the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good bargains of land to be had. But had you not better begin by clearing off encum-

brances, Sir Arthur? There is the sum in the personal bond, and the three notes of hand," continued he, taking out of the right-hand drawer of his cabinet a certain red memorandum-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeals to it, abhorred the very sight, "with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to—let me see——"

"To about a thousand pounds," said Sir Arthur, hastily; "you told me the amount the other day."

"But there's another term's interest due since that, Sir Arthur, and it amounts—errors excepted—to eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pennies, and three-fourths of a penny sterling; but look over the summation yourself."

"I dare say you are quite right, my dear sir," said the baronet, putting away the book with his hand, as one rejects the old-fashioned civility that presses food upon you after you have eaten till you nauseate—"perfectly right, I dare to say, and in the course of three days or less you shall have the full value: that is, if you choose to accept it in bullion."

"Bullion! I suppose you mean lead. What the deuce! have we hit on the vein, then, at last? But what could I do with a thousand pounds worth, and upwards, of lead? The former abbots of Trotcosey might have roofed their church and monastery with it, indeed, but for me——"

"By bullion," said the baronet, "I mean the precious metals—gold and silver."

"Ay! indeed? And from what Eldorado is this treasure to be imported?"

"Not far from hence," said Sir Arthur, significantly; "and now I think of it, you shall see the whole process on one small condition."

"And what is that?" craved the Antiquary.

"Why, it will be necessary for you to give me your friendly assistance by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts."

Mr. Oldbuck, who had already been grasping in idea the sum, principal and interest, of a debt which he had long regarded as well-nigh desperate, was so much astounded at the tables being so unexpectedly turned upon him, that he could only re-echo in an accent of woe and surprise the words, "Advance one hundred pounds!"

"Yes, my good sir," continued Sir Arthur; "but upon the best possible security of being repaid in the course of two or three days."

There was a pause: either Oldbuck's nether-jaw had not recovered its position, so as to enable him to utter a negative, or his curiosity kept him silent.

"I would not propose to you," continued Sir Arthur, "to oblige me thus far, if I did not possess actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And I assure you, Mr. Oldbuck, that, in entering fully upon this topic, it is my purpose to show my confidence in you, and my sense of your kindness on many former occasions."

Mr. Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but carefully avoided committing himself by any promise of further assistance.

"Mr. Dousterswivel," said Sir Arthur, "having discovered——"

Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation: "Sir Arthur, I have so often warned you of the knavery of that rascally quack, that I really wonder you should quote him to me."

"But listen—listen," interrupted Sir Arthur in his turn, "it will do you no harm. In short, Dousterswivel persuaded me to witness an experiment which he had made in the ruins of St. Ruth, and what do you think we found?"

"Another spring of water, I suppose, of which the rogue had beforehand taken care to ascertain the situation and source."

"No, indeed—a casket of gold and silver coins; here they are."

With that Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a large ram's-horn, with a copper cover, containing a considerable quantity of coins, chiefly silver, but with a few gold pieces intermixed. The Antiquary's eyes glistened as he eagerly spread them out on the table.

"Upon my word, Scotch, English, and foreign coins, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them *rari, et rariores, etiam rarissimi!* Here is the bonnet-piece of James V., the unicorn of James II., ay, and the gold testoon of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's. And these were really found in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

"Most assuredly; my own eyes witnessed it."

"Well," replied Oldbuck, "but you must tell me the when, the where, the how."

"The when," answered Sir Arthur, "was at midnight the last full moon; the where, as I have told you, in the ruins of St. Ruth's priory; the how, was by a nocturnal experiment of Dousterswivel, accompanied only by myself."

"Indeed!" said Oldbuck, "and what means of discovery did you employ?"

"Only a simple suffumigation," said the baronet, "accompanied by availing ourselves of the suitable planetary hour."

"Simple suffumigation! simple nonsensification; planetary hour! planetary fiddlestick. *Sapiens dominabitur astris.* My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow has made a gull of you above ground and under ground, and he would have made a gull of you in the air too, if he had been by when you were craned up the devil's turnpike yonder at Halket Head; to be sure, the transformation would have been then peculiarly *apropos.*"

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for your indifferent opinion of my discernment; but I think you will give me credit for having seen what I *say* I saw."

"Certainly, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "to this extent at least, that I know Sir Arthur Wardour will not say he saw anything but what he *thought* he saw."

"Well, then," replied the baronet, "as there is a heaven above us, Mr. Oldbuck, I saw with my own eyes these coins dug out of the chancel of St. Ruth at midnight. And as to Dousterswivel, although the discovery be owing to his science, yet, to tell the truth, I do not think he would have had firmness of mind to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him."

"Ay! indeed?" said Oldbuck, in the tone used when one wishes to hear the end of a story before making any comment.

"Yes, truly," continued Sir Arthur, "I assure you I was upon my guard; we did hear some very uncommon sounds, that is certain, proceeding from among the ruins."

"Oh, you did?" said Oldbuck. "An accomplice hid among them, I suppose?"

"Not a jot," said the baronet. "The sounds, though of a hideous and preternatural character, rather resembled those of a man who sneezes violently than any other; one deep groan I certainly heard besides; and Dousterswivel assures me that he beheld the spirit Peolphan, the Great Hunter of the North—look for him in your Nicolaus Remigius or Petrus Thyraeus, Mr. Oldbuck—who mimicked the motion of snuff-taking and its effects."

"These indications, however singular as proceeding from such a personage, seem to have been *apropos* to the matter," said the Antiquary; "for you see the case which includes these coins has all the appearance of being an old-fashioned Scottish snuff-mill. But you persevered in spite of the terrors of this sneezing goblin?"

"Why, I think it probable that a man of inferior sense or

consequence might have given way; but I was jealous of an imposture, conscious of the duty I owed to my family in maintaining my courage under every contingency, and therefore I compelled Dousterswivel, by actual and violent threats, to proceed with what he was about to do; and, sir, the proof of his skill and honesty is this parcel of gold and silver pieces, out of which I beg you to select such coins or medals as will best suit your collection."

"Why, Sir Arthur, since you are so good, and on condition you will permit me to mark the value, according to Pinkerton's catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book, I will with pleasure select——"

"Nay," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "I do not mean you should consider them as anything but a gift of friendship, and least of all would I stand by the valuation of your friend Pinkerton, who has impugned the ancient and trustworthy authorities upon which, as upon venerable and moss-grown pillars, the credit of Scottish antiquities reposed."

"Ay, ay," rejoined Oldbuck, "you mean, I suppose, Mair and Boece, the Jachin and Boaz, not of history but of falsification and forgery. And, notwithstanding of all you have told me, I look on your friend Dousterswivel to be as apocryphal as any of them."

"Why, then, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "not to awaken old disputes, I suppose you think that, because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither eyes nor ears to ascertain what modern events pass before me?"

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," rejoined the Antiquary, "but I consider all the affectation of terror which this worthy gentleman, your coadjutor, chose to play off as being merely one part of his trick or mystery. And, with respect to the gold or silver coins, they are so mixed and mingled in country and date that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be, like the purses upon the table of Hudibras's lawyer—

> "'Money placed for show,
> Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
> And for his false opinions pay.'

It is the trick of all professions, my dear Sir Arthur. Pray, may I ask you how much this discovery cost you?"

"About ten guineas."

"And you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to such fools as ourselves, who are willing to pay for curiosity.

This was allowing you a tempting profit on the first hazard, I must needs admit. And what is the next venture he proposes?"

"An hundred and fifty pounds; I have given him one-third part of the money, and I thought it likely you might assist me with the balance."

"I should think that this cannot be meant as a parting blow, it is not of weight and importance sufficient; he will probably let us win this hand also, as sharpers manage a raw gamester. Sir Arthur, I hope you believe I would serve you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Oldbuck; I think my confidence in you on these occasions leaves no room to doubt that."

"Well, then, allow me to speak to Dousterswivel. If the money can be advanced usefully and advantageously for you, why, for old neighborhood's sake, you shall not want it; but if, as I think, I can recover the treasure for you without making such an advance, you will, I presume, have no objection?"

"Unquestionably, I can have none whatsoever."

"Then where is Dousterswivel?" continued the Antiquary.

"To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below; but knowing your prejudice against him——"

"I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur: it is systems not individuals that incur my reprobation." He rang the bell. "Jenny, Sir Arthur and I offer our compliments to Mr. Dousterswivel, the gentleman in Sir Arthur's carriage, and beg to have the pleasure of speaking with him here."

Jenny departed and delivered her message. It had been by no means a part of the project of Dousterswivel to let Mr. Oldbuck into his supposed mystery. He had relied upon Sir Arthur's obtaining the necessary accommodation without any discussion as to the nature of the application, and only waited below for the purpose of possessing himself of the deposit as soon as possible, for he foresaw that his career was drawing to a close. But when summoned to the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr. Oldbuck, he resolved gallantly to put confidence in his powers of impudence, of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

CHAPTER XXIII

And this doctor,
Your sooty smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
And all fly out *in fumo*.

The Alchemist.

"How do you do, goot Mr. Oldenbuck? and I do hope your young gentleman, Captain M'Intyre, is getting better again? Ach! it is a bat business when young gentlemens will put lead balls into each other's body."

"Lead adventures of all kinds are very precarious, Mr. Dousterswivel; but I am happy to learn," continued the Antiquary, "from my friend Sir Arthur that you have taken up a better trade, and become a discoverer of gold."

"Ach, Mr. Oldenbuck, mine goot and honored patron should not have told a word about dat little matter; for, though I have all reliance—yes, indeed—on goot Mr. Oldenbuck's prudence and discretion, and his great friendship for Sir Arthur Wardour, yet, my Heavens! it is an great ponderous secret."

"More ponderous than any of the metal we shall make by it, I fear," answered Oldbuck.

"Dat is just as you shall have de faith and de patience for de grand experiment. If you join wid Sir Arthur, as he is put one hundred and fifty—see, here is one fifty in your dirty Fairport bank-note—you put one other hundred and fifty in de dirty notes, and you shall have de pure gold and silver, I cannot tell how much."

"Nor any one for you, I believe," said the Antiquary. "But hark you, Mr. Dousterswivel; suppose, without troubling this same sneezing spirit with any further fumigations, we should go in a body, and, having fair daylight and our good consciences to befriend us, using no other conjuring implements than good substantial pickaxes and shovels, fairly trench the area of the chancel in the ruins of St. Ruth from one end to the other, and so ascertain the existence of this

supposed treasure, without putting ourselves to any further expense. The ruins belong to Sir Arthur himself, so there can be no objection. Do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter?"

"Bah! you will not find one copper thimble. But Sir Arthur will do his pleasure. I have showed him how it is possible, very possible, to have de great sum of money for his occasions; I have showed him de real experiment. If he likes not to believe, goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is nothing to Herman Dousterswivel; he only loses de money and de gold and de silvers, dat is all."

Sir Arthur Wardour cast an intimidated glance at Oldbuck, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, no ordinary influence over his sentiments. In truth, the baronet felt, what he would not willingly have acknowledged, that his genius stood rebuked before that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a shrewd, penetrating, sarcastic character, feared his satire, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring his leave before indulging his credulity. Dousterswivel saw he was in danger of losing his dupe, unless he could make some favorable impression on the adviser.

"I know, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is one vanity to speak to you about de spirit and de goblin. But look at this curious horn; I know you know de curiosity of all de countries, and how de great Oldenburgh horn, as they keep still in the museum at Copenhagen, was given to de Duke of Oldenburgh by one female spirit of de wood. Now I could not put one trick on you if I were willing, you who know all de curiosity so well, and dere it is, de horn full of coins; if it had been a box or case I would have said nothing."

"Being a horn," said Oldbuck, "does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of nature's fashioning, and therefore much used among rude nations, although it may be the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilization. And this present horn," he continued, rubbing it upon his sleeve, "is a curious and venerable relic, and no doubt was intended to prove a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, to some one or other; but whether to the adept or his patron may be justly doubted."

"Well, Mr. Oldenbuck, I find you still hard of belief; but let me assure you de monksh understood de *magisterium*."

"Let us leave talking of the *magisterium*, Mr. Douster-

swivel, and think a little about the magistrate. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of Scotland, and that both Sir Arthur and myself are in the commission of the peace?"

"Mine Heaven! and what is dat to de purpose when I am doing you all de goot I can?"

"Why, you must know, that when the legislature abolished the cruel laws against witchcraft, they had no hope of destroying the superstitious feelings of humanity on which such chimeras had been founded, and to prevent those feelings from being tampered with by artful and designing persons, it is enacted by the Ninth of George the Second, chap. 5, that whosoever shall pretend, by his alleged skill in any occult or crafty science, to discover such goods as are lost, stolen, or concealed, he shall suffer punishment, by pillory and imprisonment, as a common cheat and impostor."

"And is dat de laws?" asked Dousterswivel, with some agitation.

"Thyself shalt see the act," replied the Antiquary.

"Den, gentlemens, I shall take my leave of you, dat is all; I do not like to stand on your what you call pillory, it is very bad way to take de air, I think; and I do not like your prisons no more, where one cannot take de air at all."

"If such be your taste, Mr. Dousterswivel," said the Antiquary, "I advise you to stay where you are, for I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constable; and, moreover, I expect you will attend us just now to the ruins of St. Ruth, and point out the place where you propose to find this treasure."

"Mine Heaven, Mr. Oldenbuck! what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you so plain as I can speak dat if you go now you will get not so much treasure as one poor shabby sixpence?"

"I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success—always with Sir Arthur's permission."

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, had looked extremely embarrassed, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, chopfallen. Oldbuck's obstinate disbelief led him strongly to suspect the imposture of Dousterswivel, and the adept's mode of keeping his ground was less resolute than he had expected. Yet he did not entirely give him up.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said the baronet, "you do Mr. Dousterswivel less than justice. He has undertaken to make this discovery by the use of his art, and by applying characters

descriptive of the intelligences presiding over the planetary hour in which the experiment is to be made; and you require him to proceed, under pain of punishment, without allowing him the use of any of the preliminaries which he considers as the means of procuring success."

"I did not say that exactly: I only required him to be present when we make the search, and not to leave us during the interval. I fear he may have some intelligence with the intelligences you talk of, and that whatever may be now hidden at Saint Ruth may disappear before we get there."

"Well, gentlemens," said Dousterswivel, sullenly, "I will make no objections to go along with you; but I tell you beforehand, you shall not find so much of anything as shall be worth your going twenty yard from your own gate."

"We will put that to a fair trial," said the Antiquary. And the baronet's equipage being ordered, Miss Wardour received an intimation from her father that she was to remain at Monkbarns until his return from an airing. The young lady was somewhat at a loss to reconcile this direction with the communication which she supposed must have passed between Sir Arthur and the Antiquary; but she was compelled for the present to remain in a most unpleasant state of suspense.

The journey of the treasure-seekers was melancholy enough. Dousterswivel maintained a sulky silence, brooding at once over disappointed expectation and the risk of punishment; Sir Arthur, whose golden dreams had been gradually fading away, surveyed in gloomy prospect the impending difficulties of his situation; and Oldbuck, who perceived that his having so far interfered in his neighbor's affairs gave the baronet a right to expect some actual and efficient assistance, sadly pondered to what extent it would be necessary to draw open the strings of his purse. Thus, each being wrapped in his own unpleasant ruminations, there was hardly a word said on either side until they reached the Four Horseshoes, by which sign the little inn was distinguished. They procured at this place the necessary assistance and implements for digging, and while they were busy about these preparations were suddenly joined by the old beggar, Edie Ochiltree.

"The Lord bless your honor," began the Blue-Gown, with the genuine mendicant whine, "and long life to you; weel pleased am I to hear that young Captain M'Intyre is like to be on his legs again sune. Think on your poor bedesman the day."

"Aha, old truepenny!" replied the Antiquary. "Why,

thou hast never come to Monkbarns since thy perils by rock and flood; here's something for thee to buy snuff," and, fumbling for his purse, he pulled out at the same time the horn which enclosed the coins.

"Ay, and there's something to pit it in," said the mendicant, eying the ram's-horn; "that loom's an auld acquaintance o' mine. I could take my aith to that sneeshing-mull amang a thousand; I carried it for mony a year, till I niffered it for this tin ane wi' auld George Glen, the dammer and sinker, when he took a fancy till't doun at Glen Withershins yonder."

"Ay! indeed?" said Oldbuck; "so you exchanged it with a miner? But I presume you never saw it so well filled before?" and, opening it, he showed the coins.

"Troth, ye may swear that, Monkbarns; when it was mine it ne'er had abune the like o' saxpenny worth o' black rappee in't at ance. But I reckon ye'll be gaun to make an antic o't, as ye hae dune wi' mony an orra thing besides. Odd, I wish onybody wad make an antic o' me; but mony ane will find worth in rousted bits o' capper and horn and airn, that care unco little about an auld carle o' their ain country and kind."

"You may now guess," said Oldbuck, turning to Sir Arthur, "to whose good offices you were indebted the other night. To trace this cornucopia of yours to a miner is bringing it pretty near a friend of ours. I hope we shall be as successful this morning without paying for it."

"And whare is your honors gaun the day," said the mendicant, "wi' a' your picks and shules? Odd, this will be some o' your tricks, Monkbarns; ye'll be for whirling some o' the auld monks down by yonder out o' their graves afore they hear the last call; but, wi' your leave, I'se follow ye at ony rate and see what ye make o't."

The party soon arrived at the ruins of the priory, and, having gained the chancel, stood still to consider what course they were to pursue next.

The Antiquary, meantime, addressed the adept—"Pray, Mr. Dousterswivel, what is your advice in this matter? Shall we have most likelihood of success if we dig from east to west, or from west to east? or will you assist us with your triangular vial of May-dew, or with your divining-rod of witches-hazel? Or will you have the goodness to supply us with a few thumping, blustering terms of art, which, if they fail in our present service, may at least be useful to those who have not the happiness to be bachelors, to still their brawling children withal?"

"Mr. Oldenbuck," said Dousterswivel, doggedly, "I have told you already, you will make no good work at all, and I will find some way of mine own to thank you for your civilities to me; yes, indeed."

"If your honors are thinking of tirling the floor," said old Edie, "and wad but take a puir body's advice, I would begin below that muckle stane that has the man there streekit out upon his back in the midst o't."

"I have some reason for thinking favorably of that plan myself," said the baronet.

"And I have nothing to say against it," said Oldbuck. "It was not unusual to hide treasure in the tombs of the deceased; many instances might be quoted of that from Bartholinus and others."

The tombstone, the same beneath which the coins had been found by Sir Arthur and the German, was once more forced aside, and the earth gave easy way to the spade.

"It's travell'd earth that," said Edie, "it howks sae eithly. I ken it weel, for ance I wrought a simmer wi' auld Will Winnet, the bedral, and howkit mair graves than ane in my day. But I left him in winter, for it was unco cald wark; and then it cam a green Yule, and the folk died thick and fast, for ye ken a green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard; and I never dowed to bide a hard turn o' wark in my life, sae aff I gaed, and left Will to delve his last dwellings by himsell for Edie."

The diggers were now so far advanced in their labors as to discover that the sides of the grave which they were clearing out had been originally secured by four walls of freestone, forming a parallelogram, for the reception, probably, of the coffin.

"It is worth while proceeding in our labors," said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, "were it but for curiosity's sake. I wonder on whose sepulchre they have bestowed such uncommon pains."

"The arms on the shield," said Sir Arthur, and sighed as he spoke it, "are the same with those on Misticot's Tower, supposed to have been built by Malcolm the Usurper. No man knew where he was buried, and there is an old prophecy in our family that bodes us no good when his grave shall be discovered."

"I wot," said the beggar, "I have often heard that when I was a bairn,

> "'If Malcolm the Misticot's grave were fun',
> The lands of Knockwinnock are lost and won.'"

Oldbuck, with his spectacles on his nose, had already knelt down on the monument, and was tracing, partly with his eye, partly with his finger, the mouldered devices upon the effigy of the deceased warrior. "It is the Knockwinnock arms sure enough," he exclaimed, "quarterly with the coat of Wardour."

"Richard, called the Red-handed Wardour, married Sybil Knockwinnock, the heiress of the Saxon family, and by that alliance," said Sir Arthur, "brought the castle and estate into the name of Wardour, in the year of God 1150."

"Very true, Sir Arthur, and here is the baton-sinister, the mark of illegitimacy, extended diagonally through both coats upon the shield. Where can our eyes have been that they did not see this curious monument before?"

"Na, whare was the through-stane that it didna come before our een till e'now?" said Ochiltree; "for I hae kend this auld kirk, man and bairn, for saxty lang years, and I ne'er noticed it afore, and it's nae sic mote neither but what ane might see it in their parritch."

All were now induced to tax their memory as to the former state of the ruins in that corner of the chancel, and all agreed in recollecting a considerable pile of rubbish which must have been removed and spread abroad in order to make the tomb visible. Sir Arthur might, indeed, have remembered seeing the monument on the former occasion, but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstance as a novelty.

While the assistants were engaged in these recollections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labor. They had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flinging out the soil became more and more difficult, they began at length to tire of the job.

"We're down to the till now," said one of them, "and the ne'er a coffin or onything else is here; some cunninger chiel's been afore us, I reckon;" and the laborer scrambled out of the grave.

"Hout, lad," said Edie, getting down in his room, "let me try my hand for an auld bedral; ye're gude seekers but ill finders."

So soon as he got into the grave, he struck his pike-staff forcibly down: it encountered resistance in its descent, and the beggar exclaimed, like a Scotch schoolboy when he finds anything, "Nae halvers and quarters! hale o' mine ain and nane o' my neighbor's."

Everybody, from the dejected baronet to the sullen adept,

now caught the spirit of curiosity, crowded round the grave, and would have jumped into it could its space have contained them. The laborers, who had begun to flag in their monotonous and apparently hopeless task, now resumed their tools, and plied them with all the ardor of expectation. Their shovels soon grated upon a hard wooden surface, which, as the earth was cleared away, assumed the distinct form of a chest, but greatly smaller than that of a coffin. Now all hands were at work to heave it out of the grave, and all voices, as it was raised, proclaimed its weight and augured its value. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surface, and the lid forced up by a pickaxe, there was displayed first a coarse canvas cover, then a quantity of oakum, and beneath that a number of ingots of silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The baronet threw his hands and eyes up to heaven, with the silent rapture of one who is delivered from inexpressible distress of mind. Oldbuck, almost unable to credit his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them, excepting one which seemed to be Spanish. He could have no doubt of the purity and great value of the treasure before him. Still, however, removing piece by piece, he examined row by row, expecting to discover that the lower layers were of inferior value; but he could perceive no difference in this respect, and found himself compelled to admit that Sir Arthur had possessed himself of bullion to the value perhaps of a thousand pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now promised the assistants a handsome recompense for their trouble, and began to busy himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfall to the Castle of Knockwinnock, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had equalled that exhibited by any other individual of the party, twitched his sleeve, and, having offered his humble congratulations, turned next to Oldbuck with an air of triumph.

"I did tell you, my goot friend Mr. Oldenbuck, dat I was to seek opportunity to thank you for your civility; now do you not think I have found out vary goot way to return thank?"

"Why, Mr. Dousterswivel, do you pretend to have had any hand in our good success? You forget you refused us all aid of your science, man. And you are here without your weapons that should have fought the battle which you pretend to have gained in our behalf. You have used neither charm, lamen, sigil, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, nor

geomantic figure. Where be your periapts and your abracadabras, man? your May-fern, your vervain,

> 'Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,
> Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
> Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
> With all your broths, your menstrues, your materials,
> Would burst a man to name?'

Ah! rare Ben Jonson! long peace to thy ashes for a scourge of the quacks of thy day! Who expected to see them revive in our own?"

The answer of the adept to the Antiquary's tirade we must defer to our next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV

Clause. You now shall know the king o' the beggars' treasure.
Yes, ere to-morrow you shall find your harbor
Here ; fail me not, for if I live I'll fit you.

The Beggar's Bush.

THE German, determined, it would seem, to assert the vantage ground on which the discovery had placed him, replied with great pomp and stateliness to the attack of the Antiquary : "Maister Oldenbuck, all dis may be very witty and comedy, but I have nothing to say—nothing at all—to people dat will not believe deir own eysights. It is vary true dat I ave not any of de things of de art, and it makes de more wonder what I has done dis day. But I would ask of you, mine honored and goot and generous patron, to put your hand into your right-hand waistcoat pocket and show me what you shall find dere."

Sir Arthur obeyed his direction, and pulled out the small plate of silver which he had used under the adept's auspices upon the former occasion. "It is very true," said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary ; "this is the graduated and calculated sigil by which Mr. Dousterswivel and I regulated our first discovery."

"Pshaw ! pshaw ! my dear friend," said Oldbuck, "you are too wise to believe in the influence of a trumpery crown-piece beat out thin, and a parcel of scratches upon it. I tell thee, Sir Arthur, that if Dousterswivel had known where to get this treasure himself, you would not have been lord of the least share of it."

"In troth, please your honor," said Edie, who put in his word on all occasions, "I think, since Mr. Dunkerswivel has had sae muckle merit in discovering a' the gear, the least ye can do is to gie him that o't that's left behind for his labor, for doubtless he that kend where to find sae muckle will hae nae difficulty to find mair."

Dousterswivel's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his "ain purchase," as Ochiltree expressed it ; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whispered a word or two in his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur, his heart warm with his good fortune, said aloud, "Never mind our friend Monkbarns, Mr. Dousterswivel, but come to the Castle to-morrow and I'll convince you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter, and the fifty Fairport dirty notes, as you call them, are heartily at your service. Come, my lads, get the cover of this precious chest fastened up again."

But the cover had in the confusion fallen aside among the rubbish or the loose earth which had been removed from the grave; in short, it was not to be seen.

"Never mind, my good lads, tie the tarpaulin over it and get it away to the carriage. Monkbarns, will you walk? I must go back your way to take up Miss Wardour."

"And, I hope, to take up your dinner also, Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure. Besides, you should write about the business to the Exchequer, in case of any interference on the part of the Crown. As you are lord of the manor, it will be easy to get a deed of gift should they make any claim. We must talk about it, though."

"And I particularly recommend silence to all who are present," said Sir Arthur, looking round. All bowed and professed themselves dumb.

"Why, as to that," said Monkbarns, "recommending secrecy where a dozen of people are acquainted with the circumstance to be concealed is only putting the truth in masquerade, for the story will be circulated under twenty different shapes. But never mind; we will state the true one to the Barons, and that is all that is necessary."

"I incline to send off an express to-night," said the baronet.

"I can recommend your honor to a sure hand," said Ochiltree, "little Davie Mailsetter and the butcher's reisting powny."

"We will talk over the matter as we go to Monkbarns," said Sir Arthur. "My lads (to the work-people), come with me to the Four Horseshoes, that I may take down all your names. Dousterswivel, I won't ask you to go down to Monkbarns, as the Laird and you differ so widely in opinion; but do not fail to come to see me to-morrow."

Dousterswivel growled out an answer, in which the words, "duty," "mine honored patron," and "wait upon Sir Arthurs," were alone distinguishable; and after the baronet and his friend had left the ruins, followed by the servants and workmen, who, in hope of reward and whiskey, joyfully at-

tended their leader, the adept remained in a brown-study by the side of the open grave.

"Who was it as could have thought this?" he ejaculated, unconsciously. "Mine *heiligkeit!* I have heard of such things, and often spoken of such things; but, sapperment! I never thought to see them! And if I had gone but two or dree feet deeper down in the earth, *mein himmel!* it had been all mine own; so much more as I have been muddling about to get from this fool's man."

Here the German ceased his soliloquy, for, raising his eyes, he encountered those of Edie Ochiltree, who had not followed the rest of the company, but, resting as usual on his pike-staff, had planted himself on the other side of the grave. The features of the old man, naturally shrewd and expressive almost to an appearance of knavery, seemed in this instant so keenly knowing that even the assurance of Dousterswivel, though a professed adventurer, sunk beneath their glances. But he saw the necessity of an *éclaircissement*, and, rallying his spirits, instantly began to sound the mendicant on the occurrences of the day. "Goot Maister Edies Ochiltrees——"

"Edie Ochiltree, na maister; your puir bedesman and the king's," answered the Blue-Gown.

"Awell den, goot Edie, what do you think of all dis?"

"I was just thinking it was very kind—for I darena say very simple—o' your honor to gie thae twa rich gentles, wha hae lands and lairdships, and siller without end, this grand pose o' silver and treasure—three times tried in the fire, as the Scripture expresses it—that might hae made yoursell, and ony twa or three honest bodies beside, as happy and content as the day was lang."

"Indeed, Edie, mine honest friends, dat is very true; only I did not know—dat is, I was not sure—where to find de gelt myself."

"What! was it not by your honor's advice and counsel that Monkbarns and the Knight of Knockwinnock came here, then?"

"Aha, yes, but it was by another circumstance; I did not know dat dey would have found de treasure, mine friend; though I did guess, by such a tintamarre, and cough, and sneeze, and groan among de spirit one other night here, dat there might be treasure and bullion hereabout. *Ach, mein himmel!* the spirit will hone and groan over his gelt as if he were a Dutch burgomaster counting his dollars after a great dinner at the *stadthaus.*"

"And do you really believe the like o' that, Mr. Dusterdeevil? a skeelfu' man like you; hout fie!"

"Mein friend," answered the adept, forced by circumstances to speak something nearer the truth than he generally used to do, "I believed it no more than you and no man at all, till I did hear them hone and moan and groan myself on de oder night, and till I did this day see de cause, which was an great chest all full of de pure silver from Mexico; and what would you ave me think den?"

"And what wad ye gie to ony ane," said Edie, "that wad help ye to sic another kistfu' o' silver?"

"Give? *mein himmel!* one great big quarter of it."

"Now, if the secret were mine," said the mendicant, "I wad stand out for a half; for you see, though I am but a puir ragged body, and couldna carry silver or gowd to sell for fear o' being taen up, yet I could find mony folk would pass it awa for me at unco muckle easier profit than ye're thinking on."

"*Ach, himmel!* Mein goot friend, what was it I said? I did mean to say you should have de tree-quarter for your half, and de one quarter to be my fair half."

"No, no, Mr. Dusterdeevil, we will divide equally what we find, like brother and brother. Now look at this board that I just flung into the dark aisle out o' the way, while Monkbarns was glowering ower a' the silver yonder. He's a sharp chiel Monkbarns. I was glad to keep the like o' this out o' his sight. Ye'll maybe can read the character better than me; I am nae that book-learned, at least I'm no that muckle in practice."

With this modest declaration of ignorance, Ochiltree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of the box or chest of treasure, which, when forced from its hinges, had been carelessly flung aside during the ardor of curiosity to ascertain the contents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, as it seems, secreted by the mendicant. There was a word and a number upon the plank, and the beggar made them more distinct by spitting upon his ragged blue handkerchief and rubbing off the clay by which the inscription was obscured. It was in the ordinary black letter.

"Can ye mak ought o't?" said Edie to the adept.

"S," said the philosopher, like a child getting his lesson in the primer—"S, T, A, R, C, H—starch; dat is what the women-washers put in to de neckerchers and de shirt collar."

"Starch!" echoed Ochiltree; "na, na, Mr. Dusterdeevil, ye are mair of a conjurer than a clerk; it's 'search,' man, 'search.' See, there's the 'Ye' clear and distinct."

"Aha! I see it now; it is 'search, number one.' *Mein himmel!* then there must be a 'number two,' mein goot friend; for 'search' is what you call to seek and dig, and

this is but 'number one!' Mine wort, there is one great big prize in de wheel for us, goot Maister Ochiltree."

"Aweel, it may be sae; but we canna howk for't enow. We hae nae shules, for they hae taen them a' awa; and it's like some o' them will be sent back to fling the earth into the hole, and mak a' things trig again. But an ye'll sit down wi' me a while in the wood, I'se satisfy your honor that ye hae just lighted on the only man in the country that could hae tauld about Malcolm Misticot and his hidden treasure. But first we'll rub out the letters on this board for fear it tell tales."

And, by the assistance of his knife, the beggar erased and defaced the characters so as to make them quite unintelligible, and then daubed the board with clay so as to obliterate all traces of the erasure.

Dousterswivel stared at him in ambiguous silence. There was an intelligence and alacrity about all the old man's movements which indicated a person that could not be easily overreached, and yet (for even rogues acknowledge in some degree the spirit of precedence) our adept felt the disgrace of playing a secondary part, and dividing winnings with so mean an associate. His appetite for gain, however, was sufficiently sharp to overpower his offended pride, and, though far more an impostor than a dupe, he was not without a certain degree of personal faith even in the gross superstitions by means of which he imposed upon others. Still, being accustomed to act as a leader on such occasions, he felt humiliated at feeling himself in the situation of a vulture marshalled to his prey by a carrion-crow. "Let me, however, hear his story to an end," thought Dousterswivel, "and it will be hard if I do not make mine account in it better, as Maister Edie Ochiltrees makes proposes."

The adept, thus transformed into a pupil from a teacher of the mystic art, followed Ochiltree in passive acquiescence to the Prior's Oak—a spot, as the reader may remember, at a short distance from the ruins—where the German sat down and in silence waited the old man's communication.

"Maister Dustandsnivel," said the narrator, "it's an unco while since I heard this business treated anent; for the Lairds of Knockwinnock, neither Sir Arthur, nor his father, nor his grandfather—and I mind a wee bit about them a'—liked to hear it spoken about; nor they dinna like it yet. But nae matter: ye may be sure it was clattered about in the kitchen, like onything else in a great house, though it were forbidden in the ha', and sae I hae heard the circumstance rehearsed by auld servants in the family; and in thir present

days, when things o' that auld-warld sort arena keepit in mind round winter firesides as they used to be, I question if there's onybody in the country can tell the tale but mysell; aye out-taken the Laird though, for there's a parchment book about it, as I have heard, in the charter-room at Knockwinnock Castle."

"Well, all dat is vary well; but get you on with your stories, mine goot friend," said Dousterswivel.

"Aweel, ye see," continued the mendicant, "this was a job in the auld times o' rugging and riving through the hale country, when it was ilka ane for himsell, and God for us a'; when nae man wanted property if he had strength to take it, or had it langer than he had power to keep it. It was just he ower her and she ower him, whichever could win upmost, a' through the east country here, and nae doubt through the rest o' Scotland in the self and same manner.

"Sae, in these days Sir Richard Wardour came into the land, and that was the first o' the name ever was in this country. There's been mony of them sin' syne; and the maist, like him they ca'd Hell-in-Harness, and the rest o' them, are sleeping down in yon ruins. They were a proud, dour set o' men, but unco brave, and aye stood up for the weel o' the country, God sain them a'—there's no muckle popery in that wish. They ca'd them the Norman Wardours, though they cam frae the south to this country. So this Sir Richard, that they ca'd Red-hand, drew up wi' the auld Knockwinnock o' that day, for then they were Knockwinnocks of that Ilk, and wad fain marry his only daughter, that was to have the castle and the land. Laith, laith was the lass—Sybil Knockwinnock they ca'd her that tauld me the tale—laith, laith was she to gae into the match, for she had fa'en a wee ower thick wi' a cousin o' her ain that her father had some ill-will to; and sae it was that after she had been married to Sir Richard jimp four months—for marry him she maun, it's like—ye'll no hinder her gieing them a present o' a bonny knave bairn. Then there was siccan a ca'-thro' as the like was never seen; and she's be burnt and he's be slain was the best words o' their mouths. But it was a' sowdered up again some gait, and the bairn was sent awa, and bred up near the Highlands, and grew up to be a fine wanle fallow, like mony ane that comes o' the wrang side o' the blanket; and Sir Richard wi' the Red hand, he had a fair offspring o' his ain, and a' was lound and quiet till his head was laid in the ground. But then down came Malcolm Misticot—Sir Arthur says it should be Misbegot, but they aye ca'd him Misticot that spoke o't lang syne—down came this Malcolm, the love-begot, frae

Glen Isla, wi' a string o' lang-legged Highlanders at his heels, that's aye ready for onybody's mischief, and he threeps the castle and lands are his ain as his mother's eldest son, and turns a' the Wardours out to the hill. There was a sort o' fighting and blude-spilling about it, for the gentles took different sides; but Malcolm had the uppermost for a lang time, and keepit the Castle of Knockwinnock, and strengthened it, and built that muckle tower that they ca' Misticot's Tower to this day."

"Mine goot friend, old Mr. Edie Ochiltree," interrupted the German, "this is all as one like de long histories of a baron of sixteen quarters in mine countries; but I would as rather hear of de silver and gold."

"Why, ye see," continued the mendicant, "this Malcolm was weel helped by an uncle, a brother o' his father's, that was prior o' St. Ruth here, and muckle treasure they gathered between them, to secure the succession of their house in the lands of Knockwinnock. Folk said that the monks in thae days had the art of multiplying metals; at ony rate they were very rich. At last it came to this, that the young Wardour, that was Red-hand's son, challenged Misticot to fight with him in the lists, as they ca'd them; that's no lists or tailor's runds and selvedges o' claith, but a palin'-thing they set up for them to fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Misticot was beaten, and at his brother's mercy; but he wadna touch his life, for the blood of Knockwinnock that was in baith their veins. So Malcolm was compelled to turn a monk, and he died soon after in the priory, of pure despite and vexation. Naebody ever kend whare his uncle the prior earded him, or what he did wi' his gowd and silver, for he stood on the right o' halie kirk, and wad gie nae account to onybody. But the prophecy gat abroad in the country, that whenever Misticot's grave was fund out the estate of Knockwinnock should be lost and won."

"Ach, mine goot old friend, Maister Edie, and dat is not so very unlikely, if Sir Arthurs will quarrel wit his goot friends to please Mr. Oldenbuck. And so you do tink dat dis golds and silvers belonged to goot Mr. Malcolm Mishdigoat?"

"Troth do I, Mr. Dousterdeevil."

"And you do believe dat dere is more of dat sorts behind?"

"By my certie do I. How can it be otherwise? 'Search. No. I.;' that is as muckle as to say, search and ye'll find number twa; besides, yon kist is only silver, and I aye heard that Misticot's pose had muckle yellow gowd in't."

"Den, mine goot friends," said the adept, jumping up hastily, "why do we not set about our little job directly?"

"For twa gude reasons," answered the beggar, who quietly kept his sitting posture; "first, because, as I said before, we have naething to dig wi', for they hae taen awa the picks and shules; and, secondly, because there will be a wheen idle gowks coming to glower at the hole as lang as it is daylight, and maybe the Laird may send somebody to fill it up; and ony way we wad be catched. But if you will meet me on this place at twal o'clock wi' a dark lantern, I'll hae tools ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job our twa sells, and naebody the wiser for't."

"Be—be—but, mine goot friend," said Dousterswivel, from whose recollection his former nocturnal adventure was not to be altogether erased, even by the splendid hopes which Edie's narrative held forth, "it is not so goot or so safe to be about goot Maister Mishdigoat's grave at dat time of night; you have forgot how I told you de spirits did hone and moan dere. I do assure you dere is disturbance dere."

"If ye're afraid of ghaists," answered the mendicant, coolly, "I'll do the job mysell, and bring your share o' the siller to ony place ye like to appoint."

"No—no, mine excellent old Mr. Edie, too much trouble for you; I will not have dat; I will come myself, and it will be bettermost: for, mine old friend, it was I, Herman Dousterswivel, discovered Maister Mishdigoat's grave when I was looking for a place as to put away some little trumpery coins, just to play one little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur, for a little sport and pleasures; yes, I did take some what you call rubbish, and did discover Maister Mishdigoat's own monumentsh. It is like dat he meant I should be his heirs, so it would not be civility in me not to come mineself for mine inheritance."

"At twal o'clock, then," said the mendicant, "we meet under this tree. I'll watch for a while, and see that naebody meddles wi' the grave—it's only saying the Laird's forbade it—then get my bit supper frae Ringan the poinder up by, and leave to sleep in his barn, and I'll slip out at night and ne'er be mist."

"Do so, mine goot Maister Edie, and I will meet you here on this very place, though all de spirits should moan and sneeze deir very brains out."

So saying, he shook hands with the old man, and, with this mutual pledge of fidelity to their appointment, they separated for the present.

CHAPTER XXV

> See thou shake the bags
> Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned
> Set thou at liberty.
> Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
> If gold and silver beckon to come on.
>
> *King John.*

THE night set in stormy, with wind and occasional showers of rain. "Eh, sirs," said the old mendicant, as he took his place on the sheltered side of the large oak tree to wait for his associate—"eh, sirs, but human nature's a wilful and wilyard thing! Is it not an unco lucre o' gain wad bring this Dousterdivel out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at night, to thir wild gousty wa's? and amna I a bigger fule than himsell to bide here waiting for him?"

Having made these sage reflections, he wrapped himself close in his cloak and fixed his eye on the moon as she waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind from time to time drove across her surface. The melancholy and uncertain gleams that she shot from between the passing shadows fell full upon the rifted arches and shafted windows of the old building, which were thus for an instant made distinctly visible in their ruinous state, and anon became again a dark, undistinguished, and shadowy mass. The little lake had its share of these transient beams of light, and showed its waters broken, whitened, and agitated under the passing storm, which, when the clouds swept over the moon, were only distinguished by their sullen and murmuring plash against the beach. The wooded glen repeated, to every successive gust that hurried through its narrow trough, the deep and various groan with which the trees replied to the whirlwind, and the sound sunk again, as the blast passed away, into a faint and passing murmur, resembling the sighs of an exhausted criminal after the first pangs of his torture are over. In these sounds superstition might have found ample gratification for that state of excited terror which she fears and yet loves. But such feelings made no part of Ochiltree's

composition. His mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth.

"I have kept guard on the outposts baith in Germany and America," he said to himself, "in mony a waur night than this, and when I kend there was maybe a dozen o' their riflemen in the thicket before me. But I was aye gleg at my duty: naebody ever catched Edie sleeping."

As he muttered thus to himself, he instinctively shouldered his trusty pike-staff, assumed the port of a sentinel on duty, and, as a step advanced towards the tree, called, with a tone assorting better with his military reminiscences than his present state—"Stand; who goes there?"

"De devil, goot Edie," answered Dousterswivel, "why does you speak so loud as a baarenhauter, or what you call a factionary—I mean a sentinel?"

"Just because I thought I was a sentinel at that moment," answered the mendicant. "Here's an awsome night; hae ye brought the lantern and a pock for the siller?"

"Ay, ay, mine goot friend," said the German, "here it is: my pair of what you call saddlebag; one side will be for you, one side for me. I will put dem on my horse to save you de trouble, as you are old man."

"Have you a horse here, then?" asked Edie Ochiltree.

"O yes, mine friend, tied yonder by de stile," responded the adept.

"Weel, I hae just ae word to the bargain: there sall nane o' my gear gang on your beast's back."

"What was it as you would be afraid of?" said the foreigner.

"Only of losing sight of horse, man, and money," again replied the gaberlunzie.

"Does you know dat you make one gentlemans out to be one great rogue?"

"Mony gentlemen," replied Ochiltree, "can make that out for themselves; but what's the sense of quarrelling? If ye want to gang on, gang on. If no, I'll gae back to the gude ait-straw in Ringan Aikwood's barn that I left wi' right ill-will e'now, and I'll pit back the pick and shule whar I got them."

Dousterswivel deliberated a moment whether, by suffering Edie to depart, he might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use. But the want of digging implements, the uncertainty whether, if he had them, he could clear out the grave to a sufficient depth without assistance, and, above all, the reluctance which he felt, owing to the experience of the former night, to venture alone on the terrors

of Misticot's grave, satisfied him the attempt would be hazardous. Endeavoring, therefore, to assume his usual cajoling tone, though internally incensed, he begged "his goot friend Maister Edie Ochiltrees would lead the way, and assured him of his acquiescence in all such an excellent friend could propose."

"Aweel, aweel, then," said Edie, "tak gude care o' your feet amang the lang grass and the loose stanes. I wish we may get the light keepit in neist, wi' this fearsome wind; but there's a blink o' moonlight at times."

Thus saying, old Edie, closely accompanied by the adept, led the way towards the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them.

"Ye're a learned man, Mr. Dousterdeevil, and ken muckle o' the marvellous works o' nature; now, will ye tell me ae thing? D'ye believe in ghaists and spirits that walk the earth? d'ye believe in them, ay or no?"

"Now, goot Mr. Edie," whispered Dousterswivel, in an expostulatory tone of voice, "is this a times or a places for such a questions?"

"Indeed is it, baith the tane and the tother, Mr. Dustanshovel; for I maun fairly tell ye there's reports that auld Misticot walks. Now this wad be an uncanny night to meet him in, and wha kens if he wad be ower weel pleased wi' our purpose of visiting his pose?"

"*Alle guten Geister*," muttered the adept, the rest of the conjuration being lost in a tremulous warble of his voice. "I do desires you not to speak so, Mr. Edie, for, from all I heard dat one other night, I do much believes——"

"Now I," said Ochiltree, entering the chancel, and flinging abroad his arm with an air of defiance—"I wadna gie the crack o' my thumb for him were he to appear at this moment; he's but a disembodied spirit as we are embodied anes."

"For the lofe of heavens," said Dousterswivel, "say nothing at all neither about somebodies or nobodies!"

"Aweel," said the beggar, expanding the shade of the lantern, "here's the stane, and, spirit or no spirit, I'se be a wee bit deeper in the grave;" and he jumped into the place from which the precious chest had that morning been removed. After striking a few strokes he tired, or affected to tire, and said to his companion, "I'm auld and failed now, and canna keep at it. Time about's fair play, neighbor; ye maun get in and tak the shule a bit, and shule out the loose earth, and then I'll tak turn about wi' you."

Dousterswivel accordingly took the place which the beg-

gar had evacuated, and toiled with all the zeal that awakened avarice, mingled with the anxious wish to finish the undertaking and leave the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a mind at once greedy, suspicious, and timorous.

Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labor hard. "My certie! few ever wrought for siccan a day's wage; an it be but—say the tenth part o' the size o' the kist No. I., it will double its value, being filled wi' gowd instead of silver. Odd, ye work as if ye had been bred to pick and shule; ye could win your round half-crown ilka day. Tak care o'your taes wi' that stane!" giving a kick to a large one which the adept had heaved out with difficulty, and which Edie pushed back again, to the great annoyance of his associate's shins.

Thus exhorted by the mendicant, Dousterswivel struggled and labored among the stones and stiff clay, toiling like a horse, and internally blaspheming in German. When such an unhallowed syllable escaped his lips, Edie changed his battery upon him.

"O dinna swear, dinna swear! wha kens wha's listening! Eh! Gude guide us, what's yon! Hout, it's just a branch of ivy flightering awa frae the wa'; when the moon was in, it lookit unco like a dead man's arm wi a taper in't; I thought it was Misticot himsell. But never mind, work you away, fling the earth weel up bye out o' the gate; odd, if ye're no as clean a worker at a grave as Will Winnet himsell! What gars ye stop now? ye're just at the very bit for a chance."

"Stop!" said the German, in a tone of anger and disappointment, "why, I am down at de rocks dat de cursed ruins—God forgife me!—is founded upon."

"Weel," said the beggar, "that's the likeliest bit of ony, it will be but a muckle through-stane laid doun to kiver the gowd; tak the pick till't, and pit mair strength, man; ae gude downright devvel will split it, I'se warrant ye. Ay, that will do. Odd, he comes on wi' Wallace's straiks!"

In fact, the adept, moved by Edie's exhortations, fetched two or three desperate blows, and succeeded in breaking, not indeed that against which he struck, which, as he had already conjectured, was the solid rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

"Hurra, boys! there goes Ringan's pickaxe!" cried Edie; "it's a shame o' the Fairport folk to sell siccan frail gear. Try the shule; at it again, Mr. Dusterdeevil."

The adept, without reply, scrambled out of the pit, which

was now about six feet deep, and addressed his associate in a voice that trembled with anger. "Does you know, Mr. Edies Ochiltrees, who it is you put off your gibes and your jests upon?"

"Brawly, Mr. Dusterdeevil—brawly do I ken ye, and has done mony a day; but there's nae jesting in the case, for I am wearying to see a' our treasures; we should hae had baith ends o' the pockmanky filled by this time. I hope it's bowk eneugh to haud a' the gear?"

"Look you, you base old person," said the incensed philosopher, "if you do put another jest upon me, I will cleave your skull-piece with this shovels!"

"And whare wad my hands and my pike-staff be a' the time?" replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. "Hout, tout, Maister Dusterdeevil, I haena lived sae lang in the warld neither, to be shuled out o't that gate. What ails ye to be cankered, man, wi' your friends? I'll wager I'll find out the treasure in a minute;" and he jumped into the pit and took up the spade.

"I do swear to you," said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awake, "that if you have played me one big trick I will give you one big beating, Mr. Edies."

"Hear till him now," said Ochiltree; "he kens how to gar folk find out the gear. Odd, I'm thinking he's been drilled that way himsell some day."

At this insinuation, which alluded obviously to the former scene betwixt himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher lost the slender remnant of patience he had left, and, being of violent passions, heaved up the truncheon of the broken mattock to discharge it upon the old man's head. The blow would in all probability have been fatal had not he at whom it was aimed exclaimed in a stern and firm voice, "Shame to ye, man! Do ye think Heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an auld man that might be your father? Look behind ye, man."

"Dousterswivel turned instinctively, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, a tall dark figure standing close behind him. The apparition gave him no time to proceed by exorcism or otherwise, but, having instantly recourse to the *voie de fait*, took measure of the adept's shoulders three or four times with blows so substantial that he fell under the weight of them, and remained senseless for some minutes between fear and stupefaction. When he came to himself he was alone in the ruined chancel, lying upon the soft and damp earth which had been thrown out of Misticot's grave. He raised himself with

a confused sensation of anger, pain, and terror, and it was not until he had sat upright for some minutes that he could arrange his ideas sufficiently to recollect how he came there, or with what purpose. As his recollection returned, he could have little doubt that the bait held out to him by Ochiltree to bring him to that solitary spot, the sarcasms by which he had provoked him into a quarrel, and the ready assistance which he had at hand for terminating it in the manner in which it had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to bring disgrace and damage on Herman Dousterswivel. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue, anxiety, and beating which he had undergone purely to the malice of Edie Ochiltree singly, but concluded that the mendicant had acted a part assigned to him by some person of greater importance. His suspicions hesitated between Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour. The former had been at no pains to conceal a marked dislike of him, but the latter he had deeply injured ; and although he judged that Sir Arthur did not know the extent of his wrongs towards him, yet it was easy to suppose he had gathered enough of the truth to make him desirous of revenge. Ochiltree had alluded to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself, and therefore must have been learned from the former. The language of Oldbuck also intimated a conviction of his knavery, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animated defence. Lastly, the way in which Dousterswivel supposed the baronet to have exercised his revenge was not inconsistent with the practice of other countries with which the adept was better acquainted than with those of North Britain. With him, as with many bad men, to suspect an injury and to nourish the purpose of revenge was one and the same movement. And before Dousterswivel had fairly recovered his legs he had mentally sworn the ruin of his benefactor, which, unfortunately, he possessed too much the power of accelerating.

But although a purpose of revenge floated through his brain, it was no time to indulge such speculations. The hour, the place, his own situation, and perhaps the presence or near neighborhood of his assailants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. The lantern had been thrown down and extinguished in the scuffle. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the aisles of the ruin, had now greatly fallen, lulled by the rain, which was descending very fast. The moon, from the same cause, was totally obscured, and though Dousterswivel had some experience of the ruins, and knew that he must

endeavor to regain the eastern door of the chancel, yet the confusion of his ideas was such that he hesitated for some time ere he could ascertain in what direction he was to seek it. In this perplexity the suggestions of superstition, taking the advantage of darkness and his evil conscience, began again to present themselves to his disturbed imagination. "But bah!" quoth he, valiantly to himself, "it is all nonsense—all one part of de damn big trick and imposture. Devil! that one thick-skulled Scotch baronet, as I have led by the nose for five year, should cheat Herman Dousterswivel!"

As he had come to this conclusion an incident occurred which tended greatly to shake the grounds on which he had adopted it. Amid the melancholy sough of the dying wind and the plash of the raindrops on leaves and stones, arose, and apparently at no great distance from the listener, a strain of vocal music, so sad and solemn as if the departed spirits of the churchmen, who had once inhabited these deserted ruins, were mourning the solitude and desolation to which their hallowed precincts had been abandoned. Dousterswivel, who had now got upon his feet and was groping around the wall of the chancel, stood rooted to the ground on the occurrence of this new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentred in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unanimous information that the deep, wild, and prolonged chant which he now heard was the appropriate music of one of the most solemn dirges of the Church of Rome. Why performed in such a solitude, and by what class of choristers, were questions which the terrified imagination of the adept, stirred with all the German superstitions of nixies, oak-kings, werwolves, hobgoblins, black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, durst not even attempt to solve.

Another of his senses was soon engaged in the investigation. At the extremity of one of the transepts of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he recollected, to a sort of low vault or sacristy. As he cast his eye in the direction of the sound, he observed a strong reflection of red light glimmering through these bars, and against the steps which descended to them. Dousterswivel stood a moment uncertain what to do; then, suddenly forming a desperate resolution, he moved down the aisle to the place from which the light proceeded.

Fortified with the sign of the cross and as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate, from which, unseen, he could see what passed in the interior of the

vault. As he approached with timid and uncertain steps, the chant, after one or two wild and prolonged cadences, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he reached it, presented a singular spectacle in the interior of the sacristy. An open grave, with four tall flambeaux, each about six feet high, placed at the four corners; a bier, having a corpse in its shroud, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon tressels at one side of the grave, as if ready to be interred. A priest, dressed in his cope and stole, held open the service-book; another churchman in his vestments bore a holy-water sprinkler; and two boys in white surplices held censers with incense; a man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or infirmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, attired in deep mourning—such were the most prominent figures of the group. At a little distance were two or three persons of both sexes, attired in long mourning hoods and cloaks; and five or six others in the same lugubrious dress, still further removed from the body, around the walls of the vault stood ranged in motionless order, each bearing in his hand a huge torch of black wax. The smoky light from so many flambeaux, by the red and indistinct atmosphere which it spread around, gave a hazy, dubious, and, as it were, phantom-like appearance to the outlines of this singular apparition. The voice of the priest—loud, clear, and sonorous—now recited, from the breviary which he held in his hand, those solemn words which the ritual of the Catholic Church has consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust. Meanwhile Dousterswivel, the place, the hour, and the surprise considered, still remained uncertain whether what he saw was substantial, or an unearthly representation of the rites to which in former times these walls were familiar, but which are now rarely practiced in Protestant countries, and almost never in Scotland. He was uncertain whether to abide the conclusion of the ceremony or to endeavor to regain the chancel, when a change in his position made him visible through the grate to one of the attendant mourners. The person who first espied him indicated his discovery to the individual who stood apart and nearest to the coffin by a sign, and, upon his making a sign in reply, two of the group detached themselves, and, gliding along with noiseless steps, as if fearing to disturb the service, unlocked and opened the grate which separated them from the adept. Each took him by an arm, and, exerting a degree of force which he would have been incapable of resisting had his fear permitted him to attempt opposition, they placed

him on the ground in the chancel and sat down, one on each side of him, as if to detain him. Satisfied he was in the power of mortals like himself, the adept would have put some questions to them; but while one pointed to the vault, from which the sound of the priest's voice was distinctly heard, the other placed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, a hint which the German thought it most prudent to obey. And thus they detained him until a loud Alleluia, pealing through the deserted arches of St. Ruth, closed the singular ceremony which it had been his fortune to witness.

When the hymn had died away with all its echoes, the voice of one of the sable personages under whose guard the adept had remained, said, in a familiar tone and dialect, "Dear sirs, Mr. Dousterswivel, is this you? could not ye have let us ken an ye had wussed till hae been present at the ceremony? My lord couldna tak it weel your coming blinking and jinking in, in that fashion."

"In de name of all dat is gootness, tell me what you are?" interrupted the German in his turn.

"What I am? why, wha should I be but Ringan Aikwood, the Knockwinnock poinder? And what are ye doing here at this time o' night, unless ye were come to attend the leddy's burial?"

"I do declare to you, mine goot Poinder Aikwood," said the German, raising himself up, "that I have been this vary nights murdered, robbed, and put in fears of my life."

"Robbed! wha wad do sic a deed here? Murdered! odd, ye speak pretty blithe for a murdered man. Put in fear! what put you in fear, Mr. Dousterswivel?"

"I will tell you, Maister Poinder Aikwood Ringan, just dat old miscreant dog villain Blue-Gown as you call Edie Ochiltrees."

"I'll ne'er believe that," answered Ringan; "Edie was kend to me, and my father before me, for a true, loyal, and soothfast man; and, mair by token, he's sleeping up yonder in our barn, and has been since ten at e'en. Sae touch ye wha liket, Mr. Dousterswivel, and whether onybody touched ye or no, I'm sure Edie's sackless."

"Maister Ringan Aikwood Poinders, I do not know what you call sackless, but let alone all de oils and de soot dat you say he has, and I will tell you I was dis night robbed of fifty pounds by your oil and sooty friend, Edies Ochiltree; and he is no more in your barn even now dan I ever shall be in de kingdom of heafen."

"Weel, sir, if ye will gae up wi' me, as the burial com-

pany has dispersed, we'se mak ye down a bed at the lodge, and we'se see if Edie's at the barn. There were twa wild-looking chaps left the auld kirk when we were coming up wi' the corpse, that's certain; and the priest, wha likes ill that ony heretics should look on at our church ceremonies, sent twa o' the riding saulies after them; sae we'll hear a' about it frae them."

Thus speaking, the kindly apparition, with the assistance of the mute personage, who was his son, disencumbered himself of his cloak, and prepared to escort Dousterswivel to the place of that rest which the adept so much needed.

"I will apply to the magistrates to-morrow," said the adept; "*oder,* I will have de law put in force against all the peoples."

While he thus muttered vengeance against the cause of his injury, he tottered from among the ruins, supporting himself on Ringan and his son, whose assistance his state of weakness rendered very necessary.

When they were clear of the priory, and had gained the little meadow in which it stands, Dousterswivel could perceive the torches which had caused him so much alarm issuing in irregular procession from the ruins, and glancing their light, like that of the *ignis fatuus,* on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with a fluctuating and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

"We aye put out the torches at the Halie Cross Well on sic occasions," said the forester to his guest; and accordingly no further visible sign of the procession offered itself to Dousterswivel, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing echo of horses' hoofs in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course.

CHAPTER XXVI

O weel may the boatie row,
  And better may she speed,
And weel may the boatie row
  That earns the bairnies' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows weel,
And lightsome be their life that bear
  The merlin and the creel!

Old Ballad.

We must now introduce our reader to the interior of the fisher's cottage mentioned in chapter eleventh of this edifying history. I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. On the contrary, I am compelled to admit, there was confusion, there was dilapidation, there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the inmates, Luckie Mucklebackit and her family, an appearance of ease, plenty, and comfort that seemed to warrant their old sluttish proverb, "The clartier the cosier." A huge fire, though the season was summer, occupied the hearth, and served at once for affording light, heat, and the means of preparing food. The fishing had been successful, and the family, with customary improvidence, had, since unlading the cargo, continued an unremitting operation of broiling and frying that part of the produce reserved for home consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wooden trenchers, mingled with morsels of broken bannocks and shattered mugs of half-drunk beer. The stout and athletic form of Maggie herself, bustling here and there among a pack of half-grown girls and younger children, of whom she chucked one now here and another now there, with an exclamation of "Get out o' the gate, ye little sorrow!" was strongly contrasted with the passive and half-stupefied look and manner of her husband's mother, a woman advanced to the last stage of human life, who was seated in her wonted chair close by the fire, the warmth of which she coveted, yet hardly seemed to be sensible of, now muttering to herself, now smiling vacantly to the children as

they pulled the strings of her "toy" or close cap, or twitched her blue-checked apron. With her distaff in her bosom and her spindle in her hand, she plied lazily and mechanically the old-fashioned Scottish thrift, according to the old-fashioned Scottish manner. The younger children, crawling among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of grannie's spindle as it twisted, and now and then ventured to interrupt its progress as it danced upon the floor in those vagaries which the more regulated spinning-wheel has now so universally superseded that even the fated Princess of the fairy tale might roam through all Scotland without the risk of piercing her hand with a spindle and dying of the wound. Late as the hour was (and it was long past midnight), the whole family were still on foot, and far from proposing to go to bed; the dame was still busy broiling car-cakes on the girdle, and the elder girl, the half-naked mermaid elsewhere commemorated, was preparing a pile of Findhorn haddocks (that is, haddocks smoked with green wood), to be eaten along with these relishing provisions.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the door, accompanied with the question, "Are ye up yet, sirs?" announced a visitor. The answer "Ay, ay, come your ways ben, hinny," occasioned the lifting of the latch, and Jenny Rintherout, the female domestic of our Antiquary, made her appearance.

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the mistress of the family. "Hegh, sirs! can this be you, Jenny? a sight o' you's gude for sair een, lass."

"O, woman, we've been sae taen up wi' Captain Hector's wound up bye that I havena had my fit out ower the door this fortnight; but he's better now, and old Caxon sleeps in his room in case he wanted onything. Sae, as soon as our auld folk gaed to bed, I e'en snooded my head up a bit, and left the house-door on the latch, in case onybody should be wanting in or out while I was awa, and just cam down the gate to see an there was ony cracks amang ye."

"Ay, ay," answered Luckie Mucklebackit, "I see ye hae gotten a' your braws on. Ye're looking about for Steenie now; but he's no at hame the night, and ye'll no do for Steenie, lass: a feckless thing like you's no fit to mainteen a man."

"Steenie will no do for me," retorted Jenny, with a toss of her head that might have become a higher-born damsel; "I maun hae a man that can mainteen his wife."

"Ou, ay, hinny, thae's your landward and burrows-town

notions. My certie ! fisher-wives ken better ; they keep the man, and keep the house, and keep the siller too, lass."

"A wheen poor drudges ye are," answered the nymph of the land to the nymph of the sea. "As sune as the keel o' the coble touches the sand, deil a bit mair will the lazy fisher loons work, but the wives maun kilt their coats and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore. And then the man casts aff the wat and puts on the dry, and sits down wi' his pipe and his gill-stoup ahint the ingle, like ony auld houdie, and ne'er a turn will he do till the coble's afloat again ! And the wife, she maun get the scull on her back and awa wi' the fish to the next burrows-town, and scauld an ban wi' ilka wife that will scauld and ban wi' her till it's sauld ; and that's the gait fisher-wives live, puir slaving bodies."

"Slaves ! gae wa', lass ! Ca' the head o' the house slaves ? little ye ken about it, lass. Show me a word my Saunders daur speak, or a turn he daur do about the house, without it be just to tak his meat and his drink and his diversion, like ony o' the weans. He has mair sense than to ca' onything about the bigging his ain, frae the roof-tree down to a crackit trencher on the bink. He kens weel eneugh wha feeds him and cleeds him, and keeps a' tight, thack and rape, when his coble is jowing awa in the Firth, puir fallow. Na, na, lass ; them that sell the goods guide the purse ; them that guide the purse rule the house. Show me ane o' your bits o' farmer-bodies that wad let their wife drive the stock to the market and ca' in the debts. Na, na." *

"Aweel, aweel, Maggie, ilka land has its ain lauch. But where's Steenie the night, when a's come and gane ? And where's the gudeman ?"

"I hae puttin' the gudeman to his bed, for he was e'en sair forfairn ; and Steenie's awa out about some barns-breaking wi' the auld gaberlunzie, Edie Ochiltree ; they'll be in sune, and ye can sit doun."

"Troth, gudewife [taking a seat], I haena that muckle time to stop ; but I maun tell ye about the news. Ye'll hae heard o' the muckle kist o' gowd that Sir Arthur has fund down bye at St. Ruth ? He'll be grander than ever now ; he'll no can haud down his head to sneeze, for fear o' seeing his shoon."

"Ou ay, a' the country's heard o' that ; but auld Edie says they ca' it ten times mair than ever was o't, and he saw them howk it up. Odd, it would be lang or a puir body that needed it got sic a windfa'."

* See Scottish Fisher-Women. Note 8.

"Na, that's sure eneugh. And ye'll hae heard o' the Countess o' Glenallan being dead and lying in state, and how she's to be buried at St. Ruth's as this night fa's, wi' torch-light; and a' the papist servants, and Ringan Aikwood, that's a papist too, are to be there, and it will be the grandest show ever was seen."

"Troth, hinny," answered the Nereid, "if they let naebody but papists come there it'll no be muckle o' a show in this country; for the auld harlot, as honest Mr. Blattergowl ca's her, has few that drink o' her cup of enchantments, in this corner of our chosen lands. But what can ail them to bury the auld carlin—a rudas wife she was—in the night-time? I dare say our gudemither will ken."

Here she exalted her voice and exclaimed twice or thrice, "Gudemither! gudemither!" but, lost in the apathy of age and deafness, the aged sibyl she addressed continued plying her spindle without understanding the appeal made to her.

"Speak to your grandmither, Jenny; odd, I wad rather hail the coble half a mile aff, and the norwast wind whistling again in my teeth."

"Grannie," said the little mermaid, in a voice to which the old woman was better accustomed, "minnie wants to ken what for the Glenallan folk aye bury by candle-light in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

The old woman paused in the act of twirling the spindle, turned round to the rest of the party, lifted her withered, trembling, and clay-colored hand, raised up her ashen-hued and wrinkled face, which the quick motion of two light-blue eyes chiefly distinguished from the visage of a corpse, and, as if catching at any touch of association with the living world, answered, "What gars the Glenallan family inter their dead by torch-light, said the lassie? Is there a Glenallan dead e'en now?"

"We might be a' dead and buried too," said Maggie, "for onything ye wad ken about it;" and then, raising her voice to the stretch of her mother-in-law's comprehension, she added, "It's the auld Countess, gudemither."

"And is she ca'd hame, then, at last?" said the old woman, in a voice that seemed to be agitated with much more feeling than belonged to her extreme old age, and the general indifference and apathy of her manner—"is she then called to her last account after her lang race o' pride and power? O God forgie her!"

"But minnie was asking ye," resumed the lesser querist,

"what for the Glenallan family aye bury their dead by torch-light?"

"They hae aye dune sae," said the grandmother, "since the time the Great Earl fell in the sair battle o' the Harlaw, when they say the coronach was cried in ae day from the mouth o' the Tay to the Buck of the Cabrach, that ye wad hae heard nae other sound but that of lamentation for the great folks that had fa'en fighting against Donald of the Isles. But the Great Earl's mither was living—they were a doughty and a dour race the women o' the house o' Glenallan—and she wad hae nae coronach cried for her son, but had him laid in the silence o' midnight in his place o' rest, without either drinking the dirge or crying the lament. She said he had killed enow that day he died for the widows and daughters o' the Highlanders he had slain to cry the coronach for them they had lost and for her son too; and sae she laid him in his grave wi' dry eyes, and without a groan or a wail. And it was thought a proud word o' the family, and they aye stickit by it; and the mair in the latter times, because in the night-time they had mair freedom to perform their popish ceremonies by darkness and in secrecy than in the daylight; at least that was the case in my time. They wad hae been disturbed in the day-time baith by the law and the commons of Fairport. They may be owerlooked now, as I have heard; the warld's changed; I whiles hardly ken whether I am standing or sitting, or dead or living."

And looking round the fire, as if in the state of unconscious uncertainty of which she complained, old Elspeth relapsed into her habitual and mechanical occupation of twirling the spindle.

"Eh, sirs!" said Jenny Rintherout, under her breath to her gossip, "it's awsome to hear your gudemither break out in that gait; it's like the dead speaking to the living."

"Ye're no that far wrang, lass; she minds naething o' what passes the day, but set her on auld tales, and she can speak like a prent buke. She kens mair about the Glenallan family than maist folk; the gudeman's father was their fisher mony a day. Ye maun ken the papists make a great point o' eating fish; it's nae bad part o' their religion that, whatever the rest is. I could aye sell the best o' fish at the best o' prices for the Countess's ain table, grace be wi' her! especially on a Friday. But see as our gudemither's hands and lips are ganging; now it's working in her head like barm. She'll speak eneugh the night; whiles she'll no speak a word in a week, unless it be to the bits o' bairns."

"Hegh, Mrs. Mucklebackit, she's an awsome wife!" said Jenny in reply. "D'ye think she's a'thegither right? Folk says she downa gang to the kirk or speak to the minister, and that she was ance a papist; but since her gudeman's been dead naebody kens what she is. D'ye think yoursell that she's no uncanny?"

"Canny, ye silly tawpie! think ye ae auld wife's less canny than anither? unless it be Ailison Breck; I really couldna in conscience swear for her; I have kent the boxes she set fill'd wi' partans, when——"

"Whisht, whisht, Maggie," whispered Jenny, "your gudemither's gaun to speak again."

"Wasna there some ane o' ye said," asked the old sibyl, "or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that Joscelind, Lady Glenallan, is dead, an buried this night?"

"Yes, gudemither," screamed the daughter-in-law, "it's e'en sae."

"And e'en sae let it be," said old Elspeth; "she's made mony a sair heart in her day; ay, e'en her ain son's. Is he living yet?"

"Ay, he's living yet, but how lang he'll live—however, dinna ye mind his coming and asking after you in the spring, and leaving siller?"

"It may be sae, Maggie, I dinna mind it; but a handsome gentleman he was, and his father before him. Eh! if his father had lived they might hae been happy folk! But he was gane, and the lady carried it in-ower and out-ower wi' her son, and garr'd him trow the thing he never suld hae trowed, and do the thing he has repented a' his life, and will repent still, were his life as lang as this lang and wearisome ane o' mine."

"O what was it, grannie?" and "What was it, gudemither?" and "What was it, Luckie Elspeth?" asked the children, the mother, and the visitor in one breath.

"Never ask what it was," answered the old sibyl, "but pray to God that ye arena left to the pride and wilfu'ness o' your ain hearts. They may be as powerful in a cabin as in a castle; I can bear a sad witness to that. O that weary and fearfu' night! will it never gang out o' my auld head? Eh! to see her lying on the floor wi' her lang hair dreeping wi' the salt water! Heaven will avenge on a' that had to do wi't. Sirs! is my son out wi' the coble this windy e'en?"

"Na, na, mither; nae coble can keep the sea this wind; he's sleeping in his bed out-ower yonder ahint the hallan."

"Is Steenie out at sea, then?"

"Na, grannie, Steenie's awa out wi' auld Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie; maybe they'll be gaun to see the burial."

"That canna be," said the mother of the family. "We kent naething o't till Jock Rand cam in, and tauld us the Aikwoods had warning to attend; they keep thae things unco private, and they were to bring the corpse a' the way frae the castle, ten miles off, under cloud o' night. She has lain in state this ten days at Glenallan House, in a grand chamber, a' hung wi' black and lighted wi' wax cannle."

"God assoilzie her!" ejaculated old Elspeth, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death; "she was a hard-hearted woman, but she's gaen to account for it a', and His mercy is infinite. God grant she may find it sae!" And she relapsed into silence, which she did not break again during the rest of the evening.

"I wonder what that auld daft beggar-carle and our son Steenie can be doing out in sic a night as this," said Maggie Mucklebackit, and her expression of surprise was echoed by her visitor. "Gang awa, ane o' ye, hinnies, up to the heugh head, and gie them a cry in case they're within hearing; the car-cakes will be burned to a cinder."

The little emissary departed, but in a few minutes came running back with the loud exclamation, "Eh, minnie! eh, grannie! there's a white bogle chasing twa black anes down the heugh."

A noise of footsteps followed this singular annunciation, and young Steenie Mucklebackit, closely followed by Edie Ochiltree, bounced into the hut. They were panting and out of breath. The first thing Steenie did was to look for the bar of the door, which his mother reminded him had been broken up for firewood in the hard winter three years ago; "for what use," she said, "had the like o' them for bars?"

"There's naebody chasing us," said the beggar, after he had taken his breath; "we're e'en like the wicked, that flee when no one pursueth."

"Troth, but we were chased," said Steenie, "by a spirit, or something little better."

"It was a man in white on horseback," said Edie, "for the saft grund, that wadna bear the beast, flung him about, I wot that weel; but I didna think my auld legs could have brought me aff as fast; I ran amaist as fast as if I had been at Prestonpans." *

* Referring to the flight of the Government forces at the battle of Prestonpans, 1745 (*Laing*).

"Hout, ye daft gowks," said Luckie Mucklebackit, "it will hae been some o' the riders at the Countess's burial."

"What!" said Edie, "is the auld Countess buried the night at St. Ruth's? Ou, that wad be the lights and the noise that scarr'd us awa. I wish I had kend, I wad hae stude them, and no left the man yonder; but they'll take care o' him. Ye strake ower hard, Steenie; I doubt ye foundered the chield."

"Ne'er a bit," said Steenie, laughing; "he has braw broad shouthers, and I just took the measure o' them wi' the stang. Odd, if I hadna been something short wi' him he wad hae knockit your auld harns out, lad."

"Weel, an I win clear o' this scrape," said Edie, "I'se tempt Providence nae mair. But I canna think it an unlawfu' thing to pit a bit trick on sic a landlouping scoundrel that just lives by tricking honester folk."

"But what are we to do with this?" said Steenie, producing a pocket-book.

"Odd guide us, man," said Edie, in great alarm, "what gar'd ye touch the gear? a very leaf o' that pocket-book wad be eneugh to hang us baith."

"I dinna ken," said Steenie; "the book had fa'en out o' his pocket, I fancy, for I fand it amang my feet when I was graping about to set him on his legs again, and I just pat it in my pouch to keep it safe; and then came the tramp of horse, and you cried, 'Rin, rin,' and I had na mair thought o' the book."

"We maun get it back to the loon some gait or other; ye had better take it yoursell, I think wi' peep o' light, up to Ringan Aikwood's. I wadna for a hundred pounds it was fund in our hands."

Steenie undertook to do as he was directed.

"A bonny night ye hae made o't, Mr. Steenie," said Jenny Rintherout, who, impatient of remaining so long unnoticed, now presented herself to the young fisherman—"a bonny night ye hae made o't, tramping about wi' gaberlunzies, and getting yoursell hunted wi' worriecows, when ye saud be sleeping in your bed like your father, honest man."

This attack called forth a suitable response of rustic raillery from the young fisherman. An attack was now commenced upon the car-cakes and smoked fish, and sustained with great perseverance by assistance of a bicker or two of twopenny ale and a bottle of gin. The medicant then retired to the straw of an out-house adjoining; the children had one by one crept into their nests; the old grandmother was de-

posited in her flock-bed ; Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany Miss Rintherout to her own mansion, and at what hour he returned the story saith not; and the matron of the family, having laid the gathering-coal upon the fire and put things in some sort of order, retired to rest the last of the family.

CHAPTER XXVII

> Many great ones
> Would part with half their states to have the plan
> And credit to beg in the first style.
>
> *Beggar's Bush.*

Old Edie was stirring with the lark, and his first inquiry was after Steenie and the pocket-book. The young fisherman had been under the necessity of attending his father before day-break to avail themselves of the tide, but he had promised that, immediately on his return, the pocket-book, with all its contents, carefully wrapped up in a piece of sail-cloth, should be delivered by him to Ringan Aikwood, for Dousterswivel, the owner.

The matron had prepared the morning meal for the family, and, shouldering her basket of fish, tramped sturdily away towards Fairport. The children were idling round the door, for the day was fair and sunshiny. The ancient grandame, again seated on her wicker-chair by the fire, had resumed her eternal spindle, wholly unmoved by the yelling and screaming of the children, and the scolding of the mother, which had preceded the dispersion of the family. Edie had arranged his various bags, and was bound for the renewal of his wandering life, but first advanced with due courtesy to take his leave of the ancient crone.

"Gude day to ye, cummer, and mony ane o' them. I will be back about the fore-end o' har'st, and I trust to find ye baith haill and fere."

"Pray that ye may find me in my quiet grave," said the old woman, in a hollow and sepulchral voice, but without the agitation of a single feature.

"Ye're auld, cummer, and sae am I mysell; but we maun abide His will; we'll no be forgotten in His good time."

"Nor our deeds neither," said the crone; "what's dune in the body maun be answered in the spirit."

"I wot that's true; and I may weel tak the tale hame to mysell, that hae led a misruled and roving life. But ye were aye a canny wife. We're a' frail, but ye canna hae sae muckle to bow ye down."

"Less than I might have had; but mair, O far mair, than wad sink the stoutest brig e'er sailed out o' Fairport harbor! Didna somebody say yestreen—at least sae it is borne in on my mind, but auld folk hae weak fancies—did not somebody say that Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, was departed frae life?"

"They said the truth whaever said it," answered Old Edie; "she was buried yestreen by torch-light at St. Ruth's, and I, like a fule, gat a gliff wi' seeing the lights and the riders."

"It was their fashion since the days of the Great Earl that was killed at Harlaw. They did it to show scorn that they should die and be buried like other mortals. The wives o' the house of Glenallan wailed nae wail for the husband, nor the sister for the brother. But is she e'en ca'd to the lang account?"

"As sure," answered Edie, "as we maun a' abide it."

"Then I'll unlade my mind, come o't what will."

This she spoke with more alacrity than usually attended her expressions, and accompanied her words with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing something from her. She then raised up her form, once tall, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and rheumatism, and stood before the beggar like a mummy animated by some wandering spirit into a temporary resurrection. Her light-blue eyes wandered to and fro, as if she occasionally forgot and again remembered the purpose for which her long and withered hand was searching among the miscellaneous contents of an ample old-fashioned pocket. At length she pulled out a small chip-box, and opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a braid of hair, composed of two different colors, black and light brown, twined together, encircled with brilliants of considerable value.

"Gudeman," she said to Ochiltree, "as ye wad e'er deserve mercy, ye maun gang my errand to the house of Glenallan and ask for the Earl."

"The Earl of Glenallan, cummer! ou, he winna see ony o' the gentles o' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wad see the like o' an auld gaberlunzie?"

"Gang your ways and try, and tell him that Elspeth o' the Craigburntoot—he'll mind me best by that name—maun see him or she be relieved frae her lang pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token of the business she wad speak o'."

Ochiltree looked on the ring with some admiration of its

apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wrapping it in an old ragged handkerchief, he deposited the token in his bosom.

"Weel, gudewife," he said, "I'se do your bidding, or it's no be my fault. But surely there was never sic a braw propine as this sent to a yerl by an auld fish-wife, and through the hands of a gaberlunzie beggar."

With this reflection Edie took up his pike-staff, put on his broad-brimmed bonnet, and set forth upon his pilgrimage. The old woman remained for some time standing in a fixed posture, her eyes directed to the door through which her ambassador had departed. The appearance of excitation which the conversation had occasioned gradually left her features, she sunk down upon her accustomed seat, and resumed her mechanical labor of the distaff and spindle with her wonted air of apathy.

Edie Ochiltree meanwhile advanced on his journey. The distance to Glenallan was ten miles, a march which the old soldier accomplished in about four hours. With the curiosity belonging to his idle trade and animated character, he tortured himself the whole way to consider what could be the meaning of this mysterious errand with which he was intrusted, or what connection the proud, wealthy, and powerful Earl of Glenallan could have with the crimes or penitence of an old doting woman, whose rank in life did not greatly exceed that of her messenger. He endeavored to call to memory all that he had ever known or heard of the Glenallan family, yet, having done so, remained altogether unable to form a conjecture on the subject. He knew that the whole extensive estate of this ancient and powerful family had descended to the Countess lately deceased, who inherited in a most remarkable degree the stern, fierce, and unbending character which had distinguished the house of Glenallan since they first figured in Scottish annals. Like the rest of her ancestors, she adhered zealously to the Roman Catholic faith, and was married to an English gentleman of the same communion, and of large fortune, who did not survive their union two years. The Countess was therefore left an early widow, with the uncontrolled management of the large estates of her two sons. The elder, Lord Geraldin, who was to succeed to the title and fortune of Glenallan, was totally dependent on his mother during her life. The second, when he came of age, assumed the name and arms of his father, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of the Countess's marriage settlement. After this period he

chiefly resided in England and paid very few and brief visits to his mother and brother; and these at length were altogether dispensed with, in consequence of his becoming a convert to the reformed religion.

But even before this mortal offence was given to its mistress, his residence at Glenallan offered few inducements to a gay young man like Edward Geraldin Neville, though its gloom and seclusion seemed to suit the retired and melancholy habits of his elder brother. Lord Geraldin in the outset of life had been a young man of accomplishment and hopes. Those who knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such fair dawns are often strangely overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and, after living about a year in his mother's society at Glenallan House, he seemed to have adopted all the stern gloom and melancholy of her character. Excluded from politics by the incapacities attached to those of his religion, and from all lighter avocations by choice, Lord Geraldin led a life of the strictest retirement. His ordinary society was composed of the clergymen of his communion, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely, upon stated occasions of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenallan House. But this was all. Their heretic neighbors knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little more than the sumptuous entertainment and solemn parade which was exhibited on those former occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether most to wonder at the stern and stately demeanor of the Countess, or the deep and gloomy dejection which never ceased for a moment to cloud the features of her son. The late event had put him in possession of his fortune and title, and the neighborhood had already begun to conjecture whether gayety would revive with independence, when those who had some occasional acquaintance with the interior of the family spread abroad a report that the Earl's constitution was undermined by religious austerities, and that in all probability he would soon follow his mother to the grave. This event was the more probable, as his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which in the latter years of his life had affected at once his frame and his spirits; so that heralds and genealogists were already looking back into their records to discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and lawyers were talking with gleesome anticipation of the probability of a "great Glenallan cause."

As Edie Ochiltree approached the front of Glenallan

House,* an ancient building of great extent, the most modern part of which had been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones, he began to consider in what way he should be most likely to gain access for delivery of his message ; and, after much consideration, resolved to send the token to the earl by one of the domestics. With this purpose he stopped at a cottage, where he obtained the means of making up the ring in a sealed packet like a petition, addressed, *Forr his Hounor the Yerl of Glenallan—These.* But, being aware that missives delivered at the doors of great houses by such persons as himself do not always make their way according to address, Edie determined, like an old soldier, to reconnoitre the ground before he made his final attack. As he approached the porter's lodge he discovered, by the number of poor ranked before it —some of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, and others itinerants of his own begging profession—that there was about to be a general dole or distribution of charity.

"A good turn," said Edie to himself, "never goes unrewarded ; I'll maybe get a good awmous that I wad hae missed but for trotting on this auld wife's errand."

Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of this ragged regiment, assuming a station as near the front as possible—a distinction due, as he conceived, to his blue gown and badge, no less than to his years and experience ; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in this assembly to which he had not adverted.

"Are ye a triple man, friend, that ye press forward sae bauldly ? I'm thinking no, for there's nae Catholics wear that badge."

"Na, na, I am no a Roman," said Edie.

"Then shank yoursell awa to the double folk, or single folk, that's the Episcopals or Presbyterians yonder ; it's a shame to see a heretic hae sic a lang white beard, that would do credit to a hermit."

Ochiltree, thus rejected from the society of the Catholic mendicants, or those who called themselves such, went to station himself with the paupers of the communion of the Church of England, to whom the noble donor allotted a double portion of his charity. But never was a poor occasional conformist more roughly rejected by a High Church congregation, even when that matter was furiously agitated in the days of good Queen Anne.

"See to him wi' his badge !" they said ; "he hears ane o' the king's Presbyterian chaplains sough out a sermon on

* Supposed to represent Glamis Castle in Forfarshire (*Laing*)

the morning of every birthday, and now he would pass himsell for ane o' the Episcopal Church! Na, na! we'll take care o' that."

Edie, thus rejected by Rome and prelacy, was fain to shelter himself from the laughter of his brethren among the thin group of Presbyterians, who had either disdained to disguise their religious opinions for the sake of an augmented dole, or perhaps knew they could not attempt the imposition without a certainty of detection.

The same degree of precedence was observed in the mode of distributing the charity, which consisted in bread, beef, and a piece of money to each individual of all the three classes. The almoner, an ecclesiastic of grave appearance and demeanor, superintended in person the accommodation of the Catholic mendicants, asking a question or two of each as he delivered the charity, and recommending to their prayers the soul of Joscelind, late Countess of Glenallan, mother of their benefactor. The porter, distinguished by his long staff headed with silver, and by the black gown tufted with lace of the same color, which he had assumed upon the general mourning in the family, overlooked the distribution of the dole among the prelatists. The less-favored kirk-folk were committed to the charge of an aged domestic.

As this last discussed some disputed point with the porter, his name, as it chanced to be occasionally mentioned, and then his features, struck Ochiltree, and awakened recollections of former times. The rest of the assembly were now retiring, when the domestic, again approaching the place where Edie still lingered, said, in a strong Aberdeenshire accent, "Fat is the auld feel-body deeing that he canna gang avay, now that he's gotten baith meat and siller?"

"Francie Macraw," answered Edie Ochiltree, "d'ye no mind Fontenoy, and 'Keep thegither, front and rear!'"

"Ohon, ohon!" cried Francie, with a true north country yell of recognition, "naebody could hae said that word but my auld front-rank man, Edie Ochiltree! But I'm sorry to see ye in sic a peer state, man."

"No sae ill aff as ye may think, Francie. But I'm laith to leave this place without a crack wi' you, and I kenna when I may see you again, for your folk dinna mak Protestants welcome, and that's ae reason that I hae never been here before."

"Fusht, fusht," said Francie, "let that flee stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out—and come you awa wi' me, and I'll gie ye something better than that beef bane, man."

Having then spoke a confidential word with the porter (probably to request his connivance), and having waited until the almoner had returned into the house with slow and solemn steps, Francie Macraw introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenallan House, the gloomy gateway of which was surmounted by a huge scutcheon, in which the herald and undertaker had mingled, as usual, the emblems of human pride and of human nothingness: the Countess's hereditary coat-of-arms, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a lozenge, and surrounded by the separate shields of her paternal and maternal ancestry, intermingled with scythes, hour-glasses, skulls, and other symbols of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Conducting his friend as speedily as possible along the large paved court, Macraw led the way through a side-door to a small apartment near the servants' hall, which, in virtue of his personal attendance upon the Earl of Glenallan, he was entitled to call his own. To produce cold meat of various kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of Francie's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of conscious dignity, the keen northern prudence which recommended a good understanding with the butler. Our mendicant envoy drank ale and talked over old stories with his comrade, until, no other topic of conversation occurring, he resolved to take up the theme of his embassy, which had for some time escaped his memory.

"He had a petition to present to the Earl," he said; for he judged it prudent to say nothing of the ring, not knowing, as he afterwards observed, how far the manners of a single soldier might have been corrupted by service in a great house.

"Hout, tout, man," said Francie, "the Earl will look at nae petitions; but I can gie't to the almoner."

"But it relates to some secret, that maybe my lord wad like best to see't himself."

"I'm jeedging that's the very reason that the almoner will be for seeing it the first and foremost."

"But I hae come a' this way on purpose to deliver it, Francie, and ye really maun help me at a pinch."

"Ne'er speed then if I dinna," answered the Aberdeenshire man; "let them be as cankered as they like, they can but turn me awa, and I was just thinking to ask my discharge and gang down to end my days at Inverurie."

With this doughty resolution of serving his friend at all ventures, since none was to be encountered which could much inconvenience himself, Francie Macraw left the apartment.

It was long before he returned, and when he did his manner indicated wonder and agitation.

"I am nae se ere gin ye be Edie Ochiltree o' Carrick's company in the Forty-twa, or gin ye be the deil in his likeness!"

"And what makes ye speak in that gait?" demanded the astonished mendicant.

"Because my lord has been in sic a distress and seerpreese as I ne'er saw a man in my life. But he'll see you; I got that job cookit. He was like a man awa frae himsell, for mony minutes, and I thought he wad hae swarv't a'thegither; and fan he cam to himsell he asked fae brought the packet, and fat trow ye I said?"

"An auld soger," says Edie; "that does likeliest at a gentle's door; at a farmer's it's best to say ye're an auld tinkler, if ye need ony quarters, for maybe the gudewife will hae something to souther."

"But I said ne'er ane o' the twa," answered Francie; "my lord cares as little about the tane as the tother, for he's best to them that can souther up our sins. Sae I e'en said the bit paper was brought by an auld man wi' a lang fite beard; he might be a capeechin freer for fat I kend, for he was dressed like an auld palmer. Sae ye'll be sent for up fanever he can find mettle to face ye."

"I wish I was weel through this business," thought Edie to himself; "mony folk surmise that the Earl's no very right in the judgment, and wha can say how far he may be offended wi' me for taking upon me sae muckle?"

But there was now no room for retreat: a bell sounded from a distant part of the mansion, and Macraw said, with a smothered accent, as if already in his master's presence, "That's my lord's bell! follow me, and step lightly and cannily, Edie."

Edie followed his guide, who seemed to tread as if afraid of being overheard, through a long passage and up a backstair, which admitted them into the family apartments. They were ample and extensive, furnished at such cost as showed the ancient importance and splendor of the family. But all the ornaments were in the taste of a former and distant period, and one would have almost supposed himself traversing the halls of a Scottish nobleman before the union of the crowns. The late Countess, partly from a haughty contempt of the times in which she lived, partly from her sense of family pride, had not permitted the furniture to be altered or modernized during her residence at Glenallan

House. The most magnificent part of the decorations was a valuable collection of pictures by the best masters, whose massive frames were somewhat tarnished by time. In this particular also the gloomy taste of the family seemed to predominate. There were some fine family portraits by Vandyke and other masters of eminence; but the collection was richest in the Saints and Martyrdoms of Domenichino, Velasquez, and Murillo, and other subjects of the same kind, which had been selected in preference to landscapes or historical pieces. The manner in which these awful, and sometimes disgusting, subjects were represented harmonized with the gloomy state of the apartments; a circumstance which was not altogether lost on the old man, as he traversed them under the guidance of his quondam fellow-soldier. He was about to express some sentiment of this kind, but Francie imposed silence on him by signs, and, opening a door at the end of the long picture-gallery, ushered him into a small antechamber hung with black. Here they found the almoner, with his ear turned to a door opposite that by which they entered, in the attitude of one who listens with attention, but is at the same time afraid of being detected in the act.

The old domestic and churchman started when they perceived each other. But the almoner first recovered his recollection, and, advancing towards Macraw, said under his breath, but with an authoritative tone, "How dare you approach the Earl's apartment without knocking? and who is this stranger, or what has he to do here? Retire to the gallery, and wait for me there."

"It's impossible just now to attend your reverence," answered Macraw, raising his voice so as to be heard in the next room, being conscious that the priest would not maintain the altercation within hearing of his patron; "the Earl's bell has rung."

He had scarce uttered the words when it was rung again with greater violence than before; and the ecclesiastic, perceiving further expostulation impossible, lifted his finger at Macraw with a menacing attitude, as he left the apartment.

"I tell'd ye sae," said the Aberdeen man in a whisper to Edie, and then proceeded to open the door near which they had observed the chaplain stationed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

This ring—
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of Pleasure to my fears,
Conjured the sense of honor and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself.
The Fatal Marriage.

THE ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glenallan House, notwithstanding the obduracy with which the members of the family were popularly supposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the fatal letter announcing the death of her second, and, as was once believed, her favorite son, the hand of the Countess did not shake nor her eyelid twinkle, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business. Heaven only knows whether the suppression of maternal sorrow which her pride commanded might not have some effect in hastening her own death. It was at least generally supposed that the apoplectic stroke which so soon afterwards terminated her existence was, as it were, the vengeance of outraged nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. But, although Lady Glenallan forbore the usual external signs of grief, she had caused many of the apartments, among others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the exterior trappings of woe.

The Earl of Glenallan was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black baize, placed towards the high and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, that represented, with such skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and sorrows of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light which arises from the mingling of artificial lustre with that of general daylight. The same table displayed a silver crucifix and one or two clasped parchment books. A large picture, exquisitely painted by

Spagnoletto, represented the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

The inhabitant and lord of this disconsolate chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of manhood ; and when he hastily arose and advanced towards his visitor the exertion seemed almost to overpower his emaciated frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was very striking. The hale cheek, firm step, erect stature, and undaunted presence and bearing of the old mendicant, indicated patience and content in the extremity of age, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink ; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and tottering form of the nobleman with whom he was confronted, showed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that which gives repose to the mind and firmness to the frame.

The Earl met the old man in the middle of the room, and having commanded his attendant to withdraw into the gallery and suffer no one to enter the antechamber till he rung the bell, awaited, with hurried, yet fearful impatience, until he heard first the door of his apartment and then that of the antechamber shut and fastened by the spring-bolt. When he was satisfied with this security against being overheard, Lord Glenallan came close up to the mendicant, whom he probably mistook for some person of a religious order in disguise, said in a hasty yet faltering tone, "In the name of all our religion holds most holy, tell me, reverend father, what I am to expect from a communication opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections ?"

The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to undeceive him. "Tell me," continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing trepidation and agony—"tell me, do you come to say that all that has been done to expiate guilt so horrible has been too little and too trivial for the offence, and to point out new and more efficacious modes of severe penance ? I will not blench from it, father ; let me suffer the pains of my crime here in the body, rather than hereafter in the spirit !"

Edie had now recollection enough to perceive that, if he did not interrupt the frankness of Lord Glenallan's admissions, he was likely to become the confidant of more than might be safe for him to know. He therefore uttered with a hasty and trembling voice—"Your lordship's honor is mistaken : I am

not of your persuasion nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, only puir Edie Ochiltree, the king's bedesman and your honor's."

This explanation he accompanied by a profound bow after his manner, and then, drawing himself up erect, rested his arm on his staff, threw back his long white hair, and fixed his eyes upon the Earl, as he waited for an answer.

"And you are not, then," said Lord Glenallan after a pause of surprise—"you are not, then, a Catholic priest?"

"God forbid!" said Edie, forgetting in his confusion to whom he was speaking; "I am only the king's bedesman and your honor's, as I said before."

The Earl turned hastily away and paced the room twice or thrice, as if to recover the effects of his mistake, and then, coming close up to the mendicant, he demanded, in a stern and commanding tone, what he meant by intruding himself on his privacy, and from whence he had got the ring which he had thought proper to send him. Edie, a man of much spirit, was less daunted at this mode of interrogation than he had been confused by the tone of confidence in which the Earl had opened their conversation. To the reiterated question from whom he had obtained the ring, he answered composedly, "From one who was better known to the Earl than to him."

"Better known to me, fellow?" said Lord Glenallan; "what is your meaning? Explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequence of breaking in upon the hours of family distress."

"It was auld Elspeth Mucklebackit that sent me here," said the beggar, "in order to say——"

"You dote, old man!" said the Earl, "I never heard the name; but this dreadful token reminds me——"

"I mind now, my lord," said Ochiltree; "she tauld me your lordship would be mair familiar wi' her if I ca'd her Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot. She had that name when she lived on your honor's land, that is, your honor's worshipful mother's that was then. Grace be wi' her!"

"Ay," said the appalled nobleman, as his countenance sunk, and his cheek assumed a hue yet more cadaverous, "that name is indeed written in the most tragic page of a deplorable history. But what can she desire of me? Is she dead or living?"

"Living, my lord; and entreats to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon her very soul, and she says she canna flit in peace until she sees you."

"Not until she sees me! what can that mean? but she is doting with age and infirmity. I tell thee, friend, I called at her cottage myself, not a twelvemonth since, from a report that she was in distress, and she did not even know my face or voice."

"If your honor wad permit me," said Edie, to whom the length of the conference restored a part of his professional audacity and native talkativeness—"if your honor wad but permit me. I wad say, under correction of your lordship's better judgment, that auld Elspeth's like some of the ancient ruined strengths and castles that ane sees amang the hills. There are mony parts of her mind that appear, as I may say, laid waste and decayed, but then there's parts that look the steever and the stronger and the grander because they are rising just like to fragments amang the ruins o' the rest. She's an awful woman."

"She always was so," said the Earl, almost unconsciously echoing the observation of the mendicant—"she always was different from other women, likest perhaps to her who is now no more in her temper and turn of mind. She wishes to see me, then?"

"Before she dies," said Edie, "she earnestly entreats that pleasure."

"It will be a pleasure to neither of us," said the Earl, sternly, "yet she shall be gratified. She lives, I think, on the seashore to the southward of Fairport?"

"Just between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock Castle, but nearer to Monkbarns. Your lordship's honor will ken the Laird and Sir Arthur, doubtless?"

A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenallan's answer. Edie saw his mind was elsewhere, and did not venture to repeat a query which was so little germain to the matter.

"Are you a Catholic, old man?" demanded the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Ochiltree, stoutly, for the remembrance of the unequal division of the dole rose in his mind at the moment; "I thank Heaven I am a good Protestant."

"He who can conscientiously call himself *good* has indeed reason to thank Heaven, be his form of Christianity what it will. But who is he that shall dare to do so?"

"Not I," said Edie: "I trust to beware of the sin of presumption."

"What was your trade in your youth?" continued the Earl.

"A soldier, my lord; and mony a sair day's kemping I've seen. I was to have been made a sergeant, but——"

"A soldier! then you have slain and burned, and sacked and spoiled?"

"I winna say," replied Edie, "that I have been better than my neighbors: it's a rough trade; war's sweet to them that never tried it."

"And you are now old and miserable, asking from precarious charity the food which in your youth you tore from the hand of the poor peasant?"

"I am a beggar, it is true, my lord; but I am nae just sae miserable neither. For my sins, I hae had grace to repent of them, if I might say sae, and to lay them where they may be better borne than by me; and for my food, naebody grudges an auld man a bit and a drink. Sae I live as I can, and am contented to die when I am ca'd upon."

"And thus, then, with little to look back upon that is pleasant or praiseworthy in your past life, with less to look forward to on this side of eternity, you are contented to drag out the rest of your existence. Go, begone; and, in your age and poverty and weariness, never envy the lord of such a mansion as this, either in his sleeping or waking moments. Here is something for thee."

The Earl put into the old man's hand five or six guineas. Edie would, perhaps, have stated his scruples, as upon other occasions, to the amount of the benefaction, but the tone of Lord Glenallan was too absolute to admit of either answer or dispute. The Earl then called his servant—"See this old man safe from the castle, let no one ask him any questions; and you, friend, begone, and forget the road that leads to my house."

"That would be difficult for me," said Edie, looking at the gold which he still held in his hand—"that would be e'en difficult, since your honor has gien me such gude cause to remember it."

Lord Glenallan stared, as hardly comprehending the old man's boldness in daring to bandy words with him, and with his hand made him another signal of departure, which the mendicant instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER XXIX

> For he was one in all their idle sport,
> And, like a monarch, ruled their little court;
> The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
> The bat, the wicket, were his labors all.
>
> CRABBE'S *Village.*

FRANCIS MACRAW, agreeably to the commands of his master, attended the mendicant, in order to see him fairly out of the estate without permitting him to have conversation or intercourse with any of the Earl's dependants or domestics. But, judiciously considering that the restriction did not extend to himself, who was the person intrusted with the convoy, he used every measure in his power to extort from Edie the nature of his confidential and secret interview with Lord Glenallan. But Edie had been in his time accustomed to cross-examinations, and easily evaded those of his quondam comrade. "The secrets of grit folk," said Ochiltree within himself, "are just like the wild beasts that are shut up in cages. Keep them hard and fast snecked up, and it's a' very weel or better; but anes let them out, they will turn and rend you. I mind how ill Dugald Gunn cam aff for letting loose his tongue about the Major's leddy and Captain Bandilier."

Francie was therefore foiled in his assaults upon the fidelity of the mendicant, and, like an indifferent chess-player, became at every unsuccessful movement more liable to the counterchecks of his opponent.

"Sae ye uphauld ye had nae particulars to say to my lord but about your ain matters?"

"Ay, and about the wee bits o' things I had brought frae abroad," said Edie. "I kend you papist folk are unco set on the relics that are fetched frae far—kirks and sae forth."

"Troth, my lord maun be turned feel outright," said the domestic, "an he puts himsell into sic a curfuffle for onything ye could bring him, Edie."

"I doubtna ye may say true in the main, neighbor," replied the beggar; "but maybe he's had some hard play in his younger days, Francie, and that whiles unsettles folk sair,"

"Troth, Edie, and ye may say that; and since it's like ye'll ne'er come back to the estate, or, if ye dee, that ye'll no find me there, I'se e'en tell you he had a heart in his young time sae wrecked and rent that it's a wonder it hasna broken outright lang afore this day."

"Ay, say ye sae?" said Ochiltree; "that maun hae been about a woman, I reckon?"

"Troth, and ye hae guessed it," said Francie, "jeest a cusin o' his nain, Miss Eveline Neville, as they suld hae ca'd her; there was a sough in the country about it, but it was hushed up, as the grandees were concerned. It's mair than twenty years syne; ay, it will be three-and-twenty."

"Ay, I was in America then," said the mendicant, "and no in the way to hear the country clashes."

"There was little clash about it, man," replied Macraw; "he liked this young leddy, and suld hae married her, but his mother fand it out, and then the deil gaed o'er Jock Wabster. At last the peer lass clodded hersell o'er the scaur at the Craigburnfoot into the sea, and there was an end o't."

"An end o't wi' the puir leddy," said the mendicant, "but, as I rackon, nae end o't wi' the yerl."

"Nae end o't till his life makes an end," answered the Aberdonian.

"But what for did the auld Countess forbid the marriage?" continued the persevering querist.

"Fat for? she maybe didna weel ken for fat hersell, for she gar'd a' bow to her bidding, right or wrang. But it was kend the young leddy was inclined to some o' the heresies of the country; mair by token, she was sib to him nearer than our Church's rule admits of. Sae the leddy was driven to the desperate act, and the yerl has never since held his head up like a man."

"Weel away!" replied Ochiltree; "it's e'en queer I ne'er heard this tale afore."

"It's e'en queer that ye hear it now, for deil ane o' the servants durst hae spoken o't had the auld Countess been living. Eh! man, Edie, but she was a trimmer, it wad hae taen a skeely man to hae squared wi' her! But she's in her grave, and we may loose our tongues a bit fan we meet a friend. But fare ye weel, Edie, I maun be back to the evening service. An ye come to Inverurie maybe sax months awa, dinna forget to ask after Francie Macraw."

What one kindly pressed the other as firmly promised; and the friends having thus parted with every testimony of mutual regard, the domestic of Lord Glenallan took his road

back to the seat of his master, leaving Ochiltree to trace onward his habitual pilgrimage.

It was a fine summer evening, and the world, that is, the little circle which was all in all to the individual by whom it was trodden, lay before Edie Ochiltree, for the choosing of his night's quarters. When he had passed the less hospitable domains of Glenallan, he had in his option so many places of refuge for the evening that he was nice and even fastidious in the choice. Ailie Sim's public was on the roadside about a mile before him; but there would be a parcel of young fellows there on the Saturday night, and that was a bar to civil conversation. Other "gudemen" and "gudewives," as the farmers and their dames are termed in Scotland, successively presented themselves to his imagination. But one was deaf, and could not hear him; another toothless, and could not make him hear; a third had a cross temper; and a fourth an ill-natured house-dog. At Monkbarns or Knockwinnock he was sure of a favorable and hospitable reception; but they lay too distant to be conveniently reached that night.

"I dinna ken how it is," said the old man, "but I am nicer about my quarters this night than ever I mind having been in my life. I think having seen a' the braws yonder, and finding out ane may be happier without them, has made me proud o' my ain lot; but I wuss it bode me gude, for pride goeth before destruction. At ony rate, the warst barn e'er man lay in wad be a pleasanter abode than Glenallan House, wi' a' the pictures and black velvet and silver bonnie wawlies belanging to it. Sae I'll e'en settle at ance and put in for Ailie Sim's."

As the old man descended the hill above the little hamlet to which he was bending his course the setting sun had relieved its inmates from their labor, and the young men, availing themselves of the fine evening, were engaged in the sport of long-bowls on a patch of common, while the women and elders looked on. The shout, the laugh, the exclamations of winners and losers came in blended chorus up the path which Ochiltree was descending, and awakened in his recollection the days when he himself had been a keen competitor, and frequently victor, in games of strength and agility. These remembrances seldom fail to excite a sigh, even when the evening of life is cheered by brighter prospects than those of our poor mendicant. "At that time of day," was his natural reflection, "I would have thought as little about ony auld palmering body that was coming down the edge of Kinblythemont as ony o' thae stalwart young chiels does e'enow about auld Edie Ochiltree."

He was, however, presently cheered by finding that more importance was attached to his arrival than his modesty had anticipated. A disputed cast had occurred between the bands of players, and, as the gauger favored the one party and the schoolmaster the other, the matter might be said to be taken up by the higher powers. The miller and smith also had espoused different sides, and, considering the vivacity of two such disputants, there was reason to doubt whether the strife might be amicably terminated. But the first person who caught a sight of the mendicant exclaimed, "Ah! here comes auld Edie, that kens the rules of a' country games better than ony man that ever drave a bowl or threw an axle-tree, or putted a stane either. Let's hae nae quarrelling, callants; we'll stand by auld Edie's judgment."

Edie was accordingly welcomed and installed as umpire with a general shout of gratulation. With all the modesty of a bishop to whom the mitre is proffered, or of a new speaker called to the chair, the old man declined the high trust and responsibility with which it was proposed to invest him, and in requital for his self-denial and humility had the pleasure of receiving the reiterated assurances of young, old, and middle-aged that he was simply the best qualified person for the office of arbiter "in the haill country-side." Thus encouraged, he proceeded gravely to the execution of his duty, and, strictly forbidding all aggravating expressions on either side, he heard the smith and gauger on one side, the miller and schoolmaster on the other, as junior and senior counsel. Edie's mind, however, was fully made up on the subject before the pleading began, like that of many a judge, who must nevertheless go through all the forms, and endure in its full extent the eloquence and argumentation of the bar. For when all had been said on both sides, and much of it said over oftener than once, our senior, being well and ripely advised, pronounced the moderate and healing judgment that the disputed cast was a drawn one, and should therefore count to neither party. This judicious decision restored concord to the field of players; they began anew to arrange their match and their bets, with the clamorous mirth usual on such occasions of village sport, and the more eager were already stripping their jackets and committing them, with their colored handkerchiefs, to the care of wives, sisters, and mistresses. But their mirth was singularly interrupted.

On the outside of the group of players began to arise sounds of a description very different from those of sport; that sort of suppressed sigh and exclamation with which the

first news of calamity is received by the hearers began to heard indistinctly. A buzz went about among the women of "Eh, sirs! sae young and sae suddenly summoned!" It then extended itself among the men, and silenced the sounds of sportive mirth. All understood at once that some disaster had happened in the country, and each inquired the cause at his neighbor, who knew as little as the querist. At length the rumor reached in a distinct shape the ears of Edie Ochiltree, who was in the very centre of the assembly. The boat of Mucklebackit, the fisherman whom we have so often mentioned, had been swamped at sea, and four men had perished, it was affirmed, including Mucklebackit and his son. Rumor had in this, however, as in other cases, gone beyond the truth. The boat had indeed been overset; but Stephen, or, as he was called, Steenie Mucklebackit, was the only man who had been drowned. Although the place of his residence and his mode of life removed the young man from the society of the country folks, yet they failed not to pause in their rustic mirth to pay that tribute to sudden calamity which it seldom fails to receive in cases of infrequent occurrence. To Ochiltree, in particular, the news came like a knell, the rather that he had so lately engaged this young man's assistance in an affair of sportive mischief; and, though neither loss nor injury was designed to the German adept, yet the work was not precisely one in which the latter hours of life ought to be occupied.

Misfortunes never come alone. While Ochiltree, pensively leaning upon his staff, added his regrets to those of the hamlet which bewailed the young man's sudden death, and internally blamed himself for the transaction in which he had so lately engaged him, the old man's collar was seized by a peace-officer, who displayed his baton in his right hand and exclaimed, "In the king's name."

The gauger and schoolmaster united their rhetoric to prove to the constable and his assistant that he had no right to arrest the king's bedesman as a vagrant; and the mute eloquence of the miller and smith, which was vested in their clinched fists, was prepared to give Highland bail for their arbiter; "his blue gown," they said, "was his warrant for travelling the country."

"But his blue gown," answered the officer, "is nae protection for assault, robbery, and murder; and my warrant is against him for these crimes."

"Murder!" said Edie—"murder! wha did I e'er murder?"

"Mr. German Doustercivil, the agent at Glen Withershins mining-works."

"Murder Dustersnivel! hout, he's living and life-like, man."

"Nae thanks to you if he be; he had a sair struggle for his life, if a' be true he tells, and ye maun answer for't at the bidding of the law."

The defenders of the mendicant shrunk back at hearing the atrocity of the charges against him, but more than one kind hand thrust meat and bread and pence upon Edie, to maintain him in the prison to which the officers were about to conduct him.

"Thanks to ye, God bless ye a', bairns! I've gotten out o' mony a snare when I was waur deserving o' deliverance; I shall escape like a bird from the fowler. Play out your play and never mind me. I am mair grieved for the puir lad that's gane than for aught they can do to me."

Accordingly, the unresisting prisoner was led off, while he mechanically accepted and stored in his wallets the alms which poured in on every hand, and ere he left the hamlet was as deep-laden as a government victualler. The labor of bearing this accumulating burden was, however, abridged by the officer procuring a cart and horse to convey the old man to a magistrate, in order to his examination and committal.

The disaster of Steenie and the arrest of Edie put a stop to the sports of the village, the pensive inhabitants of which began to speculate upon the vicissitudes of human affairs, which had so suddenly consigned one of their comrades to the grave and placed their master of the revels in some danger of being hanged. The character of Dousterswivel being pretty generally known, which was in his case equivalent to being pretty generally detested, there were many speculations upon the probability of the accusation being malicious. But all agreed that, if Edie Ochiltree behoved in all events to suffer upon this occasion, it was a great pity he had not better merited his fate by killing Dousterswivel outright.

CHAPTER XXX

> Who is he? One that for the lack of land
> Shall fight upon the water: he hath challenged
> Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles
> Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth.
> He tilted with a sword-fish. Marry, sir,
> Th' aquatic had the best: the argument
> Still galls our champion's breech.
>
> *Old Play.*

"And the poor young fellow, Steenie Mucklebackit, is to be buried this morning," said our old friend the Antiquary, as he exchanged his quilted nightgown for an old-fashioned black coat in lieu of the snuff-colored vestment which he ordinarily wore; "and I presume it is expected that I should attend the funeral?"

"Ou ay," answered the faithful Caxon, officiously brushing the white threads and specks from his patron's habit; "the body, God help us, was sae broken against the rocks that they're fain to hurry the burial. The sea's a kittle cast, as I tell my daughter, puir thing, when I want her to get up her spirits: 'The sea,' says I, 'Jenny, is as uncertain a calling——'"

"As the calling of an old periwig-maker, that's robbed of his business by crops and the powder-tax. Caxon, thy topics of consolation are as ill-chosen as they are foreign to the present purpose. *Quid mihi cum fœmina?* What have I to do with thy womankind, who have enough and to spare of mine own? I pray of you again, am I expected by these poor people to attend the funeral of their son?"

"Ou, doubtless your honor is expected," answered Caxon; "weel I wot ye are expected. Ye ken in this country ilka gentleman is wussed to be sae civil as to see the corpse aff his grounds. Ye needna gang higher than the loan head; it's no expected your honor suld leave the land; it's just a Kelso convoy, a step and a half ower the door-stane."

"A Kelso convoy!" echoed the inquisitive Antiquary; "and why a Kelso convoy more than any other?"

"Dear sir," answered Caxon, "how should I ken? it's just a bye-word."

"Caxon," answered Oldbuck, "thou art a mere periwig-

maker. Had I asked Ochiltree the question, he would have had a legend ready made to my hand."

"My business," replied Caxon, with more animation than he commonly displayed, "is with the outside of your honor's head, as ye are accustomed to say."

"True, Caxon, true; and it is no reproach to a thatcher that he is not an upholsterer."

He then took out his memorandum-book and wrote down: "Kelso convoy, said to be a step and a half ower the threshold. Authority, Caxon. *Quære,* Whence derived? *Mem.* To write to Dr. Graysteel upon the subject."

Having made this entry, he resumed—"And truly, as to this custom of the landlord attending the body of the peasant, I approve it, Caxon. It comes from ancient times, and was founded deep in the notions of mutual aid and dependence between the lord and cultivator of the soil. And herein, I must say, the feudal system—as also in its courtesy towards womankind, in which it exceeded—herein, I say, the feudal usages mitigated and softened the sternness of classical times. No man, Caxon, ever heard of a Spartan attending the funeral of a helot; yet I dare be sworn that John of the Girnell—ye have heard of him, Caxon?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Caxon; "naebody can hae been lang in your honor's company without hearing of that gentleman."

"Well," continued the Antiquary, "I would bet a trifle there was not a *kolb kerl,* or bondsman, or peasant, *ascriptus glebæ,* died upon the monk's territories down here but John of the Girnell saw them fairly and decently interred."

"Ay, but if it like your honor, they say he had mair to do wi' the births than the burials. Ha! ha! ha!" with a gleeful chuckle.

"Good, Caxon! very good! why, you shine this morning."

"And besides," added Caxon, slyly, encouraged by his patron's approbation, "they say, too, that the Catholic priests in thae times gat something for ganging about to burials."

"Right, Caxon, right as my glove—by the by, I fancy that phrase comes from the custom of pledging a glove as the signal of irrefragable faith—right, I say, as my glove, Caxon; but we of the Protestant ascendency have the more merit in doing that duty for nothing which cost money in the reign of that empress of superstition whom Spenser, Caxon, terms in his allegorical phrase,

> "'The daughter of that woman blind,
> Abessa, daughter of Corecca slow.'

But why talk I of these things to thee? My poor Lovel has spoiled me, and taught me to speak aloud when it is much the same as speaking to myself. Where's my nephew, Hector M'Intyre?"

"He's in the parlor, sir, wi' the leddies."

"Very well," said the Antiquary, "I will betake me thither."

"Now, Monkbarns," said his sister, on his entering the parlor, "ye maunna be angry."

"My dear uncle!" began Miss M'Intyre.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Oldbuck, in alarm of some impending bad news, and arguing upon the supplicating tone of the ladies, as a fortress apprehends an attack from the very first flourish of the trumpet which announces the summons—"what's all this? What do you bespeak my patience for?"

"No particular matter, I should hope, sir," said Hector, who, with his arm in a sling, was seated at the breakfast-table; "however, whatever it may amount to, I am answerable for it, as I am for much more trouble that I have occasioned, and for which I have little more than thanks to offer."

"No, no! heartily welcome, heartily welcome; only let it be a warning to you," said the Antiquary, "against your fits of anger, which is a short madness—*Ira furor brevis.* But what is this new disaster?"

"My dog, sir, has unfortunately thrown down——"

"If it please Heaven, not the lachrymatory from Clochnaben!" interjected Oldbuck.

"Indeed, uncle," said the young lady, "I am afraid—it was that which stood upon the sideboard; the poor thing only meant to eat the pat of fresh butter."

"In which she has fully succeeded, I presume, for I see that on the table is salted. But that is nothing; my lachrymatory, the main pillar of my theory, on which I rested to show, in despite of the ignorant obstinacy of Mac-Cribb, that the Romans had passed the defiles of these mountains, and left behind them traces of their arts and arms, is gone—annihilated—reduced to such fragments as might be the shreds of a broken—flowerpot!

"'Hector, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.'"

"Why, really, sir, I am afraid I should make a bad figure in a regiment of your raising."

"At least, Hector, I would have you dispatch your camp

train, and travel *expeditus* or *relictis impedimentis.* You cannot conceive how I am annoyed by this beast. She commits burglary, I believe, for I heard her charged with breaking into the kitchen after all the doors were locked, and eating up a shoulder of mutton." (Our readers, if they chance to remember Jenny Rintherout's precaution of leaving the door open when she went down to the fisher's cottage, will probably acquit poor Juno of that aggravation of guilt which the lawyers call a *claustrum fregit*, and which makes the distinction between burglary and privately stealing.)

"I am truly sorry, sir," said Hector, "that Juno has committed so much disorder; but Jack Muirhead, the breaker, was never able to bring her under command. She has more travel than any bitch I ever knew, but——"

"Then, Hector, I wish the bitch would travel herself out of my grounds."

"We will both of us retreat to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in unkindness about a paltry pipkin."

"O brother, brother!" ejaculated Miss M'Intyre, in utter despair at this vituperative epithet.

"Why, what would you have me call it?" continued Hector; "it was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wine or sherbet or water. I brought home a pair of them; I might have brought home twenty."

"What!" said Oldbuck, "shaped such as that your dog threw down?"

"Yes, sir, much such a sort of earthen jar as that which was on the sideboard. They are in my lodgings at Fairport; we brought a parcel of them to cool our wine on the passage; they answer wonderfully well. If I could think they would in any degree repay your loss, or rather that they could afford you pleasure, I am sure I should be much honored by your accepting them."

"Indeed, my dear boy, I should be highly gratified by possessing them. To trace the connection of nations by their usages, and the similarity of the implements which they employ, has been long my favorite study. Everything that can illustrate such connections is most valuable to me."

"Well, sir, I shall be much gratified by your acceptance of them, and a few trifles of the same kind. And now, am I to hope you have forgiven me?"

"O, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish."

"But Juno, she is only thoughtless too, I assure you; the breaker tells me she has no vice or stubbornness."

"Well, I grant Juno also a free pardon—conditioned, that you will imitate her in avoiding vice and stubbornness, and that henceforward she banish herself forth of Monkbarns parlor."

"Then, uncle," said the soldier, "I should have been very sorry and ashamed to propose to you anything in the way of expiation of my own sins, or those of my follower, that I thought *worth* your acceptance; but now, as all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan nephew to whom you have been a father to offer you a trifle, which I have been assured is really curious, and which only the cross accident of my wound has prevented my delivering to you before? I got it from a French savant, to whom I rendered some service after the Alexandria affair."

The captain put a small ring-case into the Antiquary's hands, which, when opened, was found to contain an antique ring of massive gold, with a cameo, most beautifully executed, bearing a head of Cleopatra. The Antiquary broke forth into unrepressed ecstasy, shook his nephew cordially by the hand, thanked him a hundred times, and showed the ring to his sister and niece, the latter of whom had the tact to give it sufficient admiration; but Miss Griselda (though she had the same affection for her nephew) had not address enough to follow the lead.

"It's a bonny thing," she said, "Monkbarns, and, I dare say, a valuable, but it's out o' my way. Ye ken I am nae judge o' sic matters."

"There spoke all Fairport in one voice!" exclaimed Oldbuck; "it is the very spirit of the borough has infected us all: I think I have smelled the smoke these two days that the wind has stuck, like a *remora*, in the north-east, and its prejudices fly further than its vapors. Believe me, my dear Hector, were I to walk up the High Street of Fairport, displaying this inestimable gem in the eyes of each one I met, no human creature, from the provost to the town-crier, would stop to ask me its history. But if I carried a bale of linen cloth under my arm, I could not penetrate to the Horse-market ere I should be overwhelmed with queries about its precise texture and price. O, one might parody their brutal ignorance in the words of Gray:

> "'Weave the warp and weave the woof,
> The winding-sheet of wit and sense,
> Dull garment of defensive proof
> 'Gainst all that doth not gather pence.'"

The most remarkable proof of this peace-offering being quite acceptable was that, while the Antiquary was in full declamation, Juno, who held him in awe, according to the remarkable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, had peeped several times into the room, and, encountering nothing very forbidding in his aspect, had at length presumed to introduce her full person, and finally, becoming bold by impunity, she actually ate up Mr. Oldbuck's toast, as, looking first at one then at another of his audience, he repeated with self-complacency,

"'Weave the warp and weave the woof,—'

You remember the passage in the *Fatal Sisters*, which, by the way, is not so fine as in the original. But, hey-day! my toast has vanished! I see which way. Ah, thou type of womankind, no wonder they take offence at thy generic appellation!" (So saying, he shook his fist at Juno, who scoured out of the parlor.) "However, as Jupiter, according to Homer, could not rule Juno in heaven, and as Jack Muirhead, according to Hector M'Intyre, has been equally unsuccessful on earth, I suppose she must have her own way." And this mild censure the brother and sister justly accounted a full pardon for Juno's offences, and sat down well pleased to the morning meal.

When breakfast was over the Antiquary proposed to his nephew to go down with him to attend the funeral. The soldier pleaded the want of a mourning habit.

"O that does not signify; your presence is all that is requisite. I assure you, you will see something that will entertain—no, that's an improper phrase—but that will interest you, from the resemblances which I will point out betwixt popular customs on such occasions and those of the ancients."

"Heaven forgive me!" thought M'Intyre; "I shall certainly misbehave, and lose all the credit I have so lately and accidentally gained."

When they set out, schooled as he was by the warning and entreating looks of his sister, the soldier made his resolution strong to give no offence by evincing inattention or impatience. But our best resolutions are frail when opposed to our predominant inclinations. Our Antiquary, to leave nothing unexplained, had commenced with the funeral rites of the ancient Scandinavians, when his nephew interrupted him in a discussion upon the "age of hills," to remark that a large sea-gull which flitted around them had come twice within shot. This

error being acknowledged and pardoned, Oldbuck resumed his disquisition.

"These are circumstances you ought to attend to and be familiar with, my dear Hector; for, in the strange contingencies of the present war which agitates every corner of Europe, there is no knowing where you may be called upon to serve. If in Norway, for example, or Denmark, or any part of the ancient Scania, or Scandinavia, as we term it, what could be more convenient than to have at your fingers' ends the history and antiquities of that ancient country, the *officina gentium*, the mother of modern Europe, the nursery of those heroes,

> "'Stern to inflict and stubborn to endure,
> Who smiled in death?'

How animating, for example, at the conclusion of a weary march, to find yourself in the vicinity of a Runic monument, and discover that you had pitched your tent beside the tomb of a hero!"

"I am afraid, sir, our mess would be better supplied if it chanced to be in the neighborhood of a good poultry-yard."

"Alas, that you should say so! No wonder the days of Cressy and Agincourt are no more, when respect for ancient valor has died away in the breasts of the British soldiery."

"By no means, sir—by no manner of means. I dare say that Edward and Henry, and the rest of these heroes, thought of their dinner, however, before they thought of examining an old tombstone. But I assure you we are by no means insensible to the memory of our fathers' fame; I used often of an evening to get old Rory M'Alpin to sing us songs out of Ossian about the battles of Fingal and Lamon Mor, and Magnus and the spirit of Muirartach."

"And did you believe," asked the aroused Antiquary—"did you absolutely believe that stuff of Macpherson's to be really ancient, you simple boy?"

"Believe it, sir? how could I but believe it, when I have heard the songs sung from my infancy?"

"But not the same as Macpherson's English Ossian; you're not absurd enough to say that, I hope?" said the Antiquary, his brow darkening with wrath.

But Hector stoutly abode the storm; like many a sturdy Celt, he imagined the honor of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of these popular poems, and would have fought knee-deep, or forfeited life and land, rather than have given up a line of them. He

therefore undauntedly maintained that Rory M'Alpin could repeat the whole book from one end to another; and it was only upon cross-examination that he explained an assertion so general by adding, "At least, if he was allowed whiskey enough, he could repeat as long as anybody would hearken to him."

"Ay, ay," said the Antiquary; "and that, I suppose, was not very long."

"Why, we had our duty, sir, to attend to, and could not sit listening all night to a piper."

"But do you recollect, now," said Oldbuck, setting his teeth firmly together, and speaking without opening them, which was his custom when contradicted—"do you recollect, now, any of these verses you thought so beautiful and interesting, being a capital judge, no doubt, of such things?"

"I don't pretend to much skill, uncle; but it's not very reasonable to be angry with me for admiring the antiquities of my own country more than those of the Harolds, Harfagers, and Hacos you are so fond of."

"Why, these, sir—these mighty and unconquered Goths—*were* your ancestors! The bare-breeched Celts whom they subdued, and suffered only to exist, like a fearful people, in the crevices of the rocks, were but their *mancipia* and serfs!"

Hector's brow now grew red in his turn. "Sir," he said, "I don't understand the meaning of *mancipia* and serfs, but I conceive such names are very improperly applied to Scotch Highlanders. No man but my mother's brother dared to have used such language in my presence; and I pray you will observe that I consider it as neither hospitable, handsome, kind, nor generous usage towards your guest and your kinsman. My ancestors, Mr. Oldbuck——"

"Were great and gallant chiefs, I dare say, Hector; and really I did not mean to give you such immense offence in treating a point of remote antiquity, a subject on which I always am myself cool, deliberate, and unimpassioned. But you are as hot and hasty as if you were Hector and Achilles and Agamemnon to boot."

"I am sorry I expressed myself so hastily, uncle, especially to you, who have been so generous and good. But my ancestors——"

"No more about it, lad; I meant them no affront, none."

"I am glad of it, sir; for the house of M'Intyre——"

"Peace be with them all, every man of them," said the Antiquary. "But to return to our subject. Do you recollect, I say, any of those poems which afforded you such amusement?"

"Very hard, this," thought M'Intyre, "that he will speak with such glee of everything which is ancient excepting my family." Then, after some efforts at recollection, he added aloud, "Yes, sir, I think I do remember some lines; but you do not understand the Gaelic language."

"And will readily excuse hearing it. But you can give me some idea of the sense in our own vernacular idiom?"

"I shall prove a wretched interpreter," said M'Intyre, running over the original, well garnished with "aghes," "aughs," and "oughs," and similar gutturals, and then coughing and hawking as if the translation stuck in his throat. At length, having premised that the poem was a dialogue between the poet Oisin, or Ossian, and Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland, and that it was difficult, if not impossible, to render the exquisite felicity of the first two or three lines, he said the sense was to this purpose:

> "'Patrick the psalm-singer,
> Since you will not listen to one of my stories,
> Though you never heard it before,
> I am sorry to tell you
> You are little better than an ass——'"

"Good! good!" exclaimed the Antiquary; "but go on. Why, this is, after all, the most admirable fooling; I dare say the poet was very right. What says the saint?"

"He replies in character," said M'Intyre; "but you should hear M'Alpin sing the original. The speeches of Ossian come in upon a strong deep bass; those of Patrick are upon a tenor key."

"Like M'Alpin's drone and small pipes, I suppose," said Oldbuck. "Well? Pray, go on."

"Well, then, Patrick replies to Ossian:

> "'Upon my word, son of Fingal,
> While I am warbling the psalms,
> The clamor of your old women's tales
> Disturbs my devotional exercises.'"

"Excellent! why, this is better and better. I hope Saint Patrick sung better than Blattergowl's precentor, or it would be hang-choice between the poet and psalmist. But what I admire is the courtesy of these two eminent persons towards each other. It is a pity there should not be a word of this in Macpherson's translation."

"If you are sure of that," said M'Intyre, gravely, "he must have taken very unwarrantable liberties with his original."

"It will go near to be thought so shortly; but pray proceed."

"Then," said M'Intyre, "this is the answer of Ossian:

> "'Dare you compare your psalms,
> You son of a——'"

"Son of a what!" exclaimed Oldbuck.

"It means, I think," said the young soldier, with some reluctance, "son of a female dog:

> "'Do you compare your psalms
> To the tales of the bare-arm'd Fenians?'"

"Are you sure you are translating that last epithet correctly, Hector?"

"Quite sure, sir," answered Hector, doggedly.

"Because I should have thought the nudity might have been quoted as existing in a different part of the body."

Disdaining to reply to this insinuation, Hector proceeded in his recitation:

> "'I shall think it no great harm
> To wring your bald head from your shoulders——

But what is that yonder?" exclaimed Hector, interrupting himself.

"One of the herd of Proteus," said the Antiquary, "a *phoca* or seal lying asleep on the beach."

Upon which M'Intyre, with the eagerness of a young sportsman, totally forgot both Ossian, Patrick, his uncle, and his wound, and exclaiming, "I shall have her! I shall have her!" snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished Antiquary, at some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, to which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly retreating.

Not Sancho, when his master interrupted his account of the combatants of Pentapolin with the naked arm to advance in person to the charge of the flock of sheep, stood more confounded than Oldbuck at this sudden escapade of his nephew.

"Is the devil in him," was his first exclamation, "to go to disturb the brute that was never thinking of him?" Then elevating his voice, "Hector, nephew, fool, let alone the *phoca*—let alone the *phoca*; they bite, I tell you, like furies. He minds me no more than a post; there—there they are at it. Gad, the *phoca* has the best of it! I am glad to see it," said he, in the bitterness of his heart, though really

alarmed for his nephew's safety—"I am glad to see it, with all my heart and spirit."

In truth, the seal, finding her retreat intercepted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and having sustained a heavy blow without injury, she knitted her brows, as is the fashion of the animal when incensed, and, making use at once of her fore paws and her unwieldy strength, wrenched the weapon out of the assailant's hand, overturned him on the sands, and scuttled away into the sea without doing him any further injury. Captain M'Intyre, a good deal out of countenance at the issue of his exploit, just rose in time to receive the ironical congratulations of his uncle upon a single combat worthy to be commemorated by Ossian himself, "since," said the Antiquary, "your magnanimous opponent hath fled, though not upon eagle's wings, from the foe that was low. Egad, she walloped away with all the grace of triumph, and has carried my stick off also, by way of *spolia opima*."

M'Intyre had little to answer for himself, except that a Highlander could never pass a deer, a seal, or a salmon where there was a possibility of having a trial of skill with them, and that he had forgot one of his arms was in a sling. He also made his fall an apology for returning back to Monkbarns, and thus escaped the further raillery of his uncle, as well as his lamentations for his walking-stick.

"I cut it," he said, "in the classic woods of Hawthornden, when I did not expect always to have been a bachelor. I would not have given it for an ocean of seals. O Hector, Hector! thy namesake was born to be the prop of Troy, and thou to be the plague of Monkbarns!"

CHAPTER XXXI

Tell me not of it, friend. When the young weep,
Their tears are lukewarm brine; from our old eyes
Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North,
Chilling the furrows of our wither'd cheeks,
Cold as our hopes, and harden'd as our feeling.
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless; ours recoil,
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

Old Play.

THE Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions and the *rencontre* which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favorable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbors, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful

grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was by this great loss terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a bra' fallow, an ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan Ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was

almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle, then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded; then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced, with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we hae such merry meetings!"

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What's this? this is wine; how should there be wine in my son's house? Ay," she continued with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and,

dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then, sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful proser, particularly on the subject of augmentations, localities, teinds, and overtures in that session of the General Assembly to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he chanced one year to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish Presbyterian phrase, God-ward and man-ward. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechising the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. And hence, notwithstanding impatience of his prolixity and prejudices, personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffuse, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or *belles lettres*—notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by these circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be "hounded out," as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took shame to himself for his absence when Blattergowl came to Monkbarns to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, a mode of testifying his respect which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic

spell and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech, "Yes, sir, yes! Ye're very gude! ye're very gude! Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, O dear, my poor Steenie, the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn, my bairn, my bairn! what for is thou lying there, and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye?"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman meantime addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn, of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror.

In the meantime the funeral company was completed by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed, with a sort of laugh—"Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day. When did I that before, think ye, cummers? Never since——" And the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down

and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us forever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish Kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or at least Mr. Blattergowl did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Ailison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud,

"His honor Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season [of which fish he was understood to be fond], if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersell in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons—miserable-looking old men tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense had he been consulted; but in doing so he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom, so much that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions, the body was consigned to its parent earth, and, when the labor of the gravediggers had filled up the trench and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

The clergyman offered our Antiquary his company to walk homeward; but Mr. Oldbuck had been so much struck with the deportment of the fisherman and his mother that, moved by compassion, and perhaps also in some degree, by that curiosity which induces us to seek out even what gives us pain to witness, he preferred a solitary walk by the coast, for the purpose of again visiting the cottage as he passed.

CHAPTER XXXII

> What is this secret sin, this untold tale,
> That art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse?
> . . . Her muscles hold their place,
> Nor discomposed, nor form'd to steadiness,
> No sudden flushing, and no faltering lip.
>
> *Mysterious Mother.*

THE coffin had been borne from the place where it rested. The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other, and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent impatience of grief, half rushed, half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and, smothering, as it were, his head among the bedclothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction—affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame—suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirt of his coat, implored him to rise and remember that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested,

by clinched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband—"O, what an hour is this! and naebody to help a poor lone woman. O, gudemither, could ye but speak a word to him! wad ye but bid him be comforted!"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent feebleness, and, standing by the bed on which her son had extended himself, she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation. Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness. I, wha dinna sorrow, and wha canna sorrow for ony ane, hae maist need that ye should a' sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grandmother retired to her nook, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

They were thus occupied when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Hegh, sirs!" said the poor mother, "wha is it that can be coming in that gait e'enow? They canna hae heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure."

The knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door, saying querulously, "Whatna gait's that to disturb a sorrowfu' house?"

A tall man in black stood before her, whom she instantly recognized to be Lord Glenallan.

"Is there not," he said, "an old woman lodging in this or one of the neighboring cottages, called Elspeth, who was long resident at Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?"

"It's my gudemither, my lord," said Margaret; "but she canna see onybody e'enow. Ohon! we're dreeing a sair weird; we hae had a heavy dispensation!"

"God forbid," said Lord Glenallan, "that I should on light occasion disturb your sorrow; but my days are numbered, your mother-in-law is in the extremity of age, and, if I see her not to-day, we may never meet on this side of time."

"And what," answered the desolate mother, "wad ye see at an auld woman, broken down wi' age and sorrow and heart-break? Gentle or semple shall not darken my doors the day my bairn's been carried out a corpse."

While she spoke thus, indulging the natural irritability of disposition and profession, which began to mingle itself in some degree with her grief when its first uncontrolled bursts were gone by, she held the door about one-third part open, and placed herself in the gap, as if to render the visitor's entrance impossible. But the voice of her husband was heard from within—"Wha's that, Maggie? what for are ye stecking them out? Let them come in; it doesna signify an auld rope's end wha comes in or wha gaes out o' this house frae this time forward."

The woman stood aside at her husband's command, and permitted Lord Glenallan to enter the hut. The dejection exhibited in his broken frame and emaciated countenance formed a strong contrast with the effects of grief as they were displayed in the rude and weatherbeaten visage of the fisherman and the masculine features of his wife. He approached the old woman as she was seated on her usual settle, and asked her, in a tone as audible as his voice could make it, "Are you Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?"

"Wha is it that asks about the unhallowed residence of that evil woman?" was the answer returned to his query.

"The unhappy Earl of Glenallan."

"Earl—Earl of Glenallan!"

"He who was called William Lord Geraldin," said the Earl, "and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenallan."

"Open the bole," said the old woman, firmly and hastily, to her daughter-in-law—"open the bole wi' speed, that I may see if this be the right Lord Geraldin, the son of my mistress, him that I received in my arms within the hour after he was born, him that has reason to curse me that I didna smother him before the hour was past!"

The window, which had been shut in order that a gloomy twilight might add to the solemnity of the funeral meeting, was opened as she commanded, and threw a sudden and strong light through the smoky and misty atmosphere of the stifling cabin. Falling in a stream upon the chimney, the rays illu-

minated, in the way that Rembrandt would have chosen, the features of the unfortunate nobleman and those of the old sibyl, who now, standing upon her feet and holding him by one hand, peered anxiously in his features with her light blue eyes, and, holding her long and withered forefinger within a small distance of his face, moved it slowly as if to trace the outlines, and reconcile what she recollected with that she now beheld. As she finished her scrutiny, she said with a deep sigh, "It's a sair, sair change; and wha's fault is it? but that's written down where it will be remembered—it's written on tablets of brass with a pen of steel, where all is recorded that is done in the flesh. And what," she said, after a pause—"what is Lord Geraldin seeking from a puir auld creature like me, that's dead already, and only belangs sae far to the living that she isna yet laid in the moulds?"

"Nay," answered Lord Glenallan, "in the name of Heaven, why was it that you requested so urgently to see me? and why did you back your request by sending a token which you knew well I dared not refuse?"

As he spoke thus, he took from his purse the ring which Edie Ochiltree had delivered to him at Glenallan House. The sight of this token produced a strange and instantaneous effect upon the old woman. The palsy of fear was immediately added to that of age, and she began instantly to search her pockets with the tremulous and hasty agitation of one who becomes first apprehensive of having lost something of great importance; then, as if convinced of the reality of her fears, she turned to the Earl, and demanded, "And how came ye by it, then? how came ye by it? I thought I had kept it sae securely. What will the Countess say?"

"You know," said the Earl—"at least you must have heard, that my mother is dead."

"Dead! are ye no imposing upon me? Has she left a' at last—lands and lordship and lineages?"

"All, all," said the Earl, "as mortals must leave all human vanities."

"I mind now," answered Elspeth, "I heard of it before; but there has been sic distress in our house since, and my memory is sae muckle impaired. But ye are sure your mother, the Lady Countess, is gane hame?"

The Earl again assured her that her former mistress was no more.

"Then," said Elspeth, "it shall burden my mind nae langer! When she lived, wha dared to speak what it would

hae displeased her to hae had noised abroad? But she's gane, and I will confess all."

Then, turning to her son and daughter-in-law, she commanded them imperatively to quit the house, and leave Lord Geraldin (for so she still called him) alone with her. But Maggie Mucklebackit, her first burst of grief being over, was by no means disposed in her own house to pay passive obedience to the commands of her mother-in-law, an authority which is peculiarly obnoxious to persons in her rank of life, and which she was the more astonished at hearing revived, when it seemed to have been so long relinquished and forgotten.

"It was an unco thing," she said in a grumbling tone of voice, for the rank of Lord Glenallan was somewhat imposing—"it was an unco thing to bid a mother leave her ain house wi' the tear in her ee, the moment her eldest son had been carried a corpse out at the door o't."

The fisherman, in a stubborn and sullen tone, added to the same purpose—"This is nae day for your auld-warld stories, mother. My lord, if he be a lord, may ca' some other day, or he may speak out what he has gotten to say if he likes it. There's nane here will think it worth their while to listen to him or you either. But neither for laird or loon, gentle or semple, will I leave my ain house to pleasure onybody on the very day my poor——"

Here his voice choked and he could proceed no further; but as he had risen when Lord Glenallan came in, and had since remained standing, he now threw himself doggedly upon a seat, and remained in the sullen posture of one who was determined to keep his word.

But the old woman, whom this crisis seemed to repossess in all those powers of mental superiority with which she had once been eminently gifted, arose, and, advancing towards him, said with a solemn voice, "My son, as ye wad shun hearing of your mother's shame, as ye wad not willingly be a witness of her guilt, as ye wad deserve her blessing and avoid her curse, I charge ye, by the body that bore and that nursed ye, to leave me at freedom to speak with Lord Geraldin what nae mortal ears but his ain maun listen to. Obey my words, that when ye lay the moulds on my head—and O, that the day were come!—ye may remember this hour without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ever your mother wared on you."

The terms of this solemn charge revived in the fisherman's heart the habit of instinctive obedience in which his mother

had trained him up, and to which he had submitted implicitly while her powers of exacting it remained entire. The recollection mingled also with the prevailing passion of the moment; for, glancing his eye at the bed on which the dead body had been laid, he muttered to himself, "*He* never disobeyed *me*, in reason or out o' reason, and what for should I vex *her?*" Then taking his reluctant spouse by the arm, he led her gently out of the cottage and latched the door behind them as he left it.

As the unhappy parents withdrew, Lord Glenallan, to prevent the old woman from relapsing into her lethargy, again pressed her on the subject of the communication which she proposed to make to him.

"Ye will have it sune eneugh," she replied; "my mind's clear eneugh now, and there is not—I think there is not—a chance of my forgetting what I have to say. My dwelling at Craigburnfoot is before my een, as it were present in reality—the green bank, with its selvedge, just where the burn met wi' the sea; the twa little barks, wi' their sails furled, lying in the natural cove which it formed; the high cliff that joined it with the pleasure-grounds of the house of Glenallan, and hung right ower the stream. Ah! yes, I may forget that I had a husband and have lost him, that I hae but ane alive of our four fair sons, that misfortune upon misfortune has devoured our ill-gotten wealth, that they carried the corpse of my son's eldest-born frae the house this morning; but I never can forget the days spent at bonny Craigburnfoot!"

"You were a favorite of my mother," said Lord Glenallan, desirous to bring her back to the point, from which she was wandering.

"I was—I was; ye needna mind me o' that. She brought me up abune my station, and wi' knowledge mair than my fellows; but like the tempter of auld, wi' the knowledge of gude she taught me the knowledge of evil."

"For God's sake, Elspeth," said the astonished Earl, "proceed, if you can, to explain the dreadful hints you have thrown out! I well know you are confidant to one dreadful secret, which should split this roof even to hear it named; but speak on further."

"I will," she said—"I will; just bear wi' me for a little;" and again she seemed lost in recollection, but it was no longer tinged with imbecility or apathy. She was now entering upon the topic which had long loaded her mind, and which doubtless often occupied her whole soul at times when she seemed dead to all around her. And I may add as a remarkable fact,

that such was the intense operation of mental energy upon her physical powers and nervous system, that, notwithstanding her infirmity of deafness, each word that Lord Glenallan spoke during this remarkable conference, although in the lowest tone of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elspeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke also herself clearly, distinctly, and slowly, as if anxious that the intelligence she communicated should be fully understood—concisely at the same time, and with none of the verbiage or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition. In short, her language bespoke a better education, as well as an uncommonly firm and resolved mind, and a character of that sort from which great virtues or great crimes may be naturally expected. The tenor of her communication is disclosed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us.
A bloodhound stanch, she tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
Then in our lair, when Time hath chill'd our joints,
And maim'd our hope of combat, or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing all
Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us.

Old Play.

"I NEED not tell you," said the old woman, addressing the Earl of Glenallan, "that I was the favorite and confidential attendant of Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, whom God assoilzie! [here she crossed herself] and I think, further, ye may not have forgotten that I shared her regard for mony years. I returned it by the maist sincere attachment, but I fell into disgrace frae a trifling act of disobedience, reported to your mother by ane that thought—and she wasna wrang—that I was a spy upon her actions and yours."

"I charge thee, woman," said the Earl, in a voice trembling with passion, "name not her name in my hearing!"

"I MUST," returned the penitent, firmly and calmly, "or how can you understand me?"

The Earl leaned upon one of the wooden chairs of the hut, drew his hat over his face, clinched his hands together, set his teeth like one who summons up courage to undergo a painful operation, and made a signal to her to proceed.

"I say, then," she resumed, "that my disgrace with my mistress was chiefly owing to Miss Eveline Neville, then bred up in Glenallan House as the daughter of a cousin-german and intimate friend of your father that was gane. There was muckle mystery in her history, but wha dared to inquire farther than the Countess liked to tell? All in Glenallan House loved Miss Neville—all but twa—your mother and mysell; we baith hated her."

"God! for what reason, since a creature so mild, so gentle, so formed to inspire affection never walked on this wretched world?"

"It may hae been sae," rejoined Elspeth, "but your mother hated a' that cam of your father's family—a' but himsell. Her reasons related to strife which fell between them soon after her marriage; the particulars are naething to this purpose. But O, doubly did she hate Eveline Neville when she perceived that there was a growing kindness atween you and that unfortunate young leddy! Ye may mind that the Countess's dislike didna gang farther at first than just showing o' the cauld shouther—at least it wasna seen farther; but at the lang run it brak out into such downright violence that Miss Neville was even fain to seek refuge at Knockwinnock Castle with Sir Arthur's leddy, wha—God sain her!—was then wi' the living."

"You rend my heart by recalling these particulars. But go on, and may my present agony be accepted as additional penance for the involuntary crime!"

"She had been absent some months," continued Elspeth, "when I was ae night watching in my hut the return of my husband from fishing, and shedding in private those bitter tears that my proud spirit wrung frae me whenever I thought on my disgrace. The sneck was drawn, and the Countess, your mother, entered my dwelling. I thought I had seen a spectre, for, even in the height of my favor, this was an honor she had never done me, and she looked as pale and ghastly as if she had risen from the grave. She sat down and wrung the draps from her hair and cloak, for the night was drizzling, and her walk had been through the plantations, that were a' loaded with dew. I only mention these things that you may understand how weel that night lives in my memory—and weel it may. I was surprised to see her, but I durstna speak first, mair than if I had seen a phantom. Na, I durst not, my lord, I that hae seen mony sights of terror, and never shook at them. Sae, after a silence, she said, 'Elspeth Cheyne'—for she always gave me my maiden name—'are not ye the daughter of that Reginald Cheyne who died to save his master, Lord Glenallan, on the field of Sherriffmuir?' And I answered her as proudly as hersell nearly—'As sure as you are the daughter of that Earl of Glenallan whom my father saved that day by his own death.'"

Here she made a deep pause.

"And what followed? what followed? For Heaven's sake, good woman—But why should I use that word? Yet, good or bad, I command you to tell me."

"And little I should value earthly command," answered Elspeth, "were there not a voice that has spoken to me

sleeping and waking, that drives me forward to tell this sad tale. Aweel, my lord, the Countess said to me, 'My son loves Eveline Neville; they are agreed, they are plighted. Should they have a son my right over Glenallan merges: I sink from that moment from a Countess into a miserable stipendiary dowager; I, who brought lands and vassals, and high blood and ancient fame to my husband, I must cease to be mistress when my son has an heir-male. But I care not for that; had he married any but one of the hated Nevilles, I had been patient. But for them—that they and their descendants should enjoy the right and honors of my ancestors goes through my heart like a two-edged dirk. And this girl—I detest her!' And I answered, for my heart kindled at her words, that her hate was equalled by mine."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Earl, in spite of his determination to preserve silence—"wretched woman! what cause of hate could have arisen from a being so innocent and gentle?"

"I hated what my mistress hated, as was the use with the liege vassals of the house of Glenallan; for though, my lord, I married under my degree, yet an ancestor of yours never went to the field of battle but an ancestor of the frail, demented, auld, useless wretch wha now speaks with you carried his shield before him. But that was not a'," continued the beldam, her earthly and evil passions rekindling as she became heated in her narration—"that was not a'; I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake. I brought her frae England, and during our whole journey she gecked and scorned at my northern speech and habit, as her southland leddies and kimmers had done at the boarding-school, as they ca'd it" (and, strange as it may seem, she spoke of an affront offered by a heedless school-girl without intention with a degree of inveteracy which, at such a distance of time, a mortal offence would neither have authorized or excited in any well-constituted mind). "Yes, she scorned and jested at me; but let them that scorn the tartan fear the dirk!"

She paused, and then went on. "But I deny not that I hated her mair than she deserved. My mistress, the Countess, persevered and said, 'Elspeth Cheyne, this unruly boy will marry with the false English blood. Were days as they have been, I could throw her into the massymore of Glenallan, and fetter him in the keep of Strathbonnel. But these times are past, and the authority which the nobles of the land should exercise is delegated to quibbling lawyers and their baser dependants. Hear me, Elspeth Cheyne! If you are your father's daughter as I am mine, I will find means that they

shall not marry. She walks often to that cliff that overhangs your dwelling to look for her lover's boat'—ye may remember the pleasure ye then took on the sea, my lord—'let him find her forty fathom lower than he expects!' Yes! ye may stare and frown and clinch your hand, but, as sure as I am to face the only Being I ever feared—and O that I had feared Him mair!—these were your mother's words. What avails it to me to lie to you? But I wadna consent to stain my hand with blood. Then she said, 'By the religion of our holy Church they are ower sib thegither. But I expect nothing but that both will become heretics as well as disobedient reprobates,' that was her addition to that argument. And then, as the fiend is ever ower busy wi' brains like mine, that are subtle beyond their use and station, I was unhappily permitted to add—'But they might be brought to think themselves sae sib as no Christian law will permit their wedlock.'"

Here the Earl of Glenallan echoed her words with a shriek so piercing as almost to rend the roof of the cottage—"Ah! then Eveline Neville was not the—the——"

"The daughter, ye would say, of your father?" continued Elspeth. "No; be it a torment or be it a comfort to you, ken the truth, she was nae mair a daughter of your father's house than I am."

"Woman, deceive me not; make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid in the grave, for sharing in a plot the most cruel, the most infernal——"

"Bethink ye, my Lord Geraldin, ere ye curse the memory of a parent that's gane, is there none of the blood of Glenallan living whose faults have led to this dreadfu' catastrophe?"

"Mean you my brother? he too is gone," said the Earl.

"No," replied the sibyl, "I mean yoursell, Lord Geraldin. Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Eveline Neville in secret while a guest at Knockwinnock, our plot might have separated you for a time, but would have left at least your sorrows without remorse to canker them. But your ain conduct had put poison in the weapon that we threw, and it pierced you with the mair force because ye cam rushing to meet it. Had your marriage been a proclaimed and acknowledged action, our stratagem to throw an obstacle into your way that couldna be got ower neither wad nor could hae been practiced against ye."

"Great Heaven!" said the unfortunate nobleman, "it is as if a film fell from my obscured eyes! Yes, I now well understand the doubtful hints of consolation thrown out by

my wretched mother, tending indirectly to impeach the evidence of the horrors of which her arts had led me to believe myself guilty."

"She could not speak mair plainly," answered Elspeth, "without confessing her ain fraud, and she would have submitted to be torn by wild horses rather than unfold what she had done; and, if she had still lived, so would I for her sake. They were stout hearts the race of Glenallan, male and female, and sae were a' that in auld times cried their gathering-word of 'Clochnaben;' they stood shouther to shouther. Nae man parted frae his chief for love of gold or of gain, or of right or of wrang. The times are changed, I hear, now."

The unfortunate nobleman was too much wrapped up in his own confused and distracting reflections to notice the rude expressions of savage fidelity, in which, even in the latest ebb of life, the unhappy author of his misfortunes seemed to find a stern and stubborn source of consolation.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I am then free from a guilt the most horrible with which man can be stained, and the sense of which, however involuntary, has wrecked my peace, destroyed my health, and bowed me down to an untimely grave. Accept," he fervently uttered, lifting his eyes upwards—"accept my humble thanks! If I live miserable, at least I shall not die stained with that unnatural guilt! And thou, proceed, if thou hast more to tell—proceed, while thou hast voice to speak it and I have powers to listen."

"Yes," answered the beldam, "the hour when you shall hear and I shall speak is indeed passing rapidly away. Death has crossed your brow with his finger, and I find his grasp turning every day caulder at my heart. Interrupt me nae mair with exclamations and groans and accusations, but hear my tale to an end! And then—if ye be indeed sic a Lord of Glenallan as I hae heard of in *my* day—make your merrymen gather the thorn, and the brier, and the green hollin, till they heap them as high as the house-riggin', and burn—burn—burn the old witch Elspeth, and a' that can put ye in mind that sic a creature ever crawled upon the land!"

"Go on," said the Earl—"go on; I will not again interrupt you."

He spoke in a half-suffocated yet determined voice, resolved that no irritability on his part should deprive him of this opportunity of acquiring proofs of the wonderful tale he then heard. But Elspeth had become exhausted by a continuous narration of such unusual length; the subsequent part

of her story was more broken, and, though still distinctly intelligible in most parts, had no longer the lucid conciseness which the first part of her narrative had displayed to such an astonishing degree. Lord Glenallan found it necessary, when she had made some attempts to continue her narrative without success, to prompt her memory, by demanding what proofs she could propose to bring of the truth of a narrative so different from that which she had originally told.

"The evidence," she replied, "of Eveline Neville's real birth was in the Countess's possession, with reasons for its being for some time kept private. They may yet be found, if she has not destroyed them, in the left-hand drawer of the ebony cabinet that stood in the dressing-room; these she meant to suppress for the time, until you went abroad again, when she trusted, before your return, to send Miss Neville back to her ain country or to get her settled in marriage."

"But did you not show me letters of my father's which seemed to me, unless my senses altogether failed me in that horrible moment, to avow his relationship to—to the unhappy——"

"We did; and, with my testimony, how could you doubt the fact, or her either? But we suppressed the true explanation of these letters, and that was, that your father thought it right the young leddy should pass for his daughter for a while, on account o' some family reasons that were amang them."

"But wherefore, when you learned our union, was this dreadful artifice persisted in?"

"It wasna," she replied, "till Lady Glenallan had communicated this fause tale that she suspected ye had actually made a marriage; nor even then did you avow it sae as to satisfy her whether the ceremony had in verity passed atween ye or no. But ye remember—O ye canna but remember—weel what passed in that awfu' meeting!"

"Woman! you swore upon the Gospels to the fact which you now disavow."

"I did, and I wad hae taen a yet mair holy pledge on it, if there had been ane; I wad not hae spared the blood of my body or the guilt of my soul to serve the house of Glenallan."

"Wretch! do you call that horrid perjury, attended with consequences yet more dreadful—do you esteem that a service to the house of your benefactors?"

"I served her wha was then the head of Glenallan as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and

her conscience, the manner between God and mine. She is gane to her account, and I maun follow. Have I tauld ye a' ?"

"No," answered Lord Glenallan; "you have yet more to tell: you have to tell me of the death of the angel whom your perjury drove to despair, stained, as she thought herself, with a crime so horrible. Speak truth: was that dreadful—was that horrible incident," he could scarcely articulate the words—"was it as reported ? or was it an act of yet further, though not more atrocious, cruelty inflicted by others ?"

"I understand you," said Elspeth; "but report spoke truth: our false witness was indeed the cause, but the deed was her ain distracted act. On that fearfu' disclosure, when ye rushed fra the Countess's presence and saddled your horse and left the castle like a fire-flaught, the Countess hadna yet discovered your private marriage: she hadna fund out that the union, which she had framed this awfu' tale to prevent, had e'en taen place. Ye fled from the house as if the fire o' Heaven was about to fa' upon it, and Miss Neville, atween reason and the want o't, was put under sure ward. But the ward slept and the prisoner waked, the window was open, the way was before her, there was the cliff, and there was the sea! O, when will I forget that!"

"And thus died," said the earl, "even so as was reported?"

"No, my lord. I had gane out to the cove; the tide was in, and it flowed, as ye'll remember, to the foot of that cliff; it was a great convenience that for my husband's trade. Where am I wandering ? I saw a white object dart frae the tap o' the cliff like a sea-maw through the mist, and then a heavy flash and sparkle of the waters showed me it was a human creature that had fa'en into the waves. I was bold and strong and familiar with the tide. I rushed in and grasped her gown, and drew her out and carried her on my shouthers—I could hae carried twa sic then—carried her to my hut, and laid her on my bed. Neighbors cam and brought help; but the words she uttered in her ravings, when she got back the use of speech, were such that I was fain to send them awa, and get up word to Glenallan House. The Countess sent down her Spanish servant Teresa—if ever there was a fiend on earth in human form that woman was ane. She and I were to watch the unhappy leddy, and let no other person approach. God knows what Teresa's part was to hae been: she tauld it not to me; but Heaven took the conclusion in its ain hand. The poor leddy! she took the pangs of travail before her

time, bore a male child, and died in the arms of me—of her mortal enemy! Ay, *ye* may weep! She was a sightly creature to see to; but think ye, if I didna mourn her then, that I can mourn her now? Na, na! I left Teresa wi' the dead corpse and new-born babe till I gaed up to take the Countess's commands what was to be done. Late as it was, I ca'd her up, and she gar'd me ca' up your brother——"

"My brother?"

"Yes, Lord Geraldin, e'en your brother, that some said she aye wished to be her heir. At ony rate, he was the person maist concerned in the succession and heritance of the house of Glenallan."

"And is it possible to believe, then, that my brother, out of avarice to grasp at my inheritance, would lend himself to such a base and dreadful stratagem?"

"Your mother believed it," said the old beldam with a fiendish laugh; "it was nae plot of my making, but what they did or said I will not say, because I did not hear. Lang and sair they consulted in the black wainscot dressing-room; and when your brother passed through the room where I was waiting it seemed to me—and I have often thought sae since syne—that the fire of hell was in his cheek and een. But he had left some of it with his mother at ony rate. She entered the room like a woman demented, and the first words she spoke were 'Elspeth Cheyne, did ye ever pull a new-budded flower?' I answered, as ye may believe, that I often had. 'Then,' said she, 'ye will ken the better how to blight the spurious and heretical blossom that has sprung forth this night to disgrace my father's noble house. See here—and she gave me a golden bodkin—nothing but gold must shed the blood of Glenallan. This child is already as one of the dead, and since thou and Teresa alone ken that it lives, let it be dealt upon as ye will answer to me!' and she turned away in her fury, and left me with the bodkin in my hand. Here it is: that and the ring of Miss Neville are a' I hae preserved of my ill-gotten gear, for muckle was the gear I got. And weel hae I keepit the secret, but no for the gowd or gear either."

Her long and bony hand held out to Lord Glenallan a gold bodkin, down which in fancy he saw the blood of his infant trickling.

"Wretch! had you the heart?"

"I kenna if I could hae had it or no. I returned to my cottage without feeling the ground that I trod on; but Teresa and the child were gane, a' that was alive was gane—naething left but the lifeless corpse."

"And did you never learn my infant's fate?"

"I could but guess. I have tauld ye your mother's purpose, and I ken Teresa was a fiend. She was never mair seen in Scotland, and I have heard that she returned to her ain land. A dark curtain has fa'en ower the past, and the few that witnessed ony part of it could only surmise something of seduction and suicide. You yourself——"

"I know—I know it all," answered the Earl.

"You indeed know all that I can say. And now, heir of Glenallan, can you forgive me?"

"Ask forgiveness of God, and not of man," said the Earl, turning away.

"And how shall I ask of the pure and unstained what is denied to me by a sinner like mysell? If I hae sinned, hae I not suffered? Hae I had a day's peace or an hour's rest since these lang wet locks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Craigburnfoot? Has not my house been burned, wi' my bairn in the cradle? Have not my boats been wrecked, when a' others weathered the gale? Have not a' that were near and dear to me dree'd penance for my sin? Has not the fire had its share o' them, the winds had their part, the sea had her part? And oh!" she added, with a lengthened groan, looking first upwards towards heaven, and then bending her eyes on the floor—"oh! that the earth would take her part that's been lang, lang wearying to be joined to it!"

Lord Glenallan had reached the door of the cottage, but the generosity of his nature did not permit him to leave the unhappy woman in this state of desperate reprobation. "May God forgive thee, wretched woman," he said, "as sincerely as I do! Turn for mercy to Him who can alone grant mercy, and may your prayers be heard as if they were mine own! I will send a religious man."

"Na, na, nae priest! nae priest!" she ejaculated; and the door of the cottage opening as she spoke prevented her from proceeding.

CHAPTER XXXIV

> Still in his dead hand clench'd remain the strings
> That thrill his father's heart, e'en as the limb,
> Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains, they tell us,
> Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,
> Whose nerves are twinging still in maim'd existence.
>
> *Old Play.*

THE Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty-first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr. Blattergowl, although he offered to entertain him with an abstract of the ablest speech he had ever known in the teind court, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Gatherem. Resisting this temptation, our senior preferred a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackit. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and, going up to him, was surprised to find it was Mucklebackit himself. "I am glad," he said, in a tone of sympathy—"I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this exertion."

"And what would ye have me to do," answered the fisher, gruffly, "unless I wanted to see four children starve, because ane is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer."

Without taking more notice of Oldbuck, he proceeded in his labor; and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agitating passions was never indifferent, stood beside him in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune hummed or whistled, and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that ere the sound was uttered a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a consid-

erable rent and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long; then he sawed it off too short; then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, "There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae mony years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, an' be d—d to her!" and he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then recollecting himself, he added, "Yet what needs ane be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense? though I am no that muckle better mysell. She's but a rickle o' auld rotten deals nailed thegither, and warped wi' the wind and the sea; and I am a dour carle, battered by foul weather at sea and land till I am maist as senseless as hersell. She maun be mended, though, again' the morning tide; that's a thing o' necessity."

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments and attempt to resume his labor, but Oldbuck took him kindly by the arm. "Come, come," he said, "Saunders, there is no work for you this day; I'll send down Shavings, the carpenter, to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account; and you had better not come out to-morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meal from Monkbarns."

"I thank ye, Monkbarns," answered the poor fisher; "I am a plain-spoken man, and hae little to say for mysell; I might hae learned fairer fashions frae my mither lang syne, but I never saw muckle gude they did her; however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighborly, whatever folk says o' your being near and close; and I hae often said in thae times when they were ganging to raise up the puir folk against the gentles—I hae often said, ne'er a man should steer a hair touching to Monkbarns while Steenie and I could wag a finger; and so said Steenie too. And, Monkbarns, when ye laid his head in the grave—and mony thanks for the respect—ye saw the mouls laid on an honest lad that likit you weel, though he made little phrase about it."

Oldbuck, beaten from the pride of his affected cynicism, would not willingly have had any one by upon that occasion to quote to him his favorite maxims of the Stoic philosophy.

The large drops fell fast from his own eyes as he begged the father, who was now melted at recollecting the bravery and generous sentiments of his son, to forbear useless sorrow, and led him by the arm towards his own home, where another scene awaited our Antiquary. As he entered, the first person whom he beheld was Lord Glenallan.

Mutual surprise was in their countenances as they saluted each other, with haughty reserve on the part of Mr. Oldbuck and embarrassment on that of the Earl.

"My Lord Glenallan, I think?" said Mr. Oldbuck.

"Yes, much changed from what he was when he knew Mr. Oldbuck."

"I do not mean," said the Antiquary, "to intrude upon your lordship; I only came to see this distressed family."

"And you have found one, sir, who has still greater claims on your compassion."

"My compassion! Lord Glenallan cannot need *my* compassion; if Lord Glenallan could need it, I think he would hardly ask it."

"Our former acquaintance," said the Earl——

"Is of such ancient date, my lord, was of such short duration, and was connected with circumstances so exquisitely painful, that I think we may dispense with renewing it."

So saying, the Antiquary turned away and left the hut; but Lord Glenallan followed him into the open air, and, in spite of a hasty "Good morning, my lord," requested a few minutes' conversation, and the favor of his advice in an important matter.

"Your lordship will find many more capable to advise you, my lord, and by whom your intercourse will be deemed an honor. For me, I am a man retired from business and the world, and not very fond of raking up the past events of my useless life; and forgive me if I say I have particular pain in reverting to that period of it when I acted like a fool, and your lordship like——" He stopped short.

"Like a villain, you would say," said Lord Glenallan; "for such I must have appeared to you."

"My lord, my lord, I have no desire to hear your shrift," said the Antiquary.

"But, sir, if I can show you that I am more sinned against than sinning, that I have been a man miserable beyond the power of description, and who looks forward at this moment to an untimely grave as to a haven of rest, you will not refuse the confidence which, accepting your appearance at this critical moment as a hint from Heaven, I venture thus to press on you."

"Assuredly, my lord, I shall shun no longer the continuation of this extraordinary interview."

"I must then recall to you our occasional meetings upwards of twenty years since at Knockwinnock Castle, and I need not remind you of a lady who was then a member of that family."

"The unfortunate Miss Eveline Neville, my lord, I remember it well."

"Towards whom you entertained sentiments——"

"Very different from those with which I before and since have regarded her sex; her gentleness, her docility, her pleasure in the studies which I pointed out to her, attached my affections more than became my age—though that was not then much advanced—or the solidity of my character. But I need not remind your lordship of the various modes in which you indulged your gayety at the expense of an awkward and retired student, embarrassed by the expression of feelings so new to him, and I have no doubt that the young lady joined you in the well-deserved ridicule. It is the way of womankind. I have spoken at once to the painful circumstances of my addresses and their rejection, that your lordship may be satisfied everything is full in my memory, and may, so far as I am concerned, tell your story without scruple or needless delicacy."

"I will," said Lord Glenallan; "but first, let me say, you do injustice to the memory of the gentlest and kindest, as well as to the most unhappy, of women to suppose she could make a jest of the honest affection of a man like you. Frequently did she blame me, Mr. Oldbuck, for indulging my levity at your expense. May I now presume you will excuse the gay freedoms which then offended you? My state of mind has never since laid me under the necessity of apologizing for the inadvertencies of a light and happy temper."

"My lord, you are fully pardoned," said Mr. Oldbuck. "You should be aware that, like all others, I was ignorant at the time that I placed myself in competition with your lordship, and understood that Miss Neville was in a state of dependence which might make her prefer a competent independence and the hand of an honest man. But I am wasting time; I would I could believe that the views entertained towards her by others were as fair and honest as mine!"

"Mr. Oldbuck, you judge harshly."

"Not without cause, my lord. When I only, of all the magistrates of this county, having neither, like some of them, the honor to be connected with your powerful family, nor,

like others, the meanness to fear it—when I made some inquiry into the manner of Miss Neville's death—I shake you, my lord, but I must be plain—I do own I had every reason to believe that she had met most unfair dealing, and had either been imposed upon by a counterfeit marriage, or that very strong measures had been adopted to stifle and destroy the evidence of a real union. And I cannot doubt in my own mind that this cruelty on your lordship's part, whether coming of your own free will or proceeding from the influence of the late Countess, hurried the unfortunate young lady to the desperate act by which her life was terminated."

"You are deceived, Mr. Oldbuck, into conclusions which are not just, however naturally they flow from the circumstances. Believe me, I respected you even when I was most embarrassed by your active attempts to investigate our family misfortunes. You showed yourself more worthy of Miss Neville than I by the spirit with which you persisted in vindicating her reputation even after her death. But the firm belief, that your well-meant efforts could only serve to bring to light a story too horrible to be detailed, induced me to join my unhappy mother in schemes to remove or destroy all evidence of the legal union which had taken place between Eveline and myself. And now let us sit down on this bank, for I feel unable to remain longer standing, and have the goodness to listen to the extraordinary discovery which I have this day made."

They sat down accordingly; and Lord Glenallan briefly narrated his unhappy family history—his concealed marriage, the horrible invention by which his mother had designed to render impossible that union which had already taken place. He detailed the arts by which the Countess, having all the documents relative to Miss Neville's birth in her hands, had produced those only relating to a period during which, for family reasons, his father had consented to own that young lady as his natural daughter, and showed how impossible it was that he could either suspect or detect the fraud put upon him by his mother, and vouched by the oaths of her attendants, Teresa and Elspeth. "I left my paternal mansion," he concluded, "as if the furies of hell had driven me forth, and travelled with frantic velocity I knew not whither. Nor have I the slightest recollection of what I did or whither I went, until I was discovered by my brother. I will not trouble you with an account of my sick-bed and recovery, or how, long afterwards, I ventured to inquire after the sharer of my misfortunes, and heard that her despair had found a

dreadful remedy for all the ills of life. The first thing that roused me to thought was hearing of your inquiries into this cruel business; and you will hardly wonder that, believing what I did believe, I should join in those expedients to stop your investigation which my brother and mother had actively commenced. The information which I gave them concerning the circumstances and witnesses of our private marriage enabled them to baffle your zeal. The clergyman, therefore, and witnesses, as persons who had acted in the matter only to please the powerful heir of Glenallan, were accessible to his promises and threats, and were so provided for that they had no objections to leave this country for another. For myself, Mr. Oldbuck," pursued this unhappy man, "from that moment I considered myself as blotted out of the book of the living, and as having nothing left to do with this world. My mother tried to reconcile me to life by every art, even by intimations which I can now interpret as calculated to produce a doubt of the horrible tale she herself had fabricated. But I construed all she said as the fictions of maternal affection. I will forbear all reproach; she is no more, and, as her wretched associate said, she knew not how the dart was poisoned, or how deep it must sink, when she threw it from her hand. But, Mr. Oldbuck, if ever during these twenty years there crawled upon earth a living being deserving of your pity, I have been that man. My food has not nourished me, my sleep has not refreshed me, my devotions have not comforted me, all that is cheering and necessary to man has been to me converted into poison. The rare and limited intercourse which I have held with others has been most odious to me. I felt as if I were bringing the contamination of unnatural and inexpressible guilt among the gay and the innocent. There have been moments when I had thoughts of another description—to plunge into the adventures of war, or to brave the dangers of the traveller in foreign and barbarous climates, to mingle in political intrigue or to retire to the stern seclusion of the anchorites of our religion. All these are thoughts which have alternately passed through my mind, but each required an energy which was mine no longer after the withering stroke I had received. I vegetated on as I could in the same spot, fancy, feeling, judgment, and health gradually decaying, like a tree whose bark has been destroyed, when first the blossoms fade, then the boughs, until its state resembles the decayed and dying trunk that is now before you. Do you now pity and forgive me?"

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, much affected, "my pity, my forgiveness, you have not to ask, for your dismal story is of itself not only an ample excuse for whatever appeared mysterious in your conduct, but a narrative that might move your worst enemies—and I, my lord, was never of the number—to tears and to sympathy. But permit me to ask what you now mean to do, and why you have honored me, whose opinion can be of little consequence, with your confidence on this occasion?"

"Mr. Oldbuck," answered the Earl, "as I could never have foreseen the nature of that confession which I have heard this day, I need not say that I had no formed plan of consulting you or any one upon affairs the tendency of which I could not even have suspected. But I am without friends, unused to business, and by long retirement unacquainted alike with the laws of the land and the habits of the living generation; and when, most unexpectedly, I find myself immersed in the matters of which I know least, I catch, like a drowning man, at the first support that offers. You are that support, Mr. Oldbuck. I have always heard you mentioned as a man of wisdom and intelligence, I have known you myself as a man of a resolute and independent spirit, and there is one circumstance," said he, "which ought to combine us in some degree—our having paid tribute to the same excellence of character in poor Eveline. You offered yourself to me in my need, and you were already acquainted with the beginning of my misfortunes. To you, therefore, I have recourse for advice, for sympathy, for support."

"You shall seek none of them in vain, my lord," said Oldbuck, "so far as my slender ability extends; and I am honored by the preference, whether it arises from choice or is prompted by chance. But this is a matter to be ripely considered. May I ask what are your principal views at present?"

"To ascertain the fate of my child," said the Earl, "be the consequences what they may, and to do justice to the honor of Eveline, which I have only permitted to be suspected to avoid discovery of the yet more horrible taint to which I was made to believe it liable."

"And the memory of your mother?"

"Must bear its own burden," answered the Earl, with a sigh; "better that she were justly convicted of deceit, should that be found necessary, than that others should be unjustly accused of crimes so much more dreadful."

"Then, my lord," said Oldbuck, "our first business must be to put the information of the old woman, Elspeth, into a regular and authenticated form."

"That," said Lord Glenallan, "will be at present, I fear, impossible. She is exhausted herself, and surrounded by her distressed family. To-morrow, perhaps, when she is alone—and yet I doubt, from her imperfect sense of right and wrong, whether she would speak out in any one's presence but my own. I too am sorely fatigued."

"Then, my lord," said the Antiquary, whom the interest of the moment elevated above points of expense and convenience, which had generally more than enough of weight with him, "I would propose to your lordship, instead of returning, fatigued as you are, so far as to Glenallan House, or taking the more uncomfortable alternative of going to a bad inn at Fairport, to alarm all the busybodies of the town—I would propose, I say, that you should be my guest at Monkbarns for this night. By to-morrow these poor people will have renewed their out-of-doors vocation, for sorrow with them affords no respite from labor; and we will visit the old woman, Elspeth, alone and take down her examination."

After a formal apology for the encroachment, Lord Glenallan agreed to go with him, and underwent with patience in their return home the whole history of John of the Girnell, a legend which Mr. Oldbuck was never known to spare any one who crossed his threshold.

The arrival of a stranger of such note, with two saddle horses and a servant in black, which servant had holsters on his saddle-bow and a coronet upon the holsters, created a general commotion in the house of Monkbarns. Jenny Rintherout, scarce recovered from the hysterics which she had taken on hearing of poor Steenie's misfortune, chased about the turkeys and poultry, cackled and screamed louder than they did, and ended by killing one-half too many. Miss Griselda made many wise reflections on the hot-headed wilfulness of her brother, who had occasioned such a devastation by suddenly bringing in upon them a papist nobleman. And she ventured to transmit to Mr. Blattergowl some hint of the unusual slaughter which had taken place in the *basse-cour*, which brought the honest clergyman to inquire how his friend Monkbarns had got home, and whether he was not the worse of being at the funeral, at a period so near the ringing of the bell for dinner that the Antiquary had no choice left but to invite him to stay and bless the meat. Miss M'Intyre had on her part some curiosity to see this mighty peer, of whom all had heard, as an Eastern caliph or sultan is heard of by his subjects, and felt some degree of timidity at the idea of encountering a person of whose unsocial habits and stern

manners so many stories were told that her fear kept at least pace with her curiosity. The aged housekeeper was no less flustered and hurried in obeying the numerous and contradictory commands of her mistress concerning preserves, pastry, and fruit, the mode of marshalling and dishing the dinner, the necessity of not permitting the melted butter to run to oil, and the danger of allowing Juno—who, though formally banished from the parlor, failed not to maraud about the out-settlements of the family—to enter the kitchen.

The only inmate of Monkbarns who remained entirely indifferent on this momentous occasion was Hector M'Intyre, who cared no more for an earl than he did for a commoner, and who was only interested in the unexpected visit as it might afford some protection against his uncle's displeasure, if he harbored any, for his not attending the funeral, and still more against his satire upon the subject of his gallant but unsuccessful single combat with the *phoca* or seal.

To these, the inmates of his household, Oldbuck presented the Earl of Glenallan, who underwent with meek and subdued civility the prosing speeches of the honest divine and the lengthened apologies of Miss Griselda Oldbuck, which her brother in vain endeavored to abridge. Before the dinner hour Lord Glenallan requested permission to retire a while to his chamber. Mr. Oldbuck accompanied his guest to the Green Room, which had been hastily prepared for his reception. He looked around with an air of painful recollection.

"I think," at length he observed—"I think, Mr. Oldbuck, that I have been in this apartment before."

"Yes, my lord," answered Oldbuck, "upon occasion of an excursion hither from Knockwinnock; and since we are upon a subject so melancholy, you may perhaps remember whose taste supplied these lines from Chaucer which now form the motto of the tapestry?"

"I guess," said the Earl, "though I cannot recollect. She excelled me, indeed, in literary taste and information, as in everything else, and it is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, Mr. Oldbuck, that a creature so excellent in mind and body should have been cut off in so miserable a manner, merely from her having formed a fatal attachment to such a wretch as I am."

Mr. Oldbuck did not attempt an answer to this burst of the grief which lay ever nearest to the heart of his guest, but, pressing Lord Glenallan's hand with one of his own and drawing the other across his shaggy eyelashes, as if to brush away a mist that intercepted his sight, he left the Earl at liberty to arrange himself previous to dinner.

CHAPTER XXXV

Life, with you,
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries:
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy.
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling,
With its base dregs, the vessel that contains it.
Old Play.

"Now only think what a man my brother is, Mr. Blattergowl, for a wise man and a learned man, to bring his Yerl into our house without speaking a single word to a body! And there's the distress of thae Mucklebackits—we canna get a fin o' fish; and we hae na time to send ower to Fairport for beef, and the mutton's but new killed: and that silly fliskmahoy, Jenny Rintherout, has taen the exies, and done naething but laugh and greet, the skirl at the tail o' the guffa, for twa days successfully; and now we maun ask that strange man, that's as grand and as grave as the Yerl himsell, to stand at the sideboard! And I canna gang into the kitchen to direct onything, for he's hovering there making some pousowdie for my lord, for he doesna eat like ither folk neither. And how to sort the strange servant man at dinner-time—I am sure, Mr. Blattergowl, a'thegither it passes my judgment."

"Truly, Miss Griselda," replied the divine, "Monkbarns was inconsiderate. He should have taen a day to see the invitation, as they do wi' the titular's condescendence in the process of valuation and sale. But the great man could not have come on a sudden to ony house in this parish where he could have been better served with 'vivers'—that I must say, and also that the steam from the kitchen is very gratifying to my nostrils, and if ye have ony household affairs to attend to, Mrs. Griselda, never make a stranger of me; I can amuse myself very weel with the larger copy of Erskine's *Institutes.*"

And, taking down from the window seat that amusing folio (the Scottish Coke upon Littleton), he opened it, as if

instinctively, at the tenth title of Book Second, "Of Teinds or Tythes," and was presently deeply wrapped up in an abstruse discussion concerning the temporality of benefices.

The entertainment, about which Miss Oldbuck expressed so much anxiety, was at length placed upon the table; and the Earl of Glenallan, for the first time since the date of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board surrounded by strangers. He seemed to himself like a man in a dream, or one whose brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating potion. Relieved, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted his imagination, he felt his sorrows as a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a cast very different from that which he had been accustomed to. The bluntness of Oldbuck, the tiresome apologetic harangues of his sister, the pedantry of the divine, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which savored much more of the camp than of the court, were all new to a nobleman who had lived in a retired and melancholy state for so many years that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasing. Miss M'Intyre alone, from the natural politeness and unpretending simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenallan's deportment less surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family dinner was provided (for, as Mr. Blattergowl had justly said, it was impossible to surprise Miss Griselda when her larder was empty), and though the Antiquary boasted his best port, and assimilated it to the Falernian of Horace, Lord Glenallan was proof to the allurements of both. His servant placed before him a small mess of vegetables—that very dish the cooking of which had alarmed Miss Griselda—arranged with the most minute and scrupulous neatness. He eat sparingly of these provisions; and a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain-head, completed his repast. "Such," his servant said, "had been his lordship's diet for very many years, unless upon the high festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glenallan House, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine." But at Monkbarns no anchoret could have made a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of

living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attacked his noble guest without scruple on the severity of his regimen.

"A few half-cold greens and potatoes, a glass of ice-cold water to wash them down—antiquity gives no warrant for it, my lord. This house used to be accounted a *hospitium*, a place of retreat for Christians: but your lordship's diet is that of a heathen Pythagorean or Indian Bramin; nay, more severe than either, if you refuse these fine apples."

"I am a Catholic, you are aware," said Lord Glenallan, wishing to escape from the discussion, "and you know that our church——"

"Lays down many rules of mortification," proceeded the dauntless Antiquary; "but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practiced. Bear witness my predecessor, John of the Girnell, or the jolly abbot who gave his name to this apple, my lord."

And as he pared the fruit, in spite of his sister's "O fie, Monkbarns," and the prolonged cough of the minister, accompanied by a shake of his huge wig, the Antiquary proceeded to detail the intrigue which had given rise to the fame of the abbot's apple with more slyness and circumstantiality than was at all necessary. His jest, as may readily be conceived, missed fire, for this anecdote of conventual gallantry failed to produce the slightest smile on the visage of the Earl. Oldbuck then took up the subject of Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb; but Lord Glenallan had never so much as heard of any of the three, so little conversant had he been with modern literature. The conversation was now in some danger of flagging, or of falling into the hands of Mr. Blattergowl, who had just pronounced the formidable word, "teind-free," when the subject of the French Revolution was started; a political event on which Lord Glenallan looked with all the prejudiced horror of a bigoted Catholic and zealous aristocrat. Oldbuck was far from carrying his detestation of its principles to such a length.

"There were many men in the first Constituent Assembly," he said, "who held sound Whiggish doctrines, and were for settling the constitution with a proper provision for the liberties of the people. And if a set of furious madmen were now in possession of the government, it was," he continued, "what often happened in great revolutions, where extreme measures are adopted in the fury of the moment, and the state resembles an agitated pendulum which swings from side to side for some time ere it can acquire its due and perpen-

dicular station. Or it might be likened to a storm or hurricane, which, passing over a region, does great damage in its passage, yet sweeps away stagnant and unwholesome vapors, and repays, in future health and fertility, its immediate desolation and ravage."

The Earl shook his head; but having neither spirit nor inclination for debate, he suffered the argument to pass uncontested.

This discussion served to introduce the young soldier's experiences; and he spoke of the actions in which he had been engaged with modesty, and at the same time with an air of spirit and zeal which delighted the Earl, who had been bred up, like others of his house, in the opinion that the trade of arms was the first duty of man, and believed that to employ them against the French was a sort of holy warfare.

"What would I give," said he apart to Oldbuck, as they rose to join the ladies in the drawing-room—"what would I give to have a son of such spirit as that young gentleman! He wants something of address and manner, something of polish, which mixing in good society would soon give him; but with what zeal and animation he expresses himself, how fond of his profession, how loud in the praise of others, how modest when speaking of himself!"

"Hector is much obliged to you, my lord," replied his uncle, gratified, yet not so much so as to suppress his consciousness of his own mental superiority over the young soldier; "I believe in my heart nobody ever spoke half so much good of him before, except perhaps the sergeant of his company, when he was wheedling a Highland recruit to enlist with him. He is a good lad notwithstanding, although he be not quite the hero your lordship supposes him, and although my commendations rather attest the kindness than the vivacity of his character. In fact, his high spirit is a sort of constitutional vehemence which attends him in everything he sets about, and is often very inconvenient to his friends. I saw him today engage in an animated contest with a *phoca* or seal—'sealgh,' our people more properly call them, retaining the Gothic guttural *gh*—with as much vehemence as if he had fought against Dumourier. Marry, my lord, the *phoca* had the better, as the said Dumourier had of some other folks. And he'll talk with equal if not superior rapture of the good behavior of a pointer bitch as of the plan of a campaign."

"He shall have full permission to sport over my grounds," said the Earl, "if he is so fond of that exercise."

"You will bind him to you, my lord," said Monkbarns,

"body and soul; give him leave to crack off his birding-piece at a poor covey of partridges or moor-fowl, and he's yours forever. I will enchant him by the intelligence. But O, my lord, that you could have seen my phœnix Lovel! the very prince and chieftain of the youth of this age, and not destitute of spirit neither: I promise you he gave my termagant kinsman a *quid pro quo*—a Rowland for his Oliver, as the vulgar say, alluding to the two celebrated Paladins of Charlemagne."

After coffee, Lord Glenallan requested a private interview with the Antiquary, and was ushered to his library.

"I must withdraw you from your own amiable family," he said, "to involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man. You are acquainted with the world, from which I have long been banished; for Glenallan House has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither fortitude nor spirit to break from."

"Let me ask your lordship," said the Antiquary, "what are your own wishes and designs in this matter?"

"I wish most especially," answered Lord Glenallan, "to declare my luckless marriage and to vindicate the reputation of the unhappy Eveline; that is, if you see a possibility of doing so without making public the conduct of my mother."

"*Suum cuique tribuito*," said the Antiquary, "do right to every one. The memory of that unhappy young lady has too long suffered, and I think it might be cleared without further impeaching that of your mother than by letting it be understood in general that she greatly disapproved and bitterly opposed the match. All—forgive me, my lord—all who ever heard of the late Countess of Glenallan will learn that without much surprise."

"But you forget one horrible circumstance, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Earl, in an agitated voice.

"I am not aware of it," replied the Antiquary.

"The fate of the infant—its disappearance with the confidential attendant of my mother, and the dreadful surmises which may be drawn from my conversation with Elspeth."

"If you would have my free opinion, my lord," answered Mr. Oldbuck, "and will not catch too rapidly at it as matter of hope, I would say that it is very possible the child yet lives. For thus much I ascertained by my former inquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, that a child and woman were carried that night from the cottage at the Craigburnfoot in a carriage and four by your brother, Edward Geraldin Neville, whose journey towards England

with these companions I traced for several stages. I believed then it was a part of the family compact to carry a child whom you meant to stigmatize with illegitimacy out of that country where chance might have raised protectors and proofs of its rights. But I now think that your brother, having reason, like yourself, to believe the child stained with shame yet more indelible, had nevertheless withdrawn it, partly from regard to the honor of his house, partly from the risk to which it might have been exposed in the neighborhood of the Lady Glenallan."

As he spoke, the Earl of Glenallan grew extremely pale, and had nearly fallen from his chair. The alarmed Antiquary ran hither and thither looking for remedies; but his museum, though sufficiently well filled with a vast variety of useless matters, contained nothing that could be serviceable on the present or any other occasion. As he posted out of the room to borrow his sister's salts, he could not help giving a constitutional growl of chagrin and wonder at the various incidents which had converted his mansion, first into a hospital for a wounded duellist and now into the sick-chamber of a dying nobleman. "And yet," said he, "I have always kept aloof from the soldiery and the peerage. My *cœnobitium* has only next to be made a lying-in hospital, and then I trow the transformation will be complete."

When he returned with the remedy Lord Glenallan was much better. The new and unexpected light which Mr. Oldbuck had thrown upon the melancholy history of his family had almost overpowered him. "You think, then, Mr. Oldbuck—for you are capable of thinking, which I am not—you think, then, that it is possible—that is, not impossible—my child may yet live?"

"I think," said the Antiquary, "it is impossible that it could come to any violent harm through your brother's means. He was known to be a gay and dissipated man, but not cruel nor dishonorable; nor is it possible that, if he had intended any foul play, he would have placed himself so forward in the charge of the infant as I will prove to your lordship he did."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet of his ancestor, Aldobrand, and produced a bundle of papers tied with a black ribbon and labelled, "Examinations, etc., taken by Jonathan Oldbuck, J.P., upon the 18th of February 17—." A little under was written in a small hand *Eheu Evelina!* The tears dropped fast from the Earl's eyes as he endeavored in vain to unfasten the knot which secured these documents.

"Your lordship," said Mr. Oldbuck, "had better not read these at present. Agitated as you are, and having much business before you, you must not exhaust your strength. Your brother's succession is now, I presume, your own, and it will be easy for you to make inquiry among his servants and retainers, so as to hear where the child is, if, fortunately, it shall be still alive."

"I dare hardly hope it," said the Earl, with a deep sigh; "why should my brother have been silent to me?"

"Nay, my lord! why should he have communicated to your lordship the existence of a being whom you must have supposed the offspring of——"

"Most true; there is an obvious and a kind reason for his being silent. If anything, indeed, could have added to the horror of the ghastly dream that has poisoned my whole existence, it must have been the knowledge that such a child of misery existed."

"Then," continued the Antiquary, "although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your son must needs be still alive because he was not destroyed in infancy, I own I think you should instantly set on foot inquiries."

"It shall be done," replied Lord Glenallan, catching eagerly at the hope held out to him, the first he had nourished for many years; "I will write to a faithful steward of my father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville; but, Mr. Oldbuck, I am not my brother's heir."

"Indeed! I am sorry for that, my lord: it is a noble estate, and the ruins of the old castle of Neville's Burgh alone, which are the most superb relics of Anglo-Norman architecture in that part of the country, are a possession much to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relative."

"He had not, Mr. Oldbuck," replied Lord Glenallan; "but my brother adopted views in politics and a form of religion alien from those which had been always held by our house. Our tempers had long differed, nor did my unhappy mother always think him sufficiently observant to her. In short, there was a family quarrel, and my brother, whose property was at his own free disposal, availed himself of the power vested in him to choose a stranger for his heir. It is a matter which never struck me as being of the least consequence; for, if worldly possessions could alleviate misery, I have enough and to spare. But now I shall regret it if it throws any difficulty in the way of our inquiries; and

I bethink me that it may, for, in case of my having a lawful son of my body and my brother dying without issue, my father's possessions stood entailed upon my son. It is not, therefore, likely that this heir, be he who he may, will afford us assistance in making a discovery which may turn out so much to his own prejudice."

"And in all probability the steward your lordship mentions is also in his service," said the Antiquary.

"It is most likely; and the man being a Protestant, how far it is safe to intrust him——"

"I should hope, my lord," said Oldbuck, gravely, "that a Protestant may be as trustworthy as a Catholic. I am doubly interested in the Protestant faith, my lord. My ancestor, Aldobrand Oldenbuck, printed the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, as I can show by the original edition now in this house."

"I have not the least doubt of what you say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the Earl, "nor do I speak out of bigotry or intolerance; but probably the Protestant steward will favor the Protestant heir rather than the Catholic—if, indeed, my son has been bred in his father's faith, or alas! if indeed he yet lives."

"We must look close into this," said Oldbuck, "before committing ourselves. I have a literary friend at York, with whom I have long corresponded on the subject of the Saxon horn that is preserved in the minster there; we interchanged letters for six years, and have only as yet been able to settle the first line of the inscription. I will write forthwith to this gentleman, Dr. Dryasdust, and be particular in my inquiries concerning the character, etc., of your brother's heir, of the gentleman employed in his affairs, and what else may be likely to further your lordship's inquiries. In the meantime your lordship will collect the evidence of the marriage, which I hope can still be recovered?"

"Unquestionably," replied the Earl; "the witnesses who were formerly withdrawn from your research are still living. My tutor, who solemnized the marriage, was provided for by a living in France, and has lately returned to this country as an emigrant, a victim of his zeal for loyalty, legitimacy, and religion."

"That's one lucky consequence of the French Revolution, my lord, you must allow that at least," said Oldbuck; "but no offence, I will act as warmly in your affairs as if I were of your own faith in politics and religion. And take my advice: if you want an affair of consequence properly managed, put it

into the hands of an antiquary ; for, as they are eternally exercising their genius and research upon trifles, it is impossible they can be baffled in affairs of importance. Use makes perfect, and the corps that is most frequently drilled upon the parade will be most prompt in its exercise upon the day of battle. And, talking upon that subject, I would willingly read to your lordship in order to pass away the time betwixt this and supper——"

"I beg I may not interfere with family arrangements," said Lord Glenallan, "but I never taste anything after sunset."

"Nor I either, my lord," answered his host, "notwithstanding it is said to have been the custom of the ancients ; but then I dine differently from your lordship, and therefore am better enabled to dispense with those elaborate entertainments which my womankind (that is, my sister and niece, my lord) are apt to place on the table, for the display rather of their own housewifery than the accommodation of our wants. However, a broiled bone, or a smoked haddock, or an oyster, or a slice of bacon of our own curing, with a toast and a tankard, or something or other of that sort, to close the orifice of the stomach before going to bed, does not fall under my restriction, nor, I hope, under your lordship's."

"My 'no supper' is literal, Mr. Oldbuck ; but I will attend you at your meal with pleasure."

"Well, my lord," replied the Antiquary, "I will endeavor to entertain your ears at least, since I cannot banquet your palate. What I am about to read to your lordship relates to the upland glens."

Lord Glenallan, though he would rather have recurred to the subject of his own uncertainties, was compelled to make a sign of rueful civility and acquiescence.

The Antiquary, therefore, took out his portfolio of loose sheets, and, after premising that the topographical details here laid down were designed to illustrate a slight *Essay upon Castrametation*, which had been read with indulgence at several societies of antiquaries, he commenced as follows: "The subject, my lord, is the hill-fort of Quickens Bog, with the site of which your lordship is doubtless familiar. It is upon your store-farm of Mantanner, in the barony of Clochnaben."

"I think I have heard the names of these places," said the Earl, in answer to the Antiquary's appeal.

"Heard the name! and the farm brings him six hundred a year. O Lord!"

Such was the scarce subdued ejaculation of the Antiquary. But his hospitality got the better of his surprise, and he proceeded to read his essay with an audible voice, in great glee at having secured a patient, and, as he fondly hoped, an interested hearer.

"Quickens Bog may at first seem to derive its name from the plant quicken, by which, *Scotticé*, we understand couch-grass, dog-grass, or the *Triticum repens* of Linnæus; and the common English monosyllable 'bog,' by which we mean, in popular language, a marsh or morass, in Latin *palus*. But it may confound the rash adopters of the more obvious etymological derivations to learn that the couch-grass or dog-grass, or, to speak scientifically, the *Triticum repens* of Linnæus, does not grow within a quarter of a mile of this *castrum* or hill-fort, whose ramparts are uniformly clothed with short verdant turf, and that we must seek a bog or *palus* at a still greater distance, the nearest being that of Gird-the-mear, a full half-mile distant. The last syllable, 'bog,' is obviously, therefore, a mere corruption of the Saxon *burgh*, which we find in the various transmutations of *burgh*, *burrow*, *brough*, *bruff*, *buff*, and *boff*, which last approaches very near the sound in question; since, supposing the word to have been originally *borgh*, which is the genuine Saxon spelling, a slight change, such as modern organs too often make upon ancient sounds, will produce first *bogh*, and then, *elisa h*, or compromising and sinking the guttural, agreeable to the common vernacular practice, you have either *boff* or *bog*, as it happens. The word 'quickens' requires in like manner to be altered—decomposed, as it were—and reduced to its original and genuine sound, ere we can discern its real meaning. By the ordinary exchange of the *qu* into *wh*, familiar to the rudest tyro who has opened a book of old Scottish poetry, we gain either Whilkens or Whichensborgh—put, we may suppose, by way of question, as if those who imposed the name, struck with the extreme antiquity of the place, had expressed in it an interrogation, 'To whom did this fortress belong?' Or, it might be Whackensburgh, from the Saxon *whacken*, to strike with the hand, as doubtless the skirmishes near a place of such apparent consequence must have legitimated such a derivation," etc., etc., etc.

I will be more merciful to my readers than Oldbuck was to his guest; for, considering his opportunities of gaining patient attention from a person of such consequence as Lord Glenallan were not many, he used, or rather abused, the present to the uttermost.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Crabbed age and youth
  Cannot live together.
Youth is full of pleasance,
  Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
  Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
  Age like winter bare.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN the morning of the following day the Antiquary, who was something of a sluggard, was summoned from his bed a full hour earlier than his custom by Caxon.

"What's the matter now?" he exclaimed, yawning and stretching forth his hand to the huge gold repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk handkerchief, was laid safe by his pillow—"what's the matter now, Caxon? it can't be eight o'clock yet."

"Na, sir, but my lord's man sought me out, for he fancies me your honor's valley-de-sham; and sae I am, there's nae doubt o't, baith your honor's and the minister's, at least ye hae no other that I ken o'; and I gie a help to Sir Arthur too, but that's mair in the way o' my profession."

"Well, well, never mind that," said the Antiquary, "happy is he that is his own valley-de-sham, as you call it; but why disturb my morning's rest?"

"Ou, sir, the great man's been up since peep o' day, and he's steered the town to get awa an express to fetch his carriage, and it will be here briefly, and he wad like to see your honor afore he gaes awa."

"Gadso!" ejaculated Oldbuck, "these great men use one's house and time as if they were their own property. Well, it's once and away. Has Jenny come to her senses yet, Caxon?"

"Troth, sir, but just middling," replied the barber; "she's been in a swither about the jocolate this morning, and was like to hae toomed it a' out into the slap-basin, and drank it hersell in her ecstasies; but she's won ower wi't, wi' the help o' Miss M'Intyre."

"Then all my womankind are on foot and scrambling, and I must enjoy my quiet bed no longer, if I would have a well-regulated house. Lend me my gown. And what are the news at Fairport?"

"Ou, sir, what can they be about but this grand news o' my lord," answered the old man, "that hasna been ower the door-stane, they threep to me, for this twenty years—this grand news of his coming to visit your honor!"

"Aha!" said Monkbarns, "and what do they say of that, Caxon?"

"'Deed, sir, they hae various opinions. Thae fallows that are the democraws, as they ca' them, that are again' the king and the law, and hair powder and dressing o' gentlemen's wigs—a wheen blackguards!—they say he's come doun to speak wi' your honor about bringing doun his hill lads and Highland tenantry to break up the meetings of the Friends o' the People; and when I said your honor never meddled wi' the like o' sic things where there was like to be straiks and bloodshed, they said, if ye dinna, your nevoy did, and that he was weel kend to be a king's-man that wad fight knee-deep, and that ye were the head and he was the hand, and that the Yerl was to bring out the men and the siller."

"Come," said the Antiquary, laughing, "I am glad the war is to cost me nothing but counsel."

"Na, na," said Caxon, "naebody thinks your honor wad either fight yoursell or gie ony feck o' siller to ony side o' the question."

"Umph! well, that's the opinion of the democraws, as you call them. What say the rest of Fairport?"

"In troth," said the candid reporter, "I canna say it's muckle better. Captain Coquet, of the volunteers—that's him that's to be the new collector—and some of the other gentlemen of the Blue and a' Blue Club, are just saying it's no right to let papists that hae sae mony French friends as the Yerl of Glenallan gang through the country, and—but your honor will maybe be angry?"

"Not I, Caxon," said Oldbuck; "fire away, as if you were Captain Coquet's whole platoon, I can stand it."

"Weel, then, they say, sir, that as ye didna encourage the petition about the peace, and wadna petition in favor of the new tax, and as ye were again' bringing in the yeomanry at the meal mob, but just for setting the folk wi' the constables—they say ye're no a gude friend to government; and that thae sort o' meetings between sic a powerfu' man as the Yerl and sic a wise man as you—odd, they think they

suld be lookit after, and some say ye should baith be shankit aff till Edinburgh Castle."

"On my word," said the Antiquary, "I am infinitely obliged to my neighbors for their good opinion of me! And so I, that have never interfered with their bickerings but to recommend quiet and moderate measures, am given up on both sides as a man very likely to commit high treason, either against king or people? Give me my coat, Caxon—give me my coat. It's lucky I live not in their report. Have you heard anything of Taffril and his vessel?"

Caxon's countenance fell. "Na, sir, and the winds hae been high, and this is a fearfu' coast to cruise on in thae eastern gales: the headlands rin sae far out that a veshell's embayed afore I could sharp a razor; and then there's nae harbor or city of refuge on our coast, a' craigs and breakers. A veshell that rins ashore wi' us flees asunder like the powther when I shake the pluff, and it's as ill to gather ony o't again. I aye tell my daughter thae things when she grows wearied for a letter frae Lieutenant Taffril. It's aye an apology for him. 'Ye suldna blame him,' says I, 'hinny, for ye little ken what may hae happened.'"

"Ay, ay, Caxon, thou art as good a comforter as a *valet-de-chambre*. Give me a white stock, man; d'ye think I can go down with a handkerchief about my neck when I have company?"

"Dear sir, the Captain says a three-nookit hankercher is the maist fashionable overlay, and that stocks belang to your honor and me that are auld-warld folk. I beg pardon for mentioning us twa thegither, but it was what he said."

"The Captain's a puppy and you are a goose, Caxon."

"It's very like it may be sae," replied the acquiescent barber; "I am sure your honor kens best."

Before breakfast Lord Glenallan, who appeared in better spirits than he had evinced in the former evening, went particularly through the various circumstances of evidence which the exertions of Oldbuck had formerly collected; and, pointing out the means which he possessed of completing the proof of his marriage, expressed his resolution instantly to go through the painful task of collecting and restoring the evidence concerning the birth of Eveline Neville which Elspeth had stated to be in his mother's possession.

"And yet, Mr. Oldbuck," he said, "I feel like a man who receives important tidings ere he is yet fully awake, and doubts whether they refer to actual life or are not rather a continuation of his dream. This woman—this Elspeth—she

is in the extremity of age, and approaching in many respects to dotage. Have I not—it is a hideous question—have I not been hasty in the admission of her present evidence, against that which she formerly gave me to a very—very different purpose?"

Mr. Oldbuck paused a moment, and then answered with firmness—"No, my lord, I cannot think you have any reason to suspect the truth of what she has told you last, from no apparent impulse but the urgency of conscience. Her confession was voluntary, disinterested, distinct, consistent with itself and with all the other known circumstances of the case. I would lose no time, however, in examining and arranging the other documents to which she has referred, and I also think her own statement should be taken down, if possible, in a formal manner. We thought of setting about this together. But it will be a relief to your lordship, and, moreover, have a more impartial appearance, were I to attempt the investigation alone, in the capacity of a magistrate. I will do this—at least I will attempt it—so soon as I shall see her in a favorable state of mind to undergo an examination."

Lord Glenallan wrung the Antiquary's hand in token of grateful acquiescence. "I cannot express to you," he said, "Mr. Oldbuck, how much your countenance and co-operation in this dark and most melancholy business gives me relief and confidence. I cannot enough applaud myself for yielding to the sudden impulse which impelled me, as it were, to drag you into my confidence, and which arose from the experience I had formerly of your firmness in discharge of your duty as a magistrate and as a friend to the memory of the unfortunate. Whatever the issue of these matters may prove—and I would fain hope there is a dawn breaking on the fortunes of my house, though I shall not live to enjoy its light—but whatsoever be the issue, you have laid my family and me under the most lasting obligation."

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, "I must necessarily have the greatest respect for your lordship's family, which I am well aware is one of the most ancient in Scotland, being certainly derived from Aymer de Geraldin, who sat in parliament at Perth, in the reign of Alexander II., and who, by the less vouched yet plausible tradition of the country, is said to have been descended from the Marmor of Clochnaben. Yet, with all my veneration for your ancient descent, I must acknowledge that I find myself still more bound to give your lordship what assistance is in my limited power, from sincere sympathy with your sorrows and detestation at the frauds

which have so long been practiced upon you. But, my lord, the matin meal is, I see, now prepared. Permit me to show your lordship the way through the intricacies of my *cœnobitium*, which is rather a combination of cells, jostled oddly together, and piled one upon the top of the other, than a regular house. I trust you will make yourself some amends for the spare diet of yesterday."

But this was no part of Lord Glenallan's system. Having saluted the company with the grave and melancholy politeness which distinguished his manners, his servant placed before him a slice of toasted bread, with a glass of fair water, being the fare on which he usually broke his fast. While the morning's meal of the young soldier and the old Antiquary was despatched in a much more substantial manner, the noise of wheels was heard.

"Your lordship's carriage, I believe," said Oldbuck, stepping to the window. "On my word, a handsome *quadriga*, for such, according to the best *scholium*, was the *vox signata* of the Romans for a chariot which, like that of your lordship, was drawn by four horses."

"And I will venture to say," cried Hector, eagerly gazing from the window, "that four handsomer or better-matched bays never were put in harness. What fine forehands! What capital chargers they would make! Might I ask if they are of your lordship's own breeding?"

"I—I—rather believe so," said Lord Glenallan; "but I have been so negligent of my domestic matters that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Calvert" (looking at the domestic).

"They are of your lordship's own breeding," said Calvert, "got by Mad Tom out of Jemima and Yarico, your lordship's brood mares."

"Are there more of the set?" said Lord Glenallan.

"Two, my lord—one rising four, the other five off this grass, both very handsome."

"Then let Dawkins bring them down to Monkbarns tomorrow," said the Earl. "I hope Captain M'Intyre will accept them, if they are at all fit for service."

Captain M'Intyre's eyes sparkled, and he was profuse in grateful acknowledgments; while Oldbuck, on the other hand, seizing the Earl's sleeve, endeavored to intercept a present which boded no good to his corn-chest and hay-loft.

"My lord—my lord—much obliged—much obliged. But Hector is a pedestrian, and never mounts on horseback in battle. He is a Highland soldier, moreover, and his dress ill

adapted for cavalry service. Even Macpherson never mounted his ancestors on horseback, though he has the impudence to talk of their being car-borne; and that, my lord, is what is running in Hector's head: it is the vehicular, not the equestrian exercise, which he envies—

> "'Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
> Collegisse juvat.'

His noddle is running on a curricle, which he has neither money to buy nor skill to drive if he had it; and I assure your lordship that the possession of two such quadrupeds would prove a greater scrape than any of his duels, whether with human foe or with my friend the *phoca*."

"You must command us all at present, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Earl, politely, "but I trust you will not ultimately prevent my gratifying my young friend in some way that may afford him pleasure?"

"Anything useful, my lord," said Oldbuck, "but no *curriculum:* I protest he might as rationally propose to keep a *quadriga* at once. And, now I think of it, what is that old post-chaise from Fairport come jingling here for? I did not send for it."

"*I* did, sir," said Hector, rather sulkily, for he was not much gratified by his uncle's interference to prevent the Earl's intended generosity, nor particularly inclined to relish either the disparagement which he cast upon his skill as a charioteer or the mortifying allusion to his bad success in the adventures of the duel and the seal.

"You did, sir?" echoed the Antiquary, in answer to his concise information. "And pray, what may be your business with a post-chaise? Is this splendid equipage—this *biga*, as I may call it—to serve for an introduction to a *quadriga* or a *curriculum?*"

"Really, sir," replied the young soldier, "if it be necessary to give you such a specific explanation, I am going to Fairport on a little business."

"Will you permit me to inquire into the nature of that business, Hector?" answered his uncle, who loved the exercise of a little brief authority over his relative. "I should suppose any regimental affairs might be transacted by your worthy deputy the sergeant—an honest gentleman, who is so good as to make Monkbarns his home since his arrival among us—I should, I say, suppose that he may transact any business of yours, without your spending a day's pay on two dog-horses and such a combination of rotten wood, cracked glass, and

leather—such a skeleton of a post-chaise, as that before the door."

"It is not regimental business, sir, that calls me; and since you insist upon knowing, I must inform you, Caxon has brought word this morning that old Ochiltree, the beggar, is to be brought up for examination to-day, previous to his being committed for trial; and I am going to see that the poor old fellow gets fair play—that's all."

"Ay? I heard something of this, but could not think it serious. And pray, Captain Hector, who are so ready to be every man's second on all occasions of strife, civil or military, by land, by water, or on the sea-beach, what is your especial concern with old Edie Ochiltree?"

"He was a soldier in my father's company, sir," replied Hector; "and besides, when I was about to do a very foolish thing one day, he interfered to prevent me, and gave me almost as much good advice, sir, as you could have done yourself."

"And with the same good effect, I dare be sworn for it—eh, Hector? Come, confess it was thrown away."

"Indeed it was, sir; but I see no reason that my folly should make me less grateful for his intended kindness."

"Bravo, Hector! that's the most sensible thing I ever heard you say; but always tell me your plans without reserve. Why, I will go with you myself, man; I am sure the old fellow is not guilty, and I will assist him in such a scrape much more effectually than you can do. Besides, it will save thee half-a-guinea, my lad, a consideration which I heartily pray you to have more frequently before your eyes."

Lord Glenallan's politeness had induced him to turn away and talk with the ladies when the dispute between the uncle and nephew appeared to grow rather too animated to be fit for the ear of a stranger, but the Earl mingled again in the conversation when the placable tone of the Antiquary expressed amity. Having received a brief account of the mendicant, and of the accusation brought against him, which Oldbuck did not hesitate to ascribe to the malice of Dousterswivel, Lord Glenallan asked whether the individual in question had not been a soldier formerly. He was answered in the affirmative.

"Had he not," continued his lordship, "a coarse blue coat or gown, with a badge? Was he not a tall, striking-looking old man, with gray beard and hair, who kept his body remarkably erect, and talked with an air of ease and independence which formed a strong contrast to his profession?"

"All this is an exact picture of the man," returned Oldbuck.

"Why, then," continued Lord Glenallan, "although I fear I can be of no use to him in his present condition, yet I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first person who brought me some tidings of the utmost importance. I would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement when he is extricated from his present situation."

"I fear, my lord," said Oldbuck, "he would have difficulty in reconciling his vagrant habits to the acceptance of your bounty—at least I know the experiment has been tried without effect. To beg from the public at large he considers as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is so far a true philosopher as to be a contemner of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats, when thirsty he drinks, when weary he sleeps, and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which we make a fuss, that I suppose he was never ill-dined or ill-lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the district through which he travels—their genealogist, their newsman, their master of the revels, their doctor at a pinch, or their divine; I promise you he has too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor light-hearted old man to lie for weeks in a jail. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart."

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glenallan, having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain M'Intyre of the freedom of his manors for sporting, which was joyously accepted.

"I can only add," he said, "that, if your spirits are not liable to be damped by dull company, Glenallan House is at all times open to you. On two days of the week, Friday and Saturday, I keep my apartment, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr. Gladsmoor, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Hector, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through the preserves of Glenallan House, and over the well-protected moors of Clochnaben—nay, joy of joys, the deer-forest of Strathbonnel, made many acknowledgments of the honor and gratitude he felt. Mr. Oldbuck was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew; Miss M'Intyre was pleased because her brother was gratified; and Miss Griselda

Oldbuck looked forward with glee to the potting of whole bags of moor-fowl and black-game, of which Mr. Blattergowl was a professed admirer. Thus—which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family where he has studied to appear obliging—all were ready to open in praise of the Earl as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the four admired bays. But the panegyric was cut short, for Oldbuck and his nephew deposited themselves in the Fairport hack, which, with one horse trotting and the other urged to a canter, creaked, jingled, and hobbled towards that celebrated seaport, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the rapidity and smoothness with which Lord Glenallan's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

> **Yes ! I love justice well, as well as you do ;**
> **But since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse me,**
> **If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb.**
> **The breath I utter now shall be no means**
> **To take away from me my breath in future.**
>
> *Old Play.*

By dint of charity from the town's people in aid of the load of provisions he had brought with him into durance, Edie Ochiltree had passed a day or two's confinement without much impatience, regretting his want of freedom the less as the weather proved broken and rainy.

"The prison," he said, "wasna sae dooms bad a place as it was ca'd. Ye had aye a good roof ower your head to fend aff the weather, and, if the windows werena glazed, it was the mair airy and pleasant for the summer season. And there were folk enow to crack wi', and he had bread eneugh to eat, and what need he fash himsell about the rest o't ?"

The courage of our philosophical mendicant began, however, to abate when the sunbeams shone fair on the rusty bars of his grated dungeon, and a miserable linnet, whose cage some poor debtor had obtained permission to attach to the window, began to greet them with his whistle.

"Ye're in better spirits than I am," said Edie, addressing the bird, "for I can neither whistle nor sing for thinking o' the bonnie burnsides and green shaws that I should hae been dandering beside in weather like this. But hae, there's some crumbs t'ye, an ye are sae merry ; and troth ye hae some reason to sing an ye kent it, for your cage comes by nae faut o' your ain, and I may thank mysell that I am closed up in this weary place."

Ochiltree's soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrate. So he set forth in awful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them so stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of inquisitorial justice. The people, as the aged prisoner was led along by his decrepit guards, exclaimed to each other, "Eh ! see sic a gray-haired man as that is, to

have committed a highway robbery wi' ae fit in the grave!" And the children congratulated the officers, objects of their alternate dread and sport, Puggie Orrock and Jock Ormston, on having a prisoner as old as themselves.

Thus marshalled forward, Edie was presented (by no means for the first time) before the worshipful Bailie Littlejohn, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall, portly magistrate, on whom corporation crusts had not been conferred in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good deal inflated with the sense of his own power and importance, otherwise an honest, well-meaning, and useful citizen.

"Bring him in, bring him in!" he exclaimed. "Upon my word, these are awful and unnatural times: the very bedesmen and retainers of his Majesty are the first to break his laws. Here has been an old Blue-Gown committing robbery! I suppose the next will reward the royal charity, which supplies him with his garb, pension, and begging license, by engaging in high treason or sedition at least. But bring him in."

Edie made his obeisance, and then stood, as usual, firm and erect, with the side of his face turned a little upward, as if to catch every word which the magistrate might address to him. To the first general questions, which respected only his name and calling, the mendicant answered with readiness and accuracy; but when the magistrate, having caused his clerk to take down these particulars, began to inquire whereabout the mendicant was on the night when Dousterswivel met with his misfortune, Edie demurred to the motion. "Can ye tell me now, Bailie, you that understands the law, what gude will it do me to answer ony o' your questions?"

"Good? no good certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may entitle me to set you at liberty."

"But it seems mair reasonable to me, now, that you, Bailie, or onybody that has onything to say against me, should prove my guilt, and no to be bidding me prove my innocence."

"I don't sit here," answered the magistrate, "to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you choose to answer my question, whether you were at Ringan Aikwood the forester's upon the day I have specified?"

"Really, sir, I dinna feel myself called on to remember," replied the cautious bedesman.

"Or whether, in the course of that day or night," continued the magistrate, "you saw Stephen, or Steenie, Mucklebackit? you knew him, I suppose?"

"O brawlie did I ken Steenie, puir fallow," replied the prisoner; "but I canna condeshend on ony particular time I have seen him lately."

"Were you at the ruins of St. Ruth any time in the course of that evening?"

"Bailie Littlejohn," said the mendicant, "if it be your honor's pleasure, we'll cut a lang tale short, and I'll just tell ye I am no minded to answer ony o' thae questions. I'm ower auld a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

"Write down," said the magistrate, "that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth he might be brought to trouble."

"Na, na," said Ochiltree, "I'll no hae that set down as ony part o' my answer; but I just meant to say, that in a' my memory and practice I never saw ony gude come o' answering idle questions."

"Write down," said the Bailie, "that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions, the declarant refuses——"

"Na, na, Bailie," reiterated Edie, "ye are no to come in on me that gait neither."

"Dictate the answer yourself then, friend," said the magistrate, "and the clerk will take it down from your own mouth."

"Ay, ay," said Edie, "that's what I ca' fair play; I'se do that without loss o' time. Sae, neighbor, ye may just write down that Edie Ochiltree, the declarant, stands up for the liberty—na, I maunna say that neither, I am nae Liberty Boy; I hae fought again' them in the riots in Dublin; besides, I have ate the king's bread mony a day. Stay, let me see. Ay, write that Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, stands up for the prerogative—see that ye spell that word right, it's a lang ane—for the prerogative of the subjects of the land, and winna answer a single word that sall be asked at him this day, unless he sees a reason for't. Put down that, young man."

"Then, Edie," said the magistrate, "since you will give me no information on the subject, I must send you back to prison till you shall be delivered in due course of law."

"Aweel, sir, if it's Heaven's will and man's will, nae doubt I maun submit," replied the mendicant. "I hae nae great objection to the prison, only that a body canna win out o't; and if it wad please you as weel, Bailie, I wad gie you my word to appear afore the Lords at the Circuit, or in ony other court ye like, on ony day ye are pleased to appoint."

"I rather think, my good friend," answered Bailie Littlejohn, "your word might be a slender security where your neck may be in some danger. I am apt to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited. If you could give me sufficient security, indeed——"

At this moment the Antiquary and Captain M'Intyre entered the apartment. "Good morning to you, gentlemen," said the magistrate; "you find me toiling in my usual vocation, looking after the iniquities of the people; laboring for the *respublica*, Mr. Oldbuck; serving the king our master, Captain M'Intyre, for I suppose you know I have taken up the sword?"

"It is one of the emblems of justice, doubtless," answered the Antiquary; "but I should have thought the scales would have suited you better, Bailie, especially as you have them ready in the warehouse."

"Very good, Monkbarns, excellent. But I do not take the sword up as justice, but as a soldier; indeed, I should rather say the musket and bayonet; there they stand at the elbow of my gouty chair, for I am scarce fit for drill yet. A slight touch of our old acquaintance podagra. I can keep my feet, however, while our sergeant puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain M'Intyre, if he follows the regulations correctly; he brings us but awkwardly to the 'present.'" And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.

"I rejoice we have such zealous defenders, Bailie," replied Mr. Oldbuck; "and I dare say Hector will gratify you by communicating his opinion on your progress in this new calling. Why, you rival the Hecate of the ancients, my good sir—a merchant on the mart, a magistrate in the town-house, a soldier on the links; *quid non pro patria?* But my business is with the justice; so let commerce and war go slumber."

"Well, my good sir," said the Bailie, "and what commands have you for me?"

"Why, here's an old acquaintance of mine, called Edie Ochiltree, whom some of your myrmidons have mewed up in jail on account of an alleged assault on that fellow Dousterswivel, of whose accusation I do not believe one word."

The magistrate here assumed a very grave countenance. "You ought to have been informed that he is accused of robbery as well as assault—a very serious matter indeed; it is not often such criminals come under my cognizance."

"And," replied Oldbuck, "you are tenacious of the oppor-

tunity of making the very most of such as occur. But is this poor old man's case really so very bad?"

"It is rather out of rule," said the Bailie, "but, as you are in the commission, Monkbarns, I have no hesitation to show you Dousterswivel's declaration and the rest of the precognition." And he put the papers into the Antiquary's hands, who assumed his spectacles and sat down in a corner to peruse them.

The officers in the meantime had directions to remove their prisoner into another apartment; but before they could do so M'Intyre took an opportunity to greet old Edie and to slip a guinea into his hand.

"Lord bless your honor," said the old man; "it's a young soldier's gift, and it should surely thrive wi' an auld ane. I'se no refuse it, though it's beyond my rule; for, if they steek me up here, my friends are like enough to forget me: 'Out o' sight out o' mind' is a true proverb. And it wadna be creditable for me, that am the king's bedesman, and entitled to beg by word of mouth, to be fishing for bawbees out at the jail window wi' the fit o' a stocking and a string." As he made this observation he was conducted out of the apartment.

Mr. Dousterswivel's declaration contained an exaggerated account of the violence he had sustained and also of his loss.

"But what I should have liked to have asked him," said Monkbarns, "would have been his purpose in frequenting the ruins of St. Ruth, so lonely a place at such an hour, and with such a companion as Edie Ochiltree. There is no road lies that way, and I do not conceive a mere passion for the picturesque would carry the German thither in such a night of storm and wind. Depend upon it, he has been about some roguery, and in all probability hath been caught in a trap of his own setting; *nec lex justitior ulla.*"

The magistrate allowed there was something mysterious in that circumstance, and apologized for not pressing Dousterswivel, as his declaration was voluntarily emitted. But for the support of the main charge he showed the declaration of the Aikwoods concerning the state in which Dousterswivel was found, and establishing the important fact that the mendicant had left the barn in which he was quartered, and did not return to it again. Two people belonging to the Fairport undertaker, who had that night been employed in attending the funeral of Lady Glenallan, had also given declarations that, being sent to pursue two suspicious persons who left the ruins of St. Ruth as the funeral approached, and who, it was supposed, might have been pillaging some of the ornaments

prepared for the ceremony, they had lost and regained sight of them more than once, owing to the nature of the ground, which was unfavorable for riding, but had at length fairly lodged them both in Mucklebackit's cottage. And one of the men added, that "he, the declarant, having dismounted from his horse and gone close up to the window of the hut, he saw the old Blue-Gown and young Steenie Mucklebackit, with others, eating and drinking in the inside, and also observed the said Steenie Mucklebackit show a pocket-book to the others; and declarant has no doubt that Ochiltree and Steenie Mucklebackit were the persons whom he and his comrade had pursued, as above mentioned." And being interrogated why he did not enter the said cottage, declares, "he had no warrant so to do; and that, as Mucklebackit and his family were understood to be rough-handed folk, he, the declarant, had no desire to meddle or make with their affairs. *Causa scientiæ patet.* All which he declares to be truth," etc.

"What do you say to that body of evidence against your friend?" said the magistrate, when he had observed the Antiquary had turned the last leaf.

"Why, were it in the case of any other person, I own I should say it looked *prima facie* a little ugly; but I cannot allow anybody to be in the wrong for beating Dousterswivel. Had I been an hour younger, or had but one single flash of your warlike genius, Bailie, I should have done it myself long ago. He is *nebulo nebulonum*, an impudent, fraudulent, mendacious quack, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his roguery; and my neighbor, Sir Arthur, God knows how much. And besides, Bailie, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to government."

"Indeed?" said Bailie Littlejohn; "if I thought that it would alter the question considerably."

"Right; for in beating him," observed Oldbuck, "the bedesman must have shown his gratitude to the king by thumping his enemy; and in robbing him he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth it is lawful to spoil. Now, suppose this interview in the ruins of St. Ruth had relation to politics, and this story of hidden treasure and so forth was a bribe from the other side of the water for some great man, or the funds destined to maintain a seditious club?"

"My dear sir," said the magistrate, catching at the idea, "you hit my very thoughts! How fortunate should I be if I could become the humble means of sifting such a matter to the bottom! Don't you think we had better call out the volunteers and put them on duty?"

"Not just yet, while podagra deprives them of an essential

member of their body. But will you let me examine Ochiltree?"

"Certainly; but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has hanged many an honester man than he is."

"Well, but, Bailie," continued Oldbuck, "you have no objection to let me try him?"

"None in the world, Monkbarns. I hear the sergeant below. I'll rehearse the manual in the meanwhile. Baby, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below; it makes less noise there when we ground arms." And so exit the martial magistrate, with his maid behind him bearing his weapons.

"A good squire that wench for a gouty champion," observed Oldbuck. "Hector, my lad, hook on, hook on. Go with him, boy; keep him employed, man, for half an hour or so; butter him with some warlike terms; praise his dress and address."

Captain M'Intyre, who, like many of his profession, looked down with infinite scorn on those citizen soldiers who had assumed arms without any professional title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, observing that he should not know what to say to Mr. Littlejohn, and that to see an old gouty shopkeeper attempting the exercise and duties of a private soldier was really too ridiculous.

"It may be so, Hector," said the Antiquary, who seldom agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down—"it may possibly be so in this and some other instances; but at present the country resembles the suitors in a small-debt court, where parties plead in person for lack of cash to retain the professed heroes of the bar. I am sure in the one case we never regret the want of the acuteness and eloquence of the lawyers; and so, I hope, in the other we may manage to make shift with our hearts and muskets, though we shall lack some of the discipline of you martinets."

"I have no objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole world should fight if they please, if they will but allow me to be quiet," said Hector, rising with dogged reluctance.

"Yes, you are a very quiet personage indeed," said his uncle, "whose ardor for quarrelling cannot pass so much as a poor *phoca* sleeping upon the beach!"

But Hector, who saw which way the conversation was tending, and hated all allusions to the foil he had sustained from the fish, made his escape before the Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor coinage,
Granting I knew all that you charged me with.
What, tho' the tomb hath borne a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,
Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
Far less pure bounty.

Old Play.

The Antiquary, in order to avail himself of the permission given him to question the accused party, chose rather to go to the apartment in which Ochiltree was detained than to make the examination appear formal by bringing him again into the magistrate's office. He found the old man seated by a window which looked out on the sea; and as he gazed on that prospect large tears found their way, as if unconsciously, to his eye, and from thence trickled down his cheeks and white beard. His features were, nevertheless, calm and composed, and his whole posture and mien indicated patience and resignation. Oldbuck had approached him without being observed, and roused him out of his musing by saying kindly, "I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much cast down about this matter."

The mendicant started, dried his eyes very hastily with the sleeve of his gown, and, endeavoring to recover his usual tone of indifference and jocularity, answered, but with a voice more tremulous than usual, "I might weel hae judged, Monkbarns, it was you, or the like o' you, was coming in to disturb me; for it's ae great advantage o' prisons and courts o' justice, that ye may greet your een out an ye like, and nane o' the folk that's concerned about them will ever ask you what it's for."

"Well, Edie," replied Oldbuck, "I hope your present cause of distress is not so bad but it may be removed."

"And I had hoped, Monkbarns," answered the mendicant, in a tone of reproach, "that ye had kend me better than to think that this bit trifling trouble o' my ain wad bring tears into my auld een, that hae seen far different kind o' distress. Na, na! But here's been the puir lass, Caxon's daughter, seeking comfort, and has gotten unco little. There's been

nae speerings o' Taffril's gun-brig since the last gale; and folk report on the key that a king's ship had struck on the Reef of Rattray, and a' hands lost. God forbid! for as sure as you live, Monkbarns, the puir lad Lovel, that ye liked sae weel, must have perished."

"God forbid, indeed!" echoed the Antiquary, turning pale; "I would rather Monkbarns House were on fire. My poor dear friend and coadjutor! I will down to the quay instantly."

"I'm sure ye'll learn naething mair than I hae tauld ye, sir," said Ochiltree, "for the officer-folk here were very civil—that is, for the like o' them—and lookit up a' their letters and authorities, and could thraw nae light on't either ae way or another."

"It can't be true, it shall not be true," said the Antiquary, "and I won't believe it if it were. Taffril's an excellent seaman, and Lovel—my poor Lovel!—has all the qualities of a safe and pleasant companion by land or by sea—one, Edie, whom, from the ingenuousness of his disposition, I would choose did I ever go a sea voyage—which I never do, unless across the ferry—*fragilem mecum solvere phaselum*, to be the companion of my risk, as one against whom the elements could nourish no vengeance. No, Edie, it is not and cannot be true: it is a fiction of the idle jade Rumor, whom I wish hanged with her trumpet about her neck, that serves only with its screech-owl tones to fright honest folks out of their senses. Let me know how you got into this scrape of your own."

"Are ye axing me as a magistrate, Monkbarns, or is it just for your ain satisfaction?"

"For my own satisfaction solely," replied the Antiquary.

"Put up your pocket-book and your keelyvine pen, then, for I downa speak out an ye hae writing materials in your hands; they're a scaur to unlearned folk like me. Odd, ane o' the clerks in the neist room will clink down in black and white as muckle as wad hang a man before ane kens what he's saying."

Monkbarns complied with the old man's humor, and put up his memorandum-book.

Edie then went with great frankness through the part of the story already known to the reader, informing the Antiquary of the scene which he had witnessed between Dousterswivel and his patron in the ruins of St. Ruth, and frankly confessing that he could not resist the opportunity of decoying the adept once more to visit the tomb of Misticot, with

the purpose of taking a comic revenge upon him for his quackery. He had easily persuaded Steenie, who was a bold, thoughtless young fellow, to engage in the frolic along with him, and the jest had been inadvertently carried a great deal further than was designed. Concerning the pocket-book, he explained that he had expressed his surprise and sorrow as soon as he found it had been inadvertently brought off; and that publicly, before all the inmates of the cottage, Steenie had undertaken to return it the next day, and had only been prevented by his untimely fate.

The Antiquary pondered a moment, and then said, "Your account seems very probable, Edie, and I believe it from what I know of the parties; but I think it likely that you know a great deal more than you have thought it proper to tell me about this matter of the treasure-trove. I suspect you have acted the part of the Lar Familiaris in Plautus—a sort of brownie, Edie, to speak to your comprehension, who watched over hidden treasures. I do bethink me you were the first person we met when Sir Arthur made his successful attack upon Misticot's grave, and also that, when the laborers began to flag, you, Edie, were again the first to leap into the trench and to make the discovery of the treasure. Now you must explain all this to me, unless you would have me use you as ill as Euclio does Staphyla in the *Aulularia*."

"Lordsake, sir," replied the mendicant, "what do I ken about your Howlowlaria? it's mair like a dog's language than a man's."

"You knew, however, of the box of treasure being there?" continued Oldbuck.

"Dear sir," answered Edie, assuming a countenance of great simplicity, "what likelihood is there o' that? D'ye think sae puir an auld creature as me wad hae kend o' sic a like thing without getting some gude out o't? And ye wot weel I sought nane and gat nane, like Michael Scott's man. What concern could I hae wi't?"

"That's just what I want you to explain to me," said Oldbuck; "for I am positive you knew it was there."

"Your honor's a positive man, Monkbarns; and, for a positive man, I must needs allow ye're often in the right."

"You allow then, Edie, that my belief is well founded?"

Edie nodded acquiescence.

"Then please to explain to me the whole affair from beginning to end," said the Antiquary.

"If it were a secret o' mine, Monkbarns," replied the beggar, "ye suldna ask twice; for I hae aye said ahint your

back that, for a' the nonsense maggots that ye whiles take into your head, ye are the maist wise and discreet o' a' our country gentles. But I'se e'en be open-hearted wi' you and tell you that this is a friend's secret, and that they suld draw me wi' wild horses, or saw me asunder, as they did the children of Ammon, sooner than I would speak a word mair about the matter, excepting this, that there was nae ill intended, but muckle gude, and that the purpose was to serve them that are worth twenty hundred o' me. But there's nae law, I trow, that makes it a sin to ken where ither folks' siller is, if we dinna pit hand till't oursell ?"

Oldbuck walked once or twice up and down the room in profound thought, endeavoring to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so mysterious, but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the prisoner.

"This story of yours, friend Edie, is an absolute enigma, and would require a second Œdipus to solve it. Who Œdipus was I will tell you some other time, if you remind me. However, whether it be owing to the wisdom or to the maggots with which you compliment me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth, the rather that you have not made any of those obtestations of the superior powers which I observe you and your comrades always make use of when you mean to deceive folks. [Here Edie could not suppress a smile.] If, therefore, you will answer me one question, I will endeavor to procure your liberation."

"If ye'll let me hear the question," said Edie, with the caution of a canny Scotchman, "I'll tell you whether I'll answer it or no."

"It is simply," said the Antiquary, "Did Dousterswivel know anything about the concealment of the chest of bullion ?"

"He, the ill-fa'ard loon !" answered Edie, with much frankness of manner, "there wad hae been little speerings o't had Dustansnivel kend it was there ; it wad hae been butter in the black dog's hause."

"I thought as much," said Oldbuck. "Well, Edie, if I procure your freedom, you must keep your day and appear to clear me of the bail-bond, for these are not times for prudent men to incur forfeitures, unless you can point out another *aulam auri plenam quadrilibrem*—another 'Search No. I.'"

"Ah !" said the beggar, shaking his head, "I doubt the bird's flown that laid thae golden eggs ; for I winna ca' her goose, though that's the gait it stands in the story-buick.

But I'll keep my day, Monkbarns; ye'se no loss a penny by me. And troth I wad fain be out again, now the weather's fine; and then I hae the best chance o' hearing the first news o' my friends."

"Well, Edie, as the bouncing and thumping beneath has somewhat ceased, I presume Bailie Littlejohn has dismissed his military preceptor, and has retired from the labors of Mars to those of Themis: I will have some conversation with him. But I cannot and will not believe any of those wretched news you were telling me."

"God send your honor may be right!" said the mendicant, as Oldbuck left the room.

The Antiquary found the magistrate, exhausted with the fatigues of the drill, reposing in his gouty chair, humming the air, "How merrily we live that soldiers be!" and between each bar comforting himself with a spoonful of mock-turtle soup. He ordered a similar refreshment for Oldbuck, who declined it, observing that, not being a military man, he did not feel inclined to break his habit of keeping regular hours for meals. "Soldiers like you, Bailie, must snatch their food as they find means and time. But I am sorry to hear ill news of young Taffril's brig."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the Bailie, "he was a credit to the town, much distinguished on the first of June."

"But," said Oldbuck, "I am shocked to hear you talk of him in the preterite tense."

"Troth, I fear there may be too much reason for it, Monkbarns; and yet let us hope the best. The accident is said to have happened in the Rattray reef of rocks, about twenty miles to the northward, near Dirtenalan Bay. I have sent to inquire about it; and your nephew run out himself as if he had been flying to get the gazette of a victory."

Here Hector entered, exclaiming as he came in, "I believe it's all a damned lie; I can't find the least authority for it but general rumor."

"And pray, Mr. Hector," said his uncle, "if it had been true, whose fault would it have been that Lovel was on board?"

"Not mine, I am sure," answered Hector; "it would have been only my misfortune."

"Indeed!" said his uncle; "I should not have thought of that."

"Why, sir, with all your inclination to find me in the wrong," replied the young soldier, "I suppose you will own my intention was not to blame in this case. I did my best

to hit Lovel, and if I had been successful, 'tis clear my scrape would have been his and his scrape would have been mine."

"And whom or what do you intend to hit now, that you are lugging with you that leathern magazine there, marked 'gunpowder'?"

"I must be prepared for Lord Glenallan's moors on the twelfth, sir," said M'Intyre.

"Ah, Hector! thy great *chasse*, as the French call it, would take place best—

"'Omne cum Proteus pecus agitaret
Visere montes——'

Could you meet but with a martial *phoca*, instead of an unwarlike heath-bird."

"The devil take the seal, sir, or *phoca*, if you choose to call it so: it's rather hard one can never hear the end of a little piece of folly like that."

"Well, well," said Oldbuck, "I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of it. As I detest the whole race of Nimrods, I wish them all as well matched. Nay, never start off at a jest, man; I have done with the *phoca*, though I dare say the Bailie could tell us the value of sealskins just now."

"They are up," said the magistrate—"they are well up; the fishing has been unsuccessful lately."

"We can bear witness to that," said the tormenting Antiquary, who was delighted with the hank this incident had given him over the young sportsman. "One word more, Hector, and

"'We'll hang a sealskin on thy recreant limbs.'

Aha, my boy! Come, never mind it, I must go to business. Bailie, a word with you; you must take bail—moderate bail, you understand—for old Ochiltree's appearance."

"You don't consider what you ask," said the Bailie; "the offence is assault and robbery."

"Hush! not a word about it," said the Antiquary. "I gave you a hint before; I will possess you more fully hereafter; I promise you there is a secret."

"But, Mr. Oldbuck, if the state is concerned, I, who do the whole drudgery business here, really have a title to be consulted, and until I am——"

"Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary, winking and putting his finger to his nose; "you shall have the full credit, the

entire management, whenever matters are ripe. But this is an obstinate old fellow, who will not hear of two people being as yet let into his mystery, and he has not fully acquainted me with the clue to Dousterswivel's devices."

"Aha! so we must tip that fellow the alien act, I suppose?"

"To say truth, I wish you would."

"Say no more," said the magistrate, "it shall forthwith be done; he shall be removed *tanquam suspect*—I think that's one of your own phrases, Monkbarns?"

"It is classical, Bailie; you improve."

"Why, public business has of late pressed upon me so much that I have been obliged to take my foreman into partnership. I have had two several correspondences with the Under Secretary of State—one on the proposed tax on Riga hemp-seed and the other on putting down political societies. So you might as well communicate to me as much as you know of this old fellow's discovery of a plot against the state."

"I will instantly when I am master of it," replied Oldbuck; "I hate the trouble of managing such matters myself. Remember, however, I did not say decidedly a plot against the state; I only say, I hope to discover, by this man's means, a foul plot."

"If it be a plot at all, there must be treason in it, or sedition at least," said the Bailie. "Will you bail him for four hundred merks?"

"Four hundred merks for an old Blue-Gown! Think on the act 1701 regulating bail-bonds! Strike off a cipher from the sum; I am content to bail him for forty merks."

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, everybody in Fairport is always willing to oblige you; and besides, I know that you are a prudent man, and one that would be as unwilling to lose forty as four hundred merks. So I will accept your bail *meo periculo;* what say you to that law phrase again? I had it from a learned counsel: 'I will vouch it, my lord,' he said, '*meo periculo.*'"

"And I will vouch for Edie Ochiltree *meo periculo*, in like manner," said Oldbuck. "So let your clerk draw out the bail-bond and I will sign it."

When this ceremony had been performed, the Antiquary communicated to Edie the joyful tidings that he was once more at liberty, and directed him to make the best of his way to Monkbarns House, to which he himself returned with his nephew, after having perfected their good work.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Full of wise saws and modern instances.
As You Like It.

"I WISH to Heaven, Hector," said the Antiquary, next morning after breakfast, "you would spare our nerves, and not be keeping snapping that arquebuss of yours."

"Well, sir, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you," said his nephew, still handling his fowling-piece; "but it's a capital gun: it's a Joe Manton, that cost forty guineas."

"A fool and his money are soon parted, nephew: there is a Joe Miller for your Joe Manton," answered the Antiquary. "I am glad you have so many guineas to throw away."

"Every one has their fancy, uncle: you are fond of books."

"Ay, Hector," said the uncle, "and if my collection were yours, you would make it fly to the gunsmith, the horse-market, the dog-breaker: *coemptos undique nobiles libros mutare loricis Iberis.*"

"I could not use your books, my dear uncle," said the young soldier, "that's true; and you will do well to provide for their being in better hands; but don't let the faults of my head fall on my heart: I would not part with a Cordery that belonged to an old friend to get a set of horses like Lord Glenallan's."

"I don't think you would, lad—I don't think you would," said his softening relative. "I love to tease you a little sometimes; it keeps up the spirit of discipline and habit of subordination. You will pass your time happily here having me to command you, instead of captain, or colonel, or 'knight in arms,' as Milton has it; and instead of the French," he continued, relapsing into his ironical humor, "you have the *gens humida ponti;* for, as Virgil says,

"'Sternunt se somno diversæ in littore phocæ,'

which might be rendered,

"'Here *phocæ* slumber on the beach,
Within our Highland Hector's reach.'

Nay if you grow angry I have done. Besides I see old Edie in the courtyard, with whom I have business. Good-bye, Hector. Do you remember how she splashed into the sea like her master Proteus, *et se jactu dedit æquor in altum?*"

M'Intyre—waiting, however, till the door was shut—then gave way to the natural impatience of his temper.

"My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed *phoca*, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies and never see his face again."

Miss M'Intyre, gratefully attached to her uncle and passionately fond of her brother, was on such occasions the usual envoy of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on his return before he entered the parlor.

"Well, now, Miss Womankind, what is the meaning of that imploring countenance? Has Juno done any more mischief?"

"No, uncle; but Juno's master is in such fear of your joking him about the seal. I assure you, he feels it much more than you would wish; it's very silly of him, to be sure; but then you can turn everybody so sharply into ridicule——"

"Well, my dear," answered Oldbuck, propitiated by the compliment, "I will rein in my satire, and, if possible, speak no more of the *phoca;* I will not even speak of sealing a letter, but say 'umph,' and give a nod to you when I want the wax-light. I am not *monitoribus asper*, but Heaven knows, the most mild, quiet, and easy of human beings, whom sister, niece, and nephew guide just as best pleases them."

With this little panegyric on his own docility, Mr. Oldbuck entered the parlor, and proposed to his nephew a walk to the Mussel Crag. "I have some questions to ask of a woman at Mucklebackit's cottage," he observed, "and I would willingly have a sensible witness with me; so for fault of a better, Hector, I must be contented with you."

"There is old Edie, sir, or Caxon; could not they do better than me?" answered M'Intyre, feeling somewhat alarmed at the prospect of a long *tête-à-tête* with his uncle.

"Upon my word, young man, you turn me over to pretty companions, and I am quite sensible of your politeness," replied Mr. Oldbuck. "No, sir, I intend the old Blue-Gown shall go with me, not as a competent witness, for he is at present, as our friend Bailie Littlejohn says—blessings on his learning!—*tanquam suspectus* and you are *suspicione major*, as our law has it."

"I wish I were a major, sir," said Hector, catching only

the last and, to a soldier's ear, the most impressive word in the sentence; "but, without money or interest, there is little chance of getting the step."

"Well, well, most doughty son of Priam," said the Antiquary, "be ruled by your friends, and there's no saying what may happen. Come away with me, and you shall see what may be useful to you should you ever sit upon a court-martial, sir."

"I have been on many a regimental court-martial, sir," answered Captain M'Intyre. "But here's a new cane for you."

"Much obliged, much obliged."

"I bought it from our drum-major," added M'Intyre, "who came into our regiment from the Bengal army when it came down the Red Sea. It was cut on the banks of the Indus, I assure you."

"Upon my word, 'tis a fine rattan, and well replaces that which the *ph*—Bah! what was I going to say?"

The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the sands towards Mussel Crag—the former in the very highest mood of communicating information, and the others, under a sense of former obligation and some hope for future favors, decently attentive to receive it. The uncle and nephew walked together, the mendicant about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of his neck, and without the trouble of turning round. Petrie, in his essay on *Good-breeding*, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience as tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all led captains, tutors, dependants, and bottle-holders of every description. Thus escorted, the Antiquary moved along full of his learning, like a lordly man-of-war, and every now and then yawing to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers.

"And so it is your opinion," said he to the mendicant, "that this windfall—this *arca auri*, as Plautus has it—will not greatly avail Sir Arthur in his necessities?"

"Unless he could find ten times as much," said the beggar, "and that I am sair doubtful of. I heard Puggie Orrock and the tother thief of a sheriff-officer or messenger speaking about it, and things are ill aff when the like o' them can speak crousely about ony gentleman's affairs. I doubt Sir Arthur will be in stane wa's for debt unless there's swift help and certain."

"You speak like a fool," said the Antiquary. "Nephew, it is a remarkable thing that in this happy country no man can be legally imprisoned for debt."

"Indeed, sir?" said M'Intyre. "I never knew that before; that part of our law would suit some of our mess well."

"And if they arena confined for debt," said Ochiltree, "what is't that tempts sae mony puir creatures to bide in the tolbooth o' Fairport yonder? They a' say they were put there by their creditors. Odd! they maun like it better than I do if they're there o' free will."

"A very natural observation, Edie, and many of your betters would make the same; but it is founded entirely upon ignorance of the feudal system. Hector, be so good as to attend, unless you are looking out for another—Ahem! (Hector compelled himself to give attention at this hint.) And you, Edie, it may be useful to you, *rerum cognoscere causas*. The nature and origin of warrant for caption is a thing *haud alienum a Scævolæ studiis*. You must know then, once more, that nobody can be arrested in Scotland for debt."

"I haena muckle concern wi' that, Monkbarns," said the old man, "for naebody wad trust a bodle to a gaberlunzie."

"I pr'ythee peace, man. As a compulsitor, therefore, of payment—that being a thing to which no debtor is naturally inclined, as I have too much reason to warrant from the experience I have had with my own—we had first the letters of four forms, a sort of gentle invitation, by which our sovereign lord the king, interesting himself, as a monarch should, in the regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by mild exhortation and afterwards by letters of more strict enjoinment and more hard compulsion—— What do you see extraordinary about that bird, Hector? it's but a sea-maw."

"It's a pictarnie, sir," said Edie.

"Well, what an if it were—what does that signify at present? But I see you're impatient; so I will waive the letters of four forms, and come to the modern process of diligence. You suppose, now, a man's committed to prison because he cannot pay his debt? Quite otherwise; the truth is, the king is so good as to interfere at the request of the creditor, and to send the debtor his royal command to do him justice within a certain time—fifteen days or six, as the case may be. Well, the man resists and disobeys; what follows? Why, that he be lawfully and rightfully declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose command he has disobeyed, and that by three blasts of a horn at the market-place of Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. And he is then legally imprisoned, not on account of any civil debt, but because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate.

What say you to that, Hector? there's something you never knew before." *

"No, uncle; but I own, if I wanted money to pay my debts, I would rather thank the king to send me some than to declare me a rebel for not doing what I could not do."

"Your education has not led you to consider these things," replied his uncle; "you are incapable of estimating the elegance of the legal fiction, and the manner in which it reconciles that duress which, for the protection of commerce, it has been found necessary to extend towards refractory debtors with the most scrupulous attention to the liberty of the subject."

"I don't know, sir," answered the unenlightened Hector; "but if a man must pay his debt or go to jail, it signifies but little whether he goes as a debtor or a rebel, I should think. But you say this command of the king's gives a license of so many days; now, egad, were I in the scrape, I would beat a march and leave the king and the creditor to settle it among themselves before they came to extremities."

"So wad I," said Edie; "I wad gie them leg-bail to a certainty."

"True," replied Monkbarns; "but those whom the law suspects of being unwilling to abide her formal visit, she proceeds with by means of a shorter and more unceremonious call, as dealing with persons on whom patience and favor would be utterly thrown away."

"Ay," said Ochiltree, "that will be what they ca' the 'fugie' warrants; I hae some skeel in them. There's Border warrants too in the south country, unco rash uncanny things. I was taen up on ane at St. James's Fair, and keepit in the auld kirk at Kelso the haill day and night; and a cauld goustie place it was, I'se assure ye. But whatna wife's this, wi' her creel on her back? It's puir Maggie hersell, I'm thinking."

It was so. The poor woman's sense of her loss, if not diminished, was become at least mitigated by the inevitable necessity of attending to the means of supporting her family; and her salutation to Oldbuck was made in an odd mixture between the usual language of solicitation with which she plied her customers and the tone of lamentation for her recent calamity.

"How's a' wi' ye the day, Monkbarns? I havena had the grace yet to come down to thank your honor for the credit ye did puir Steenie, wi' laying his head in a rath grave, puir

*See Imprisonment for Debt in Scotland. Note 9.

fallow." Here she whimpered and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron. "But the fishing comes on no that ill, though the gudeman hasna had the heart to gang to sea himsell. Atweel I wad fain tell him it wad do him gude to put hand to wark, but I'm maist fear'd to speak to him, and it's an unco thing to hear ane o' us speak that gate o' a man. However, I hae some dainty caller haddies, and they sall be but three shillings the dozen, for I hae nae pith to drive a bargain e'ennow, and maun just take what ony Christian body will gie, wi' few words and nae flyting."

"What shall we do, Hector?" said Oldbuck, pausing; "I got into disgrace with my womankind for making a bad bargain with her before. These maritime animals, Hector, are unlucky to our family."

"Pooh, sir, what would you do? Give poor Maggie what she asks, or allow me to send a dish of fish up to Monkbarns."

And he held out the money to her; but Maggie drew back her hand. "Na, na, Captain; ye're ower young and ower free o' your siller. Ye should never tak a fish-wife's first bode; and troth I think maybe a flyte wi' the auld housekeeper at Monkbarns or Miss Grizel would do me some gude. And I want to see what that hellicate quean Jenny Rintherout's doing; folk said she wasna weel. She'll be vexing hersell about Steenie, the silly tawpie, as if he wad ever hae lookit ower his shouther at the like o' her! Weel, Monkbarns, they're braw caller haddies, and they'll bid me unco little indeed at the house if ye want crappit-heads the day."

And so on she paced with her burden—grief, gratitude for the sympathy of her betters, and the habitual love of traffic and of gain chasing each other through her thoughts.

"And now that we are before the door of their hut," said Ochiltree, "I wad fain ken, Monkbarns, what has gar'd ye plague yoursell wi' me a' this length? I tell ye sincerely I hae nae pleasure in ganging in there. I downa bide to think how the young hae fa'en on a' sides o' me, and left me an useless auld stump wi' hardly a green leaf on't."

"This old woman," said Oldbuck, "sent you on a message to the Earl of Glenallan, did she not?"

"Ay!" said the surprised mendicant; "how ken ye that sae weel?"

"Lord Glenallan told me himself," answered the Antiquary; "so there is no delation—no breach of trust on your part, and as he wishes me to take her evidence down on some important family matters, I chose to bring you with me, be-

cause in her situation, hovering between dotage and consciousness, it is possible that your voice and appearance may awaken trains of recollection which I should otherwise have no means of exciting. The human mind—— What are you about, Hector?"

"I was only whistling for the dog, sir," replied the Captain; "she always roves too wide. I knew I should be troublesome to you."

"Not at all, not at all," said Oldbuck, resuming the subject of his disquisition—"The human mind is to be treated like a skein of ravelled silk, where you must cautiously secure one free end before you can make any progress in disentangling it."

"I ken naething about that," said the gaberlunzie; "but an my auld acquaintance be hersell, or onything like hersell, she may come to wind us a pirn. It's fearsome baith to see and hear her when she wampishes about her arms, and gets to her English, and speaks as if she were a prent book, let a-be an auld fisher's wife. But, indeed, she had a grand education, and was muckle taen out afore she married an unco bit beneath hersell. She's aulder than me by half a score years; but I mind weel eneugh they made as muckle wark about her making a half-merk marriage wi' Simon Mucklebackit, this Saunders's father, as if she had been ane o' the gentry. But she got into favor again, and then she lost it again, as I hae heard her son say, when he was a muckle chield; and then they got muckle siller, and left the Countess's land and settled here. But things never throve wi' them. Howsomever, she's a weel-educate woman, and an she win to her English, as I hae heard her do at an orra time, she may come to fickle us a'."

CHAPTER XL

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley.
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give ; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain,
Useless as motionless.

Old Play.

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill, tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative.

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind."

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—"O ay, hinnies, whisht, whisht ! and I'll begin a bonnier ane than that—

"'Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen, great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

"'The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don an a',
And Hieland and Lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.'

I dinna mind the neist verse weel ; my memory's failed, and there's unco thoughts come ower me. God keep us frae temptation !"

Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering.

"It's an historical ballad," said Oldbuck, eagerly—"a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy! Percy would admire its simplicity; Ritson could not impugn its authenticity."

"Ay, but it's a sad thing," said Ochiltree, "to see human nature sae far owertaen as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a loss like hers."

"Hush, hush!" said the Antiquary; "she has gotten the thread of the story again;" and as he spoke she sung:

"They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back."

"Chafron!" exclaimed the Antiquary, "equivalent, perhaps, to *cheveron*—the word's worth a dollar;" and down it went in his red book.

"They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

"Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

"The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see:
'Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.

"'What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay
That rides beside my reyne
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"'To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?'

Ye maun ken, hinnies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor and auld as I sit in the chimney-neuk, was my forbear, and an awfu' man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had fa'en; for he blamed himsell for the counsel he gave, to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns and Aberdeen and Angus."

Her voice rose and became more animated as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor :

"'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

"'If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"'My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.'"

"Do you hear that, nephew ?" said Oldbuck ; "you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors."

"I hear," said Hector, "a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's 'Songs of Selma,' can be pleased with such trash. I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse halfpenny ballad ; I don't believe you could match it in any peddler's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honor of the Highlands could be affected by such doggrel." And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices ; for, ceasing her song, she called out, "Come in, sirs, come in ; good-will never halted at the door-stane."

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone, sitting "ghastly on the hearth," like the personification of Old Age in the *Hunter's Song of the Owl*,* "wrinkled, tattered, vile, dim-eyed, discolored, torpid."

"They're a' out," she said, as they entered ; "but, an ye will sit a blink, somebody will be in. If ye hae business wi' my gude-daughter or my son, they'll be in belyve : I never speak on business mysell. Bairns, gie them seats. The bairns are a' gane out, I trow [looking around her]. I was crooning to keep them quiet a wee while since ; but they hae cruppin out some gate. Sit down, sirs, they'll be in belyve ;" and she dismissed her spindle from her hand to twirl upon the floor, and soon seemed exclusively occupied in regulating its motion, as unconscious of the presence of the strangers as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business there.

* See Mrs. Grant on the *Highland Superstitions*, vol. ii., p. 260, for this fine translation from the Gaelic.

"I wish," said Oldbuck, "she would resume that canticle or legendary fragment: I always suspected there was a skirmish of cavalry before the main battle of the Harlaw." *

"If your honor pleases," said Edie, "had ye not better proceed to the business that brought us a' here? I'se engage to get ye the sang ony time."

"I believe you are right, Edie. *Do manus*—I submit. But how shall we manage? She sits there, the very image of dotage. Speak to her, Edie; try if you can make her recollect having sent you to Glenallan House."

Edie rose accordingly, and, crossing the floor, placed himself in the same position which he had occupied during his former conversation with her. "I'm fain to see ye looking sae weel, cummer; the mair, that the black ox has tramped on ye since I was aneath your roof-tree."

"Ay," said Elspeth, but rather from a general idea of misfortune than any exact recollection of what had happened, "there has been distress amang us of late. I wonder how younger folk bide it; I bide it ill. I canna hear the wind whistle and the sea roar, but I think I see the coble whombled keel up, and some o' them struggling in the waves! Eh, sirs, sic weary dreams as folk hae between sleeping and waking, before they win to the lang sleep and the sound! I could amaist think whiles my son, or else Steenie, my oe, was dead, and that I had seen the burial. Isna that a queer dream for a daft auld carline? What for should ony o' them dee before me? it's out o' the course o' nature, ye ken."

"I think you'll make very little of this stupid old woman," said Hector, who still nourished, perhaps, some feelings of the dislike excited by the disparaging mention of his countrymen in her lay—"I think you'll make but little of her, sir; and it's wasting our time to sit here and listen to her dotage."

"Hector," said the Antiquary, indignantly, "if you do not respect her misfortunes, respect at least her old age and gray hairs. This is the last stage of existence, so finely treated by the Latin poet:

"'Omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultus agnoscit amici,
Cum queis preterita cœnavit nocte, nec illos
Quos genuit, quos eduxit.'"

"That's Latin!" said Elspeth, rousing herself as if she attended to the lines which the Antiquary recited with great

* See Battle of Harlaw. Note 10.

pomp of diction—"that's Latin!" and she cast a wild glance around her. "Has there a priest fund me out at last?"

"You see, nephew, her comprehension is almost equal to your own of that fine passage."

"I hope you think, sir, that I knew it to be Latin as well as she did?"

"Why, as to that—But stay, she is about to speak."

"I will have no priest, none," said the beldam, with impotent vehemence; "as I have lived I will die: none shall say that I betrayed my mistress, though it were to save my soul!"

"That bespoke a foul conscience," said the mendicant; "I wuss she wad make a clean breast, an it were but for her ain sake," and he again assailed her.

"Weel, gudewife, I did your errand to the Yerl."

"To what Earl? I ken nae Earl. I kend a Countess ance, I wish to Heaven I had never kend her! for by that acquaintance, neighbor, there cam (and she counted her withered fingers as she spoke) first Pride, then Malice, then Revenge, then False Witness; and Murder tirl'd at the doorpin, if he camna ben. And werena thae pleasant guests, think ye, to take up their quarters in ae woman's heart? I trow there was routh o' company."

"But, cummer," continued the beggar, "it wasna the Countess of Glenallan I meant, but her son, him that was Lord Geraldin."

"I mind it now," she said; "I saw him no that lang syne, and we had a heavy speech thegither. Eh, sirs, the comely young lord is turned as auld and frail as I am: it's muckle that sorrow and heartbreak and crossing of true love will do wi' young blood. But suldna his mither hae lookit to that hersell? We were but to do her bidding, ye ken. I am sure there's naebody can blame me: he wasna my son, and she was my mistress. Ye ken how the rhyme says—I hae maist forgotten how to sing, or else the tune's left my auld head:

"'He turn'd him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.'

Then he was but of the half blude, ye ken, and hers was the right Glenallan after a'. Na, na, I maun never maen doing and suffering for the Countess Joscelin. Never will I maen for that."

Then drawing her flax from the distaff, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to confess nothing, she resumed her interrupted occupation.

"I hae heard," said the mendicant, taking his cue from what Oldbuck had told him of the family history—"I hae heard, cummer, that some ill tongue suld hae come between the Earl, that's Lord Geraldin, and his young bride."

"Ill tongue!" she said, in hasty alarm; "and what had she to fear frae an ill tongue? She was gude and fair eneugh, at least a'body said sae. But had she keepit her ain tongue aff ither folk she might hae been living like a leddy for a' that's come and gane yet."

"But I hae heard say, gudewife," continued Ochiltree, "there was a clatter in the country, that her husband and her were ower sib when they married."

"Wha durst speak o' that?" said the old woman hastily—"wha durst say they were married? Wha kend o' that? Not the Countess, not I; if they wedded in secret they were severed in secret. They drank of the fountains of their ain deceit."

"No, wretched beldam," exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, "they drank the poison that you and your wicked mistress prepared for them."

"Ha, ha!" she replied, "I aye thought it would come to this: it's but sitting silent when they examine me. There's nae torture in our days; and if there is, let them rend me! It's ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats."

"Speak to her, Edie," said the Antiquary; "she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily."

"We shall mak naething mair out o' her," said Ochiltree. "When she has clinkit herself down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we cam in. However, I'se try her ance mair to satisfy your honor. So you canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin, has been removed?"

"Removed!" she exclaimed, for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her; "then we maun a' follow. A' maun ride when she is in the saddle. Tell them to let Lord Geraldin ken we're on before them; bring my hood and scarf—ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy and my hair in this fashion?"

She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped

them slowly and stiffly; and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded in a hurried and interrupted manner, "Call Miss Neville. What do you mean by Lady Geraldin? I said Eveline Neville, not Lady Geraldin; there's no Lady Geraldin; tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look sae pale. Bairn! what should she do wi' a bairn? maidens hae nane, I trow. Teresa, Teresa, my lady calls us! Bring a candle, the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight! We are coming, my lady!" With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor.*

Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms before he said, "It's a' ower, she has passed away even with that last word."

"Impossible," said Oldbuck, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired with the last hurried word that left her lips; and all that remained before them were the mortal relics of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, joined to all the distresses of age and poverty.

"God grant that she be gane to a better place!" said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; "but, oh! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. I have seen mony a ane dee, baith in the field o' battle and a fair-strae death at hame; but I wad rather see them a' ower again as sic a fearfu' flitting as hers!"

"We must call in the neighbors," said Oldbuck, when he had somewhat recovered his horror and astonishment, "and give warning of this additional calamity. I wish she could have been brought to a confession. And, though of far less consequence, I could have wished to transcribe that metrical fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!"

They left the hut accordingly and gave the alarm in the hamlet, whose matrons instantly assembled to compose the limbs and arrange the body of her who might be considered as the mother of their settlement. Oldbuck promised his assistance for the funeral.

"Your honor," said Ailison Breck, who was next in age to the deceased, "suld send doun something to us for keeping up our hearts at the lyke-wake, for a' Saunders's gin, puir man, was drucken out at the burial o' Steenie, and we'll no get mony to sit dry-lipped aside the corpse. Elspeth was unco clever in her young days, as I can mind right weel, but there was aye a word o' her no being that chancy. Ane suldna

* See Elspeth's Death. Note 11.

speak ill o' the dead—mair by token, o' ane's cummer and neighbor—but there was queer things said about a leddy and a bairn or she left the Craigburnfoot. And sae, in gude troth, it will be a puir lyke-wake unless your honor sends us something to keep us cracking."

"You shall have some whiskey," answered Oldbuck, "the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead. You observe, Hector, this is genuine Teutonic, from the Gothic *Leichnam*, a corpse. It is quite erroneously called *Late-wake*, though Brand favors that modern corruption and derivation."

"I believe," said Hector to himself, "my uncle would give away Monkbarns to any one who would come to ask it in genuine Teutonic! Not a drop of whiskey would the old creatures have got had their president asked it for the use of the *Late-wake*."

While Oldbuck was giving some further directions and promising assistance, a servant of Sir Arthur's came riding very hard along the sands, and stopped his horse when he saw the Antiquary. "There had something," he said, "very particular happened at the Castle [he could not, or would not, explain what], and Miss Wardour had sent him off express to Monkbarns, to beg that Mr. Oldbuck would come to them without a moment's delay."

"I am afraid," said the Antiquary, "his course also is drawing to a close. What can I do?"

"Do, sir!" exclaimed Hector, with his characteristic impatience. "Get on the horse and turn his head homeward; you will be at Knockwinnock Castle in ten minutes."

"He is quite a free goer," said the servant, dismounting to adjust the girths and stirrups; "he only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him."

"I should soon be a dead weight *off* him, my friend," said the Antiquary. "What the devil, nephew, are you weary of me? or do you suppose me weary of my life, that I should get on the back of such a Bucephalus as that? No, no, my friend, if I am to be at Knockwinnock to-day it must be by walking quietly forward on my own feet, which I will do with as little delay as possible. Captain M'Intyre may ride that animal himself, if he pleases."

"I have little hope I could be of any use, uncle, but I cannot think of their distress without wishing to show sympathy at least, so I will ride on before and announce to them that you are coming. I'll trouble you for your spurs, my friend."

"You will scarce need them, sir," said the man, taking them off at the same time and buckling them upon Captain M'Intyre's heels, "he's very frank to the road."

Oldbuck stood astonished at this last act of temerity. "Are you mad, Hector?" he cried, "or have you forgotten what is said by Quintus Curtius, with whom, as a soldier, you must needs be familiar, *Nobilis equus umbra quidem virgæ regitur; ignavus ne calcari quidem excitari potest;* which plainly shows that spurs are useless in every case, and, I may add, dangerous in most?"

But Hector, who cared little for the opinion of either Quintus Curtius or of the Antiquary upon such a topic, only answered with a heedless "Never fear, never fear, sir."

> "With that he gave his able horse the head,
> And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
> Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
> Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
> He seem'd in running to devour the way,
> Staying no longer question."

"There they go, well matched," said Oldbuck, looking after them as they started—"a mad horse and a wild boy, the two most unruly creatures in Christendom! and all to get half an hour sooner to a place where nobody wants him; for I doubt Sir Arthur's griefs are beyond the cure of our light horseman. It must be the villany of Dousterswivel, for whom Sir Arthur has done so much; for I cannot help observing that with some natures Tacitus's maxim holdeth good: *Beneficia eo usque læta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur,* from which a wise man might take a caution not to oblige any man beyond the degree in which he may expect to be requited, lest he should make his debtor a bankrupt in gratitude."

Murmuring to himself such scraps of cynical philosophy, our Antiquary paced the sands towards Knockwinnock; but it is necessary we should outstrip him for the purpose of explaining the reasons of his being so anxiously summoned thither.

CHAPTER XLI

> So, while the goose, of whom the fable told,
> Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
> With hand outstretch'd, impatient to destroy,
> Stole on her secret nest the cruel boy,
> Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid dream
> For wings vain fluttering and for dying scream.
>
> *The Loves of the Sea-weeds.*

FROM the time that Sir Arthur Wardour had become possessor of the treasure found in Misticot's grave, he had been in a state of mind more resembling ecstasy than sober sense. Indeed, at one time his daughter had become seriously apprehensive for his intellect; for, as he had no doubt that he had the secret of possessing himself of wealth to an unbounded extent, his language and carriage were those of a man who had acquired the philosopher's stone. He talked of buying contiguous estates that would have led him from one side of the island to the other, as if he were determined to brook no neighbor save the sea. He corresponded with an architect of eminence upon a plan of renovating the castle of his forefathers on a style of extended magnificence that might have rivalled that of Windsor, and laying out the grounds on a suitable scale. Troops of liveried menials were already in fancy marshalled in his halls, and—for what may not unbounded wealth authorize its possessor to aspire to?—the coronet of a marquis, perhaps of a duke, was glittering before his imagination. His daughter—to what matches might she not look forward? Even an alliance with the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes. His son was already a general, and he himself whatever ambition could dream of in its wildest visions.

In this mood, if any one endeavored to bring Sir Arthur down to the regions of common life, his replies were in the vein of Ancient Pistol:

> "A fico for the world and worldlings base!
> I speak of Africa and golden joys!"

The reader may conceive the amazement of Miss Wardour

when, instead of undergoing an investigation concerning the addresses of Lovel, as she had expected from the long conference of her father with Mr. Oldbuck upon the morning of the fated day when the treasure was discovered, the conversation of Sir Arthur announced an imagination heated with the hopes of possessing the most unbounded wealth. But she was seriously alarmed when Dousterswivel was sent for to the Castle, and was closeted with her father, his mishap condoled with, his part taken, and his loss compensated. All the suspicions which she had long entertained respecting this man became strengthened by observing his pains to keep up the golden dreams of her father, and to secure for himself, under various pretexts, as much as possible out of the windfall which had so strangely fallen to Sir Arthur's share.

Other evil symptoms began to appear, following close on each other. Letters arrived every post, which Sir Arthur, as soon as he had looked at the directions, flung into the fire without taking the trouble to open them. Miss Wardour could not help suspecting that these epistles, the contents of which seemed to be known to her father by a sort of intuition, came from pressing creditors. In the meanwhile the temporary aid which he had received from the treasure dwindled fast away. By far the greater part had been swallowed up by the necessity of paying the bill of six hundred pounds which had threatened Sir Arthur with instant distress. Of the rest, some part was given to the adept, some wasted upon extravagances which seemed to the poor knight fully authorized by his full-blown hopes, and some went to stop for a time the mouths of such claimants who, being weary of fair promises, had become of opinion with Harpagon that it was necessary to touch something substantial. At length circumstances announced but too plainly that it was all expended within two or three days after its discovery; and there appeared no prospect of a supply. Sir Arthur, naturally impatient, now taxed Dousterswivel anew with breach of those promises through which he had hoped to convert all his lead into gold. But that worthy gentleman's turn was now served; and, as he had grace enough to wish to avoid witnessing the fall of the house which he had undermined, he was at the trouble of bestowing a few learned terms of art upon Sir Arthur, that at least he might not be tormented before his time. He took leave of him with assurances that he would return to Knockwinnock the next morning with such information as would not fail to relieve Sir Arthur from all his distresses.

"For, since I have consulted in such matters, I have

never," said Mr. Herman Dousterswivel, "approached so near de *arcanum*, what you call de great mystery—de Panchresta, de Polychresta; I do know as much of it as Pelaso de Taranta or Basilius, and either I will bring you in two and tree days de No. II. of Mr. Mishdigoat, or you shall call me one knave myself, and never look me in de face again no more at all."

The adept departed with this assurance, in the firm resolution of making good the latter part of the proposition, and never again appearing before his injured patron. Sir Arthur remained in a doubtful and anxious state of mind. The positive assurances of the philosopher, with the hard words Panchresta, Basilius, and so forth, produced some effect on his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon to be absolutely relieved of his doubt, and he retired for the evening into his library in the fearful state of one who, hanging over a precipice, and without the means of retreat, perceives the stone on which he rests gradually parting from the rest of the crag and about to give way with him.

The visions of hope decayed, and there increased in proportion that feverish agony of anticipation with which a man, educated in a sense of consequence, and possessed of opulence, the supporter of an ancient name, and the father of two promising children, foresaw the hour approaching which should deprive him of all the splendor which time had made familiarly necessary to him, and send him forth into the world to struggle with poverty, with rapacity, and with scorn. Under these dire forebodings his temper, exhausted by the sickness of delayed hope, became peevish and fretful, and his words and actions sometimes expressed a reckless desperation which alarmed Miss Wardour extremely. We have seen on a former occasion that Sir Arthur was a man of passions lively and quick, in proportion to the weakness of his character in other respects; he was unused to contradiction, and if he had been hitherto, in general, good-humored and cheerful, it was probably because the course of his life had afforded no such frequent provocation as to render his irritability habitual.

On the third morning after Dousterswivel's departure, the servant, as usual, laid on the breakfast table the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Wardour took up the former to avoid the continued ill-humor of her father, who had wrought himself into a violent passion because the toast was overbrowned.

"I perceive how it is," was his concluding speech on this

interesting subject: "my servants, who have had their share of my fortune, begin to think there is little to be made of me in future. But while I *am* the scoundrels' master I will be so, and permit no neglect—no, nor endure a hair's-breadth diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them."

"I am ready to leave your honor's service this instant," said the domestic upon whom the fault had been charged, "as soon as you order payment of my wages."

Sir Arthur, as if stung by a serpent, thrust his hand into his pocket and instantly drew out the money which it contained, but which was short of the man's claim. "What money have you got, Miss Wardour?" he said, in a tone of affected calmness, but which concealed violent agitation."

Miss Wardour gave him her purse; he attempted to count the bank notes which it contained, but could not reckon them. After twice miscounting the sum he threw the whole to his daughter, and saying in a stern voice, "Pay the rascal, and let him leave the house instantly!" he strode out of the room.

The mistress and servant stood alike astonished at the agitation and vehemence of his manner.

"I am sure, ma'am, if I had thought I was particularly wrang I wadna hae made ony answer when Sir Arthur challenged me. I hae been lang in his service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I wad like ill ye should think I wad start for a hasty word. I am sure it was very wrang o' me to speak about wages to his honor, when maybe he has something to vex him. I had nae thoughts o' leaving the family in this way."

"Go downstairs, Robert," said his mistress; "something has happened to fret my father—go downstairs, and let Alick answer the bell."

When the man left the room, Sir Arthur re-entered, as if he had been watching his departure. "What's the meaning of this?" he said hastily, as he observed the notes lying still on the table. "Is he not gone? Am I neither to be obeyed as a master or a father?"

"He is gone to give up his charge to the housekeeper, sir; I thought there was not such instant haste."

"There *is* haste, Miss Wardour," answered her father, interrupting her. "What I do henceforth in the house of my forefathers must be done speedily or never."

He then sat down and took up with a trembling hand the basin of tea prepared for him, protracting the swallowing of it, as if to delay the necessity of opening the post-letters

which lay on the table, and which he eyed from time to time, as if they had been a nest of adders ready to start into life and spring upon him.

"You will be happy to hear," said Miss Wardour, willing to withdraw her father's mind from the gloomy reflections in which he appeared to be plunged—"you will be happy to hear, sir, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig has got safe into Leith Roads. I observe there had been apprehensions for his safety; I am glad we did not hear them till they were contradicted."

"And what is Taffril and his gun-brig to me?"

"Sir!" said Miss Wardour, in astonishment; for Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind, took a fidgety sort of interest in all the gossip of the day and country.

"I say," he repeated, in a higher and still more impatient key, "what do I care who is saved or lost? It's nothing to me, I suppose?"

"I did not know you were busy, Sir Arthur; and thought, as Mr. Taffril is a brave man, and from our own country, you would be happy to hear——"

"O, I am happy, as happy as possible; and, to make you happy too, you shall have some of my good news in return." And he caught up a letter. "It does not signify which I open first, they are all to the same tune."

He broke the seal hastily, run the letter over, and then threw it to his daughter. "Ay; I could not have lighted more happily! this places the copestone."

Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter. "Read it—read it aloud!" said her father. "It cannot be read too often; it will serve to break you in for other good news of the same kind."

She began to read with a faltering voice, "Dear Sir."

"He 'dears' me too, you see—this impudent drudge of a writer's office, who a twelvemonth since was not fit company for my second table. I suppose I shall be 'dear Knight' with him by and by."

"Dear Sir," resumed Miss Wardour; but, interrupting herself, "I see the contents are unpleasant, sir; it will only vex you my reading them aloud."

"If you will allow me to know my own pleasure, Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on; I presume, if it were unnecessary, I should not ask you to take the trouble."

"Having been of late taken into copartnery," continued Miss Wardour, reading the letter, "by Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, son of your late correspondent and man of business,

Girnigo Greenhorn, Esq., writer to the signet, whose business I conducted as parliament-house clerk for many years, which business will in future be carried on under the firm of Greenhorn and Grinderson—which I memorandum for the sake of accuracy in addressing your future letters—and having had of late favors of yours, directed to my aforesaid partner, Gilbert Greenhorn, in consequence of his absence at the Lamberton races, have the honor to reply to your said favors."

"You see my friend is methodical, and commences by explaining the causes which have procured me so modest and elegant a correspondent. Go on, I can bear it."

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is perhaps the most fearful expression of mental misery. Trembling to proceed, and yet afraid to disobey, Miss Wardour continued to read: "I am, for myself and partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking out for the sums you mention, or applying for a suspension in the case of Goldiebirds' bond, which would be more inconsistent as we have been employed to act as the said Goldiebirds' procurators and attorneys, in which capacity we have taken out a charge of horning against you, as you must be aware by the schedule left by the messenger, for the sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence one-fourth of a penny sterling, which, with annual rent and expenses effeiring, we presume will be settled during the currency of the charge, to prevent further trouble. Same time, I am under the necessity to observe our own account, amounting to seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds ten shillings and sixpence, is also due, and settlement would be agreeable; but, as we hold your rights, title-deeds, and documents in hypothec, shall have no objection to give reasonable time—say till the next money term. I am, for myself and partner, concerned to add that Messrs. Goldiebirds' instructions to us are, to proceed *peremptorie* and *sine mora*, of which I have the pleasure to advise you to prevent future mistakes, reserving to ourselves otherwise to *agé* as accords. I am, for self and partner, dear sir, your obliged humble servant, Gabriel Grinderson, for Greenhorn and Grinderson."

"Ungrateful villain!" said Miss Wardour.

"Why, no; it's in the usual rule, I suppose. The blow could not have been perfect if dealt by another hand; it's all just as it should be," answered the poor baronet, his affected composure sorely belied by his quivering lip and rolling eye. "But here's a postscript I did not notice; come, finish the epistle."

"I have to add—not for self but partner—that Mr. Greenhorn will accommodate you by taking your service of plate, or the bay horses, if sound in wind and limb, at a fair appreciation, in part payment of your account."

"G—d confound him!" said Sir Arthur, losing all command of himself at this condescending proposal; "his grandfather shod my father's horses, and this descendant of a scoundrelly blacksmith proposes to swindle me out of mine! But I will write him a proper answer."

And he sat down and began to write with great vehemence, then stopped and read aloud: "Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, In answer to two letters of a late date, I received a letter from a person calling himself Grinderson, and designing himself as your partner. When I address any one I do not usually expect to be answered by deputy. I think I have been useful to your father, and friendly and civil to yourself, and therefore am now surprised—— And yet," said he, stopping short, "why should I be surprised at that or anything else, or why should I take up my time in writing to such a scoundrel? I shan't be always kept in prison, I suppose, and to break that puppy's bones when I get out shall be my first employment."

"In prison, sir?" said Miss Wardour, faintly.

"Ay, in prison, to be sure. Do you make any question about that? Why, Mr. what's-his-name's fine letter for self and partner seems to be thrown away on you, or else you have got four thousand so many hundred pounds, with the due proportion of shillings, pence, and half-pence, to pay that aforesaid demand, as he calls it."

"I, sir? O if I had the means! But where's my brother? Why does he not come, and so long in Scotland? He might do something to assist us."

"Who, Reginald? I suppose he's gone with Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, or some such respectable person, to the Lamberton races. I have expected him this week past; but I cannot wonder that my children should neglect me as well as every other person. But I should beg your pardon, my love, who never either neglected or offended me in your life."

And, kissing her cheek as she threw her arms round his neck, he experienced that consolation which a parent feels, even in the most distressed state, in the assurance that he possesses the affection of a child.

Miss Wardour took the advantage of this revulsion of feeling to endeavor to soothe her father's mind to composure. She reminded him that he had many friends.

"I *had* many once," said Sir Arthur; "but of some I have exhausted their kindness with my frantic projects, others are unable to assist me, others are unwilling; it is all over with me. I only hope Reginald will take example by my folly."

"Should I not send to Monkbarns, sir?" said his daughter.

"To what purpose? He cannot lend me such a sum, and would not if he could, for he knows I am otherwise drowned in debt; and he would only give me scraps of misanthropy and quaint ends of Latin."

"But he is shrewd and sensible, and was bred to business, and, I am sure, always loved this family."

"Yes, I believe he did: it is a fine pass we are come to when the affection of an Oldbuck is of consequence to a Wardour! But when matters come to extremity, as I suppose they presently will, it may be as well to send for him. And now go take your walk, my dear; my mind is more composed than when I had this cursed disclosure to make. You know the worst, and may daily or hourly expect it. Go take your walk; I would willingly be alone for a little while."

When Miss Wardour left the apartment her first occupation was to avail herself of the half permission granted by her father, by despatching to Monkbarns the messenger, who, as we have already seen, met the Antiquary and his nephew on the sea-beach.

Little recking, and indeed scarce knowing, where she was wandering, chance directed her into the walk beneath the Briery Bank, as it was called. A brook, which in former days had supplied the castle moat with water, here descended through a narrow dell, up which Miss Wardour's taste had directed a natural path, which was rendered neat and easy of ascent, without the air of being formally made and preserved. It suited well the character of the little glen, which was overhung with thickets and underwood, chiefly of larch and hazel, intermixed with the usual varieties of the thorn and brier. In this walk had passed that scene of explanation between Miss Wardour and Lovel which was overheard by old Edie Ochiltree.

With a heart softened by the distress which approached her family, Miss Wardour now recalled every word and argument which Lovel had urged in support of his suit, and could not help confessing to herself it was no small subject of pride to have inspired a young man of his talents with a passion so strong and disinterested. That he should have left the pursuit of a profession in which he was said to be rapidly rising to bury himself in a disagreeable place like Fairport, and brood over an unrequited passion, might be ridiculed by others as

romantic, but was naturally forgiven as an excess of affection by the person who was the object of his attachment. Had he possessed an independence, however moderate, or ascertained a clear and undisputed claim to the rank in society he was well qualified to adorn, she might now have had it in her power to offer her father, during his misfortunes, an asylum in an establishment of her own. These thoughts, so favorable to the absent lover, crowded in, one after the other, with such a minute recapitulation of his words, looks, and actions as plainly intimated that his former repulse had been dictated rather by duty than inclination. Isabella was musing alternately upon this subject and upon that of her father's misfortunes when, as the path winded round a little hillock covered with brushwood, the old Blue-Gown suddenly met her.

With an air as if he had something important and mysterious to communicate, he doffed his bonnet, and assumed the cautious step and voice of one who would not willingly be overheard. "I hae been wishing muckle to meet wi' your leddyship; for ye ken I darena come to the house for Dousterswivel."

"I heard indeed," said Miss Wardour, dropping an alms into the bonnet—"I heard that you had done a very foolish, if not a very bad thing, Edie, and I was sorry to hear it."

"Hout, my bonny leddy—fulish? A' the world's fules, and how should auld Edie Ochiltree be aye wise? and for the evil, let them wha deal wi' Dousterswivel tell whether he gat a grain mair than his deserts."

"That may be true, Edie, and yet," said Miss Wardour, "you may have been very wrong."

"Weel, weel, we'se no dispute that e'enow; it is about yoursell I'm gaun to speak. Div ye ken what's hanging ower the house of Knockwinnock?"

"Great distress, I fear, Edie," answered Miss Wardour; "but I am surprised it is already so public."

"Public! Sweepclean, the messenger, will be there the day wi' a' his tackle. I ken it frae ane o' his concurrents, as they ca' them, that's warned to meet him; and they'll be about their wark belyve. Whare they clip there needs nae kame: they sheer close eneugh."

"Are you sure this bad hour, Edie, is so very near? come I know it will."

"It's e'en as I tell you, leddy! but dinna be cast down; there's a heaven ower your head here, as weel as in that fearful night atween the Ballyburgh Ness and the Halket Head. D'ye think He wha rebuked the waters canna protect you

against the wrath of men, though they be armed with human authority?"

"It is, indeed, all we have to trust to."

"Ye dinna ken—ye dinna ken; when the night's darkest the dawn's nearest. If I had a gude horse, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there wad be help yet. I trusted to hae gotten a cast wi' the Royal Charlotte, but she's coupit yonder, it's like, at Kittlebrig. There was a young gentleman on the box, and he behuved to drive; and Tam Sang, that suld hae mair sense, he behuved to let him, and the daft callant couldna tak the turn at the corner o' the brig, and odd! he took the curbstane, and he's wholmed her as I wad wholme a toom bicker—it was a luck I hadna gotten on the tap o' her. Sae I came down atween hope and despair to see if ye wad send me on."

"And, Edie, where would ye go?" said the young lady.

"To Tannonburgh, my leddy" (which was the first stage from Fairport, but a good deal nearer to Knockwinnock), "and that without delay; it's a' on your ain business."

"Our business, Edie? Alas! I give you all credit for your good meaning, but——"

"There's nae 'buts' about it, my leddy, for gang I maun," said the persevering Blue-Gown.

"But what is it that you would do at Tannonburgh? or how can your going there benefit my father's affairs?"

"Indeed, my sweet leddy," said the gaberlunzie, "ye maun just trust that bit secret to auld Edie's gray pow, and ask nae questions about it. Certainly if I wad hae wared my life for you yon night, I can hae nae reason to play an ill pliskie t'ye in the day o' your distress."

"Well, Edie, follow me, then," said Miss Wardour, "and I will try to get you sent to Tannonburgh."

"Mak haste, then, my bonny leddy, mak haste, for the love o' goodness!" and he continued to exhort her to expedition until they reached the Castle.

CHAPTER XLII

> Let those go see who will; I like it not.
> For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
> And all the nothings he is now divorced from
> By the hard doom of stern necessity;
> Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
> Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
> O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish.
>
> *Old Play.*

When Miss Wardour arrived in the court of the Castle, she was apprised by the first glance that the visit of the officers of the law had already taken place. There was confusion, and gloom, and sorrow, and curiosity among the domestics, while the retainers of the law went from place to place, making an inventory of the goods and chattels falling under their warrant of distress, or poinding, as it is called in the law of Scotland. Captain M'Intyre flew to her, as, struck dumb with the melancholy conviction of her father's ruin, she paused upon the threshold of the gateway.

"Dear Miss Wardour," he said, "do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure he will find some way to clear the house of these rascals."

"Alas! Captain M'Intyre, I fear it will be too late."

"No," answered Edie, impatiently, "could I but get to Tannonburgh. In the name of Heaven, Captain! contrive some way to get me on, and ye'll do this poor ruined family the best day's doing that has been done them since Redhand's days; for as sure as e'er an auld saw came true Knockwinnock house and land will be lost and won this day."

"Why, what good can you do, old man?" said Hector.

But Robert, the domestic with whom Sir Arthur had been so much displeased in the morning, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to display his zeal, stepped hastily forward and said to his mistress, "If you please, ma'am, this auld man, Ochiltree, is very skeely and auld-farrant about mony things, as the diseases of cows, and horse, and sic like, and I am sure he disna want to be at Tannonburgh the day for naething, since he insists on't this gate; and, if your

leddyship pleases, I'll drive him there in the taxed cart in an hour's time. I wad fain be of some use; I could bite my very tongue out when I think on this morning."

"I am obliged to you, Robert," said Miss Wardour; "and if you really think it has the least chance of being useful——"

"In the name of God," said the old man, "yoke the cart, Robie, and if I am no o' some use, less or mair, I'll gie ye leave to fling me ower Kittlebrig as ye come back again. But, O, man, haste ye, for time's precious this day."

Robert looked at his mistress as she retired into the house, and, seeing he was not prohibited, flew to the stable-yard, which was adjacent to the court, in order to yoke the carriage; for, though an old beggar was the personage least likely to render effectual assistance in case of pecuniary distress, yet there was among the common people of Edie's circle a general idea of his prudence and sagacity which authorized Robert's conclusion, that he would not so earnestly have urged the necessity of this expedition had he not been convinced of is utility. But so soon as the servant took hold of a horse to harness him for the tax-cart, an officer touched him on the shoulder—"My friend, you must let that beast alone, he's down in the schedule."

"What," said Robert, "am I not to take my master's horse to go my young leddy's errand."

"You must remove nothing here," said the man of office, "or you will be liable for all consequences?"

"What the devil, sir," said Hector, who, having followed to examine Ochiltree more closely on the nature of his hopes and expectations, already began to bristle like one of the terriers of his own native mountains, and sought but a decent pretext for venting his displeasure, "have you the impudence to prevent the young lady's servant from obeying her orders?"

There was something in the air and tone of the young soldier which seemed to argue that his interference was not likely to be confined to mere expostulation, and which, if it promised finally the advantages of a process of battery and deforcement, would certainly commence with the unpleasant circumstances necessary for founding such a complaint. The legal officer, confronted with him of the military, grasped with one doubtful hand the greasy bludgeon which was to enforce his authority, and with the other produced his short official baton, tipped with silver, and having a movable ring upon it—"Captain M'Intyre, sir, I have no quarrel with you, but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself deforced."

"And who the devil cares," said Hector, totally ignorant of the words of judicial action, "whether you declare yourself divorced or married? And as to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent the lad from harnessing the horses to obey his mistress's orders."

"I take all who stand here to witness," said the messenger, "that I showed him my blazon and explained my character. 'He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar,'" and he slid his enigmatical ring from one end of the baton to the other, being the appropriate symbol of his having been forcibly interrupted in the discharge of his duty.

Honest Hector, better accustomed to the artillery of the field than to that of the law, saw this mystical ceremony with great indifference, and with like unconcern beheld the messenger sit down to write out an execution of deforcement. But at this moment, to prevent the well-meaning hot-headed Highlander from running the risk of a severe penalty, the Antiquary arrived puffing and blowing, with his handkerchief crammed under his hat and his wig upon the end of his stick.

"What the deuce is the matter here?" he exclaimed, hastily adjusting his headgear; "I have been following you in fear of finding your idle loggerhead knocked against one rock or other, and here I find you parted with your Bucephalus and quarrelling with Sweepclean. A messenger, Hector, is a worse foe than a *phoca*, whether it be the *phoca barbata* or the *phoca vitulina* of your late conflict."

"D—n the *phoca*, sir," said Hector, "whether it be the one or the other—I say d—n them both particularly! I think you would not have me stand quietly by and see a scoundrel like this, because he calls himself a king's messenger, forsooth—I hope the king has many better for his meanest errands—insult a young lady of family and fashion like Miss Wardour?"

"Rightly argued, Hector," said the Antiquary; "but the king, like other people, has now and then shabby errands, and, in your ear, must have shabby fellows to do them. But even supposing you unacquainted with the statutes of William the Lion in which, *capite quarto, versu quinto*, this crime of deforcement is termed *despectus domini regis*, a contempt, to wit, of the king himself, in whose name all legal diligence issues, could you not have inferred, from the information I took so much pains to give you to-day, that those who interrupt officers who come to execute letters of caption are *tanquam participes criminis rebellionis?* seeing

that he who aids a rebel is himself, *quodammodo*, an accessory to rebellion. But I'll bring you out of the scrape."

He then spoke to the messenger, who, upon his arrival, had laid aside all thoughts of making a good bye-job out of the deforcement, and accepted Mr. Oldbuck's assurances that the horse and taxed cart should be safely returned in the course of two or three hours.

"Very well, sir," said the Antiquary, "since you are disposed to be so civil, you shall have another job in your own best way—a little cast of state politics—a crime punishable *per Legem Juliam*, Mr. Sweepclean. Hark thee hither."

And, after a whisper of five minutes he gave him a slip of paper, on receiving which the messenger mounted his horse, and, with one of his assistants, rode away pretty sharply. The fellow who remained seemed to delay his operations purposely, proceeded in the rest of his duty very slowly, and with the caution and precision of one who feels himself overlooked by a skilful and severe inspector.

In the meantime Oldbuck, taking his nephew by the arm, led him into the house, and they were ushered into the presence of Sir Arthur Wardour, who, in a flutter between wounded pride, agonized apprehension, and vain attempts to disguise both under a show of indifference, exhibited a spectacle of painful interest.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Oldbuck, always happy to see my friends in fair weather or foul," said the poor baronet, struggling not for composure, but for gayety, an affectation which was strongly contrasted by the nervous and protracted grasp of his hand, and the agitation of his whole demeanor—"I am happy to see you. You are riding, I see; I hope in this confusion your horses are taken good care of: I always like to have my friends' horses looked after. Egad, they will have all my care now, for you see they are like to leave me none of my own, he! he! he!—eh, Mr. Oldbuck?"

This attempt at a jest was attended by an hysterical giggle, which poor Sir Arthur intended should sound as an indifferent laugh.

"You know I never ride, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary.

"I beg your pardon; but sure I saw your nephew arrive on horseback a short time since. We must look after officers' horses, and his was a handsome gray charger, as I have seen."

Sir Arthur was about to ring the bell, when Mr. Oldbuck said, "My nephew came on your own gray horse, Sir Arthur."

"Mine!" said the poor baronet—"mine, was it? then

the sun had been in my eye. Well, I'm not worthy having a horse any longer, since I don't know my own when I see him."

"Good Heaven," thought Oldbuck, "how is this man altered from the formal stolidity of his usual manner! he grows wanton under adversity; *sed pereunti mille figuræ.*" He then proceeded aloud: "Sir Arthur, we must necessarily speak a little on business."

"To be sure," said Sir Arthur; "but it was so good that I should not know the horse I have ridden these five years, ha! ha! ha!"

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "don't let us waste time which is precious; we shall have, I hope, many better seasons for jesting; *desipere in loco* is the maxim of Horace. I more than suspect this has been brought on by the villany of Dousterswivel."

"Don't mention his name, sir!" said Sir Arthur; and his manner entirely changed from a fluttered affectation of gayety to all the agitation of fury: his eyes sparkled, his mouth foamed, his hands were clinched—"don't mention his name, sir," he vociferated, "unless you would see me go mad in your presence! That I should have been such a miserable dolt, such an infatuated idiot, such a beast endowed with thrice a beast's stupidity, to be led and driven and spur-galled by such a rascal, and under such ridiculous pretences. Mr. Oldbuck, I could tear myself when I think of it."

"I only meant to say," answered the Antiquary, "that this fellow is like to meet his reward; and I cannot but think we shall frighten something out of him that may be of service to you. He has certainly had some unlawful correspondence on the other side of the water."

"Has he? has he? has he, indeed? Then d—n the household goods, horses, and so forth: I will go to prison a happy man, Mr. Oldbuck. I hope in Heaven there's a reasonable chance of his being hanged?"

"Why, pretty fair," said Oldbuck, willing to encourage this diversion, in hopes it might mitigate the feelings which seemed like to overset the poor man's understanding; "honester men have stretched a rope, or the law has been sadly cheated. But this unhappy business of yours—can nothing be done? Let me see the charge."

He took the papers; and as he read them his countenance grew hopelessly dark and disconsolate. Miss Wardour had by this time entered the apartment, and fixing her eyes on Mr. Oldbuck, as if she meant to read her fate in his looks,

easily perceived, from the change in his eye and the dropping of his nether jaw, how little was to be hoped.

"We are then irremediably ruined, Mr. Oldbuck?" said the young lady.

"Irremediably! I hope not; but the instant demand is very large, and others will doubtless pour in."

"Ay, never doubt that, Monkbarns," said Sir Arthur; "where the slaughter is, the eagles will be gathered together. I am like a sheep which I have seen fall down a precipice, or drop down from sickness: if you had not seen a single raven or hooded crow for a fortnight before, he will not lie on the heather ten minutes before half a dozen will be picking out his eyes [and he drew his hand over his own], and tearing at his heart-strings before the poor devil has time to die. But that d—d long-scented vulture that dogged me so long—you have got him fast, I hope?"

"Fast enough," said the Antiquary; "the gentleman wished to take the wings of the morning and bolt in the what d'ye call it—the coach and four there. But he would have found twigs limed for him at Edinburgh. As it is, he never got so far, for the coach being overturned—as how could it go safe with such a Jonah?—he has had an infernal tumble, is carried into a cottage near Kittlebrig, and, to prevent all possibility of escape, I have sent your friend, Sweepclean, to bring him back to Fairport *in nomine regis*, or to act as his sick-nurse at Kittlebrig, as is most fitting. And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to have some conversation with you on the present unpleasant state of your affairs, that we may see what can be done for their extrication;" and the Antiquary led the way into the library, followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

They had been shut up together for about two hours, when Miss Wardour interrupted them, with her cloak on as if prepared for a journey. Her countenance was very pale, yet expressive of the composure which characterized her disposition.

"The messenger is returned, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Returned! What the devil! he has not let the fellow go?"

"No; I understand he has carried him to confinement; and now he is returned to attend my father, and says he can wait no longer."

A loud wrangling was now heard on the staircase, in which the voice of Hector predominated. "You an officer, sir, and these ragamuffins a party! a parcel of beggarly tailor fellows!

tell yourselves off by nine, and we shall know your effective strength."

The grumbling voice of the man of law was then heard indistinctly muttering a reply, to which Hector retorted—"Come, come, sir, this won't do; march your party, as you call them, out of this house directly, or I'll send you and them to the right about presently."

"The devil take Hector," said the Antiquary, hastening to the scene of action; "his Highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the bailiff. Come, Mr. Sweepclean, you must give us a little time; I know you would not wish to hurry Sir Arthur."

"By no means, sir," said the messenger, putting his hat off, which he had thrown on to testify defiance of Captain M'Intyre's threats; "but your nephew, sir, holds very uncivil language, and I have borne too much of it already; and I am not justified in leaving my prisoner any longer after the instructions I received, unless I am to get payment of the sums contained in my diligence." And he held out the caption, pointing with the awful truncheon which he held in his right hand to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

Hector, on the other hand, though silent from respect to his uncle, answered this gesture by shaking his clinched fist at the messenger with a frown of Highland wrath.

"Foolish boy, be quiet," said Oldbuck, "and come with me into the room; the man is doing his miserable duty, and you will only make matters worse by opposing him. I fear, Sir Arthur, you must accompany this man to Fairport; there is no help for it in the first instance. I will accompany you to consult what farther can be done. My nephew will escort Miss Wardour to Monkbarns, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled."

"I go with my father, Mr. Oldbuck," said Miss Wardour, firmly; "I have prepared his clothes and my own. I suppose we shall have the use of the carriage?"

"Anything in reason, madam," said the messenger; "I have ordered it out, and it's at the door. I will go on the box with the coachman; I have no desire to intrude; but two of the concurrents must attend on horseback."

"I will attend too," said Hector, and he ran down to secure a horse for himself.

"We must go, then," said the Antiquary.

"To jail," said the baronet, sighing involuntarily. "And what of that?" he resumed, in a tone affectedly

cheerful; "it is only a house we can't get out of, after all. Suppose a fit of the gout, and Knockwinnock would be the same. Ay, ay, Monkbarns, we'll call it a fit of the gout without the d—d pain."

But his eyes swelled with tears as he spoke, and his faltering accent marked how much this assumed gayety cost him. The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Banians, who drive the real terms of an important bargain by signs, while they are apparently talking of indifferent matters, the hand of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the real state of his internal agony. They stepped slowly down the magnificent staircase, every well-known object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to assume a more prominent and distinct appearance than usual, as if to press themselves on their notice for the last time.

At the first landing-place Sir Arthur made an agonized pause; and as he observed the Antiquary look at him anxiously, he said with assumed dignity—"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, the descendant of an ancient line—the representative of Richard Red-hand and Gamelyn de Guardover—may be pardoned a sigh when he leaves the castle of his fathers thus poorly escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1745, it was upon a charge becoming our birth—upon an accusation of high treason, Mr. Oldbuck. We were escorted from Highgate by a troop of life-guards, and committed upon a secretary of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a miserable creature like that [pointing to the messenger], and for a paltry concern of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"At least," said Oldbuck, "you have now the company of a dutiful daughter and a sincere friend, if you will permit me to say so, and that may be some consolation, even without the certainty that there can be no hanging, drawing, or quartering on the present occasion. But I hear that choleric boy as loud as ever. I hope to God he has got into no new broil! It was an accursed chance that brought him here at all."

In fact, a sudden clamor, in which the loud voice and somewhat northern accent of Hector were again pre-eminently distinguished, broke off this conversation. The cause we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLIII

> Fortune, you say, flies from us. She but circles,
> Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,
> Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
> Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
> As if to court the aim. Experience watches,
> And has her on the wheel.
>
> *Old Play.*

THE shout of triumph in Hector's warlike tones was not easily distinguished from that of battle. But as he rushed upstairs with a packet in his hand, exclaiming "Long life to an old soldier! here comes Edie with a whole budget of good news!" it became obvious that his present cause of clamor was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Oldbuck, shook Sir Arthur heartily by the hand, and wished Miss Wardour joy, with all the frankness of Highland congratulation. The messenger, who had a kind of instinctive terror for Captain M'Intyre, drew towards his prisoner, keeping an eye of caution on the soldier's motions.

"Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you, you dirty fellow," said the soldier. "There's a guinea for the fright I have given you; and here comes an old Forty-Two man, who is a fitter match for you than I am."

The messenger (one of those dogs who are not too scornful to eat dirty puddings) caught in his hand the guinea which Hector chucked at his face, and abode warily and carefully the turn which matters were now to take. All voices meanwhile were loud in inquiries, which no one was in a hurry to answer.

"What is the matter, Captain M'Intyre," said Sir Arthur.

"Ask old Edie," said Hector; "I only know all's safe and well."

"What is all this, Edie?" said Miss Wardour to the mendicant.

"Your leddyship maun ask Monkbarns, for he has gotten the yepistolary correspondensh."

"God save the king!" exclaimed the Antiquary, at the first glance of the contents of his packet, and, surprised at once out

of decorum, philosophy, and phlegm, he skimmed his cocked hat in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in its fall by a branch of the chandelier. He next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have sent after the beaver, had not Edie stopped his hand, exclaiming, "Lordsake! he's gaun gyte; mind Caxon's no here to repair the damage."

Every person now assailed the Antiquary, clamoring to know the cause of so sudden a transport, when, somewhat ashamed of his rapture, he fairly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and, ascending the stair by two steps at a time, gained the upper landing-place, where, turning round, he addressed the astonished audience as follows:

"My good friends, *favete linguis*. To give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of it myself; and therefore, with your leaves, I will retire into the library to examine these papers. Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour will have the goodness to step into the parlor; Mr. Sweepclean, *secede paulisper*, or, in your own language, grant us a supersedere of diligence for five minutes. Hector, draw off your forces and make your bear-garden flourish elsewhere; and, finally, be all of good cheer till my return, which be *instanter*."

The contents of the packet were indeed so little expected that the Antiquary might be pardoned, first his ecstasy, and next his desire of delaying to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged and digested in his own mind.

Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., of Monkbarns, of the following purport:

"Dear Sir—To you, as my father's proved and valued friend, I venture to address myself, being detained here by military duty of a very pressing nature. You must by this time be acquainted with the entangled state of our affairs; and I know it will give you great pleasure to learn that I am as fortunately as unexpectedly placed in a situation to give effectual assistance for extricating them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with severe measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a creditable man of business here, I have procured the enclosed writing, which I understand will stop their proceedings until their claim shall be legally discussed and brought down to its proper amount. I also enclose bills to the amount of one thousand pounds to pay any other pressing demands, and request of your friendship to apply them according to your discretion. You will be surprised I give you this trouble, when it would

seem more natural to address my father directly in his own affairs. But I have yet had no assurance that his eyes are opened to the character of a person against whom you have often, I know, warned him, and whose baneful influence has been the occasion of these distresses. And as I owe the means of relieving Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend, it is my duty to take the most certain measures for the supplies being devoted to the purpose for which they were destined, and I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done. My friend, as he claims an interest in your regard, will explain some views of his own in the enclosed letter. The state of the post-office at Fairport being rather notorious, I must send this letter to Tannonburgh; but the old man Ochiltree, whom particular circumstances have recommended as trustworthy, has information when the packet is likely to reach that place, and will take care to forward it. I expect to have soon an opportunity to apologize in person for the trouble I now give, and have the honor to be, your very faithful servant,

"REGINALD GAMELYN WARDOUR.

"EDINBURGH, 6th August 179—."

The Antiquary hastily broke the seal of the enclosure, the contents of which gave him equal surprise and pleasure. When he had in some measure composed himself after such unexpected tidings, he inspected the other papers carefully, which all related to business; put the bills into his pocket-book, and wrote a short acknowledgment to be despatched by that day's post, for he was extremely methodical in money matters; and lastly, fraught with all the importance of disclosure, he descended to the parlor.

"Sweepclean," said he, as he entered, to the officer, who stood respectfully at the door, "you must sweep yourself clean out of Knockwinnock Castle with all your followers, tag-rag and bob-tail. See'st thou this paper, man?"

"A sist on a bill o' suspension," said the messenger, with a disappointed look; "I thought it would be a queer thing if ultimate diligence was to be done against sic a gentleman as Sir Arthur. Weel, sir, I'se go my ways with my party. And who's to pay my charges?"

"They who employed thee," replied Oldbuck, "as thou full well dost know. But here comes another express: this is a day of news, I think."

This was Mr. Mailsetter on his mare from Fairport, with a letter for Sir Arthur, another to the messenger, both of

which, he said, he was directed to forward instantly. The messenger opened his, observing, that Greenhorn and Grinderson were good enough men for his expenses, and here was a letter from them desiring him to stop the diligence. Accordingly, he immediately left the apartment, and, staying no longer than to gather his posse together, he did then, in the phrase of Hector, who watched his departure as a jealous mastiff eyes the retreat of a repulsed beggar, evacuate Flanders.

Sir Arthur's letter was from Mr. Greenhorn, and a curiosity in its way. We give it, with the worthy baronet's comments :—

"SIR—[Oh ! I am *dear* sir no longer ; folks are only dear to Messrs. Greenhorn and Grinderson when they are in adversity]—Sir, I am much concerned to learn, on my return from the country, where I was called on particular business [a bet on the sweepstakes, I suppose], that my partner had the impropriety, in my absence, to undertake the concerns of Messrs. Goldiebirds in preference to yours, and had written to you in an unbecoming manner. I beg to make my most humble apology, as well as Mr. Grinderson's [come, I see he can write for himself and partner too], and trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for the constant patronage which my family [*his* family ! curse him for a puppy !] have uniformly experienced from that of Knockwinnock. I am sorry to find, from an interview I had this day with Mr. Wardour, that he is much irritated, and, I must own, with apparent reason. But, in order to remedy as much as in me lies the mistake of which he complains [pretty mistake, indeed ! to clap his patron into jail], I have sent this express to discharge all proceedings against your person or property ; and at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr. Grinderson is of opinion that, if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs. Goldiebirds' present claim which would greatly reduce its amount [so, so, willing to play the rogue on either side] ; and that there is not the slightest hurry in settling the balance of your account with us ; and that I am, for Mr. G. as well as myself, Dear Sir [O, ay, he has written himself into an approach to familiarity], your much obliged and most humble servant,

"GILBERT GREENHORN."

"Well said, Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn," said Monkbarns,

"I see now there is some use in having two attorneys in one firm. Their movements resemble those of the man and woman in a Dutch baby-house. When it is fair weather with the client, out comes the gentleman partner to fawn like a spaniel; when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bull-dog. Well, I thank God that my man of business still wears an equilateral cocked hat, has a house in the Old Town, is as much afraid of a horse as I am myself, plays at golf of a Saturday, goes to the kirk of a Sunday, and, in respect he has no partner, hath only his own folly to apologize for."

"There are some writers very honest fellows," said Hector; "I should like to hear any one say that my cousin, Donald M'Intyre, Strathtudlem's seventh son—the other six are in the army—is not as honest a fellow——"

"No doubt, no doubt, Hector; all the M'Intyres are so; they have it by patent, man. But I was going to say that in a profession where unbounded trust is necessarily reposed, there is nothing surprising that fools should neglect it in their idleness and tricksters abuse it in their knavery. But it is the more to the honor of those—and I will vouch for many—who unite integrity with skill and attention, and walk honorably upright where there are so many pitfalls and stumbling-blocks for those of a different character. To such men their fellow-citizens may safely intrust the care of protecting their patrimonial rights, and their country the more sacred charge of her laws and privileges."

"They are best off, however, that hae least to do with them," said Ochiltree, who had stretched his neck into the parlor door; for the general confusion of the family not having yet subsided, the domestics, like waves after the fall of a hurricane, had not yet exactly regained their due limits, but were roaming wildly through the house.

"'Aha, old truepenny, art thou there?'" said the Antiquary. "Sir Arthur, let me bring in the messenger of good luck, though he is but a lame one. You talked of the raven that scented out the slaughter from afar; but here's a blue pigeon—somewhat of the oldest and toughest, I grant—who smelled the good news six or seven miles off, flew thither in the taxed cart, and returned with the olive branch."

"Ye owe it a' to puir Robie that drave me; puir fallow," said the beggar, "he doubts he's in disgrace wi' my leddy and Sir Arthur."

Robert's repentant and bashful face was seen over the mendicant's shoulder.

"In disgrace with me!" said Sir Arthur, "how so?" for the irritation into which he had worked himself on occasion of the toast had been long forgotten. "O, I recollect. Robert, I was angry, and you were wrong; go about your work, and never answer a master that speaks to you in a passion."

"Nor any one else," said the Antiquary; "for 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

"And tell your mother, who is so ill with the rheumatism, to come down to the housekeeper to-morrow," said Miss Wardour, "and we will see what can be of service to her."

"God bless your leddyship," said poor Robert, "and his honor, Sir Arthur, and the young laird, and the house of Knockwinnock in a' its branches, far and near; it's been a kind and a gude house to the puir this mony hundred years."

"There," said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, "we won't dispute; but there you see the gratitude of the poor people naturally turns to the civil virtues of your family. You don't hear them talk of Red-hand, or Hell-in-Harness. For me, I must say, *Odi accipitrem qui semper vivit in armis;* so let us eat and drink in peace, and be joyful, Sir Knight."

A table was quickly covered in the parlor, where the party sat joyously down to some refreshment. At the request of Oldbuck, Edie Ochiltree was permitted to sit by the sideboard in a great leathern chair, which was placed in some measure behind a screen.

"I accede to this the more readily," said Sir Arthur, "because I remember in my father's days that chair was occupied by Ailshie Gourlay, who, for aught I know, was the last privileged fool or jester maintained by any family of distinction in Scotland."

"Aweel, Sir Arthur," replied the beggar, who never hesitated an instant between his friend and his jest, "mony a wise man sits in a fule's seat, and mony a fule in a wise man's, especially in families o' distinction."

Miss Wardour, fearing the effect of this speech (however worthy of Ailshie Gourlay or any other privileged jester) upon the nerves of her father, hastened to inquire whether ale and beef should not be distributed to the servants and people whom the news had assembled around the Castle.

"Surely, my love," said her father; "when was it ever otherwise in our families when a siege had been raised?"

"Ay, a siege laid by Saunders Sweepclean, the bailiff, and raised by Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie, *par nobile fratrum,*" said Oldbuck, "and well pitted against each other in re-

spectability. But never mind, Sir Arthur, these are such sieges and such reliefs as our time of day admits of, and our escape is not less worth commemorating in a glass of this excellent wine. Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think."

"Were there anything better in the cellar," said Miss Wardour, "it would be all too little to regale you after your friendly exertions."

"Say you so?" said the Antiquary; "why, then, a cup of thanks to you, my fair enemy, and soon may you be besieged as ladies love best to be, and sign terms of capitulation in the chapel of Saint Winnox."

Miss Wardour blushed; Hector colored and then grew pale.

Sir Arthur answered, "My daughter is much obliged to you, Monkbarns; but, unless you'll accept of her yourself, I really do not know where a poor knight's daughter is to seek for an alliance in these mercenary times."

"Me, mean ye, Sir Arthur? No, not I; I will claim the privilege of the duello, and, as being unable to encounter my fair enemy myself, I will appear by my champion. But of this matter hereafter. What do you find in the papers there, Hector, that you hold your head down over them as if your nose were bleeding?"

"Nothing particular, sir; but only that, as my arm is now almost quite well, I think I shall relieve you of my company in a day or two, and go to Edinburgh. I see Major Neville is arrived there. I should like to see him."

"Major whom?" said his uncle.

"Major Neville, sir," answered the young soldier.

"And who the devil is Major Neville?" demanded the Antiquary.

"O, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "you must remember his name frequently in the newspapers, a very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am happy to say that Mr. M'Intyre need not leave Monkbarns to see him, for my son writes that the Major is to come with him to Knockwinnock, and I need not say how happy I shall be to make the young gentlemen acquainted—unless, indeed, they are known to each other already."

"No, not personally," answered Hector; "but I have had occasion to hear a good deal of him, and we have several mutual friends, your son being one of them. But I must go to Edinburgh, for I see my uncle is beginning to grow tired of me, and I am afraid——"

"That you will grow tired of him?" interrupted Oldbuck. "I fear that's past praying for. But you have forgotten

that the ecstatic twelfth of August approaches, and that you are engaged to meet one of Lord Glenallan's gamekeepers, God knows where, to persecute the peaceful feathered creation."

"True, true, uncle, I had forgot that," exclaimed the volatile Hector; "but you said something just now that put everything out of my head."

"An it like your honors," said old Edie, thrusting his white head from behind the screen, where he had been plentifully regaling himself with ale and cold meat—"an it like your honors, I can tell ye something that will keep the Captain wi' us amaist as weel as the pouting. Hear ye na the French are coming?"

"The French, you blockhead!" answered Oldbuck. "Bah!"

"I have not had time," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "to look over my lieutenancy correspondence for the week—indeed, I generally make a rule to read it only on Wednesday's, except in pressing cases, for I do everything by method; but from the glance I took of my letters I observed some alarm was entertained."

"Alarm!" said Edie; "troth there's alarm; for the provost's gar'd the beacon light on the Halket Head be sorted up—that suld hae been sorted half a year syne—in an unco hurry, and the council hae named nae less a man than auld Caxon himsell to watch the light. Some say it was out o' compliment to Lieutenant Taffril, for it's neist to certain that he'll marry Jenny Caxon; some say it's to please your honor and Monkbarns, that wear wigs; and some say there's some auld story about a periwig that ane o' the bailies got and ne'er paid for. Ony way, there he is, sitting cockit up like a skart upon the tap o' the craig, to skirl when foul weather comes."

"On mine honor, a pretty warder," said Monkbarns; "and what's my wig to do all the while?"

"I asked Caxon that very question," answered Ochiltree, "and he said he could look in ilka morning and gie't a touch afore he gaed to his bed, for there's another man to watch in the daytime, and Caxon says he'll frizz your honor's wig as weel sleeping as wauking."

This news gave a different turn to the conversation, which ran upon national defence, and the duty of fighting for the land we live in, until it was time to part. The Antiquary and his nephew resumed their walk homeward, after parting from Knockwinnock with the warmest expressions of mutual regard, and an agreement to meet again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XLIV

> Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her:
> Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
> Or sigh because she smiles, and smiles on others?
> Not I, by Heaven! I hold my peace too dear,
> To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
> Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.
>
> *Old Play.*

"HECTOR," said his uncle to Captain M'Intyre, in the course of their walk homeward, "I am sometimes inclined to suspect that in one respect you are a fool."

"If you only think me so in *one* respect, sir, I am sure you do me more grace than I expected or deserve."

"I mean in one particular *par excellence*," answered the Antiquary. "I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour."

"Well, sir?" said M'Intyre, with much composure.

"Well, sir!" echoed his uncle. "Deuce take the fellow, he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world that he, a captain in the army, and nothing at all besides, should marry the daughter of a baronet."

"I presume to think, sir," said the young Highlander, "there would be no degradation on Miss Wardour's part in point of family."

"O, Heaven forbid we should come on that topic! No, no, equal both, both on the table-land of gentility, and qualified to look down on every *roturier* in Scotland."

"And in point of fortune we are pretty even, since neither of us have got any," continued Hector. "There may be an error, but I cannot plead guilty to presumption."

"But here lies the error, then, if you call it so," replied his uncle; "she won't have you, Hector."

"Indeed, sir?"

"It is very sure, Hector; and to make it double sure I must inform you that she likes another man. She misunderstood some words I once said to her, and I have since been able to guess at the interpretation she put on them. At the time I was unable to account for her hesitation and blushing; but, my poor Hector, I now understand them as a death-signal

to your hopes and pretensions. So I advise you to beat your retreat, and draw off your forces as well as you can, for the fort is too well garrisoned for you to storm it."

"I have no occasion to beat any retreat, uncle," said Hector, holding himself very upright, and marching with a sort of dogged and offended solemnity; "no man needs to retreat that has never advanced. There are women in Scotland besides Miss Wardour, of as good family——"

"And better taste," said his uncle. "Doubtless there are, Hector; and though I cannot say but that she is one of the most accomplished as well as sensible girls I have seen, yet I doubt much of her merit would be cast away on you. A showy figure, now, with two cross feathers above her noddle—one green, one blue; who would wear a riding-habit of the regimental complexion, drive a gig one day, and the next review the regiment on the gray trotting pony which dragged that vehicle, *hoc erat in votis*—these are the qualities that would subdue you, especially if she had a taste for natural history, and loved a specimen of a *phoca*."

"It's a little hard, sir," said Hector, "I must have that cursed seal thrown into my face on all occasions; but I care little about it, and I shall not break my heart for Miss Wardour. She is free to choose for herself, and I wish her all happiness."

"Magnanimously resolved, thou prop of Troy! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene. Your sister told me you were desperately in love with Miss Wardour."

"Sir," answered the young man, "you would not have me desperately in love with a woman that does not care about me?"

"Well, nephew," said the Antiquary, more seriously, "there is doubtless much sense in what you say; yet I would have given a great deal, some twenty or twenty-five years since, to have been able to think as you do."

"Anybody, I suppose, may think as they please on such subjects," said Hector.

"Not according to the old school," said Oldbuck; "but, as I said before, the practice of the modern seems in this case the most prudential, though I think scarcely the most interesting. But tell me your ideas now on this prevailing subject of an invasion. The cry is still, They come."

Hector, swallowing his mortification, which he was peculiarly anxious to conceal from his uncle's satirical observation, readily entered into a conversation which was to turn the Antiquary's thoughts from Miss Wardour and the seal.

When they reached Monkbarns, the communicating to the ladies the events which had taken place at the Castle, with the counter-information of how long dinner had waited before the womankind had ventured to eat it in the Antiquary's absence, averted these delicate topics of discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and, as Caxon had not yet made his appearance, he began mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and small talk, of which the ex-peruquier was a faithful reporter, and which habit had made as necessary to the Antiquary as his occasional pinch of snuff, although he held, or affected to hold, both to be of the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vacuity peculiar to such a deprivation was alleviated by the appearance of old Och iltree sauntering beside the clipped yew and holly hedges, with the air of a person quite at home. Indeed, so familiar had he been of late, that even Juno did not bark at him, but contented herself with watching him with a close and vigilant eye. Our Antiquary stepped out in his night-gown, and instantly received and returned his greeting.

"They are coming now in good earnest, Monkbarns. I just cam frae Fairport to bring ye the news, and then I'll step away back again; the 'Search' has just come into the bay, and they say she's been chased by a French fleet."

"The 'Search'?" said Oldbuck, reflecting a moment. "Oho!"

"Ay, ay, Captain Taffril's gun-brig, the 'Search.'"

"What! any relation to 'Search No. II.'?" said Oldbuck, catching at the light which the name of the vessel seemed to throw on the mysterious chest of treasure.

The mendicant, like a man detected in a frolic, put his bonnet before his face, yet could not help laughing heartily. "The deil's in you, Monkbarns, for garring odds and evens meet. Wha thought ye wad hae laid that and that thegither? Odd, I am clean catch'd now."

"I see it all," said Oldbuck, "as plain as the legend on a medal of high preservation: the box in which the bullion was found belonged to the gun-brig and the treasure to my phœnix?" (Edie nodded assent.) "And was buried there that Sir Arthur might receive relief in his difficulties?"

"By me," said Edie, "and twa o' the brig's men; but they dinna ken its contents, and thought it some bit smuggling concern o' the Captain's. I watched day and night till I saw it in the right hand; and then, when that German deevil was glowering at the lid o' the kist—they liked mutton weel that licket where the yowe lay—I think some Scottish deevil put

it into my head to play him yon ither cantrip. Now, ye see, if I had said mair or less to Bailie Littlejohn, I behoved till hae come out wi' a' this story; and vexed would Mr. Lovel hae been to have it brought to light; sae I thought I would stand to onything rather than that."

"I must say he has chosen his confidant well," said Oldbuck, "though somewhat strangely."

"I'll say this for mysell, Monkbarns," answered the mendicant, "that I am the fittest man in the haill country to trust wi' siller, for I neither want it nor wish for it, nor could use it if I had it. But the lad had na muckle choice in the matter, for he thought he was leaving the country forever—I trust he's mistaen in that, though—and the night was set in when we learned, by a strange chance, Sir Arthur's sair distress, and Lovel was obliged to be on board as the day dawned. But five nights afterwards the brig stood into the bay, and I met the boat by appointment, and we buried the treasure where ye fand it."

"This was a very romantic, foolish exploit," said Oldbuck; "why not trust me, or any other friend?"

"The blood o' your sister's son," replied Edie, "was on his hands, and him maybe dead outright; what time had he to take counsel? or how could he ask it of you, by onybody?"

"You are right. But what if Dousterswivel had come before you?"

"There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur; he had gotten a sair gliff the night afore, and never intended to look near the place again, unless he had been brought there sting and ling. He kend weel the first pose was o' his ain hiding, and how could he expect a second? He just havered on about it to make the mair o' Sir Arthur."

"Then how," said Oldbuck, "should Sir Arthur have come there unless the German had brought him?"

"Umph!" answered Edie, dryly, "I had a story about Misticot wad hae brought him forty miles, or you either. Besides, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he fand the first siller in: he kend na the secret o' that job. In short, the siller being in this shape, Sir Arthur in utter difficulties, and Lovel determined he should never ken the hand that helped him—for that was what he insisted maist upon—we couldna think o' a better way to fling the gear in his gate, though we simmered it and wintered it e'er sae lang. And if by ony queer mischance Doustercivil had got his claws on't, I was instantly to hae informed you or the sheriff o' the haill story."

"Well, notwithstanding all these wise precautions, I think your contrivance succeeded better than such a clumsy one deserved, Edie. But how the deuce came Lovel by such a mass of silver ingots?"

"That's just what I canna tell ye. But they were put on board wi' his things at Fairport, it's like, and we stowed them into ane o' the ammunition-boxes o' the brig baith for concealment and convenience of carriage."

"Lord!" said Oldbuck, his recollection recurring to the earlier part of his acquaintance with Lovel; "and this young fellow, who was putting hundreds on so strange a hazard—I must be recommending a subscription to him, and paying his bill at the Ferry! I never will pay any person's bill again, that's certain. And you kept up a constant correspondence with Lovel, I suppose?"

"I just gat ae bit scrape o' a pen frae him, to say there wad, as yesterday fell, be a packet at Tannonburgh, wi' letters o' great consequence to the Knockwinnock folk: for they jaloused the opening of our letters at Fairport. And that's as true, I hear Mrs. Mailsetter is to lose her office for looking after ither folks' business and neglecting her ain."

"And what do you expect, now, Edie, for being the adviser, and messenger, and guard, and confidential person in all these matters?"

"Deil haet do I expect, excepting that a' the gentles will come to the gaberlunzie's burial; and maybe ye'll carry the head yoursell, as ye did puir Steenie Mucklebackit's. What trouble was't to me? I was ganging about at ony rate. O but I was blithe when I got out of prison, though; for, I thought, what if that weary letter should come when I am closed up here like an oyster, and a' should gang wrang for want o't? And whiles I thought I maun make a clean breast and tell you a' about it; but then I couldna weel do that without contravening Mr. Lovel's positive orders, and I reckon he had to see somebody at Edinburgh afore he could do what he wussed to do for Sir Arthur and his family."

"Well, and to your public news, Edie. So they are still coming, are they?"

"Troth, they say sae, sir; and there's come down strict orders for the forces and volunteers to be alert; and there's a clever young officer to come here forthwith to look at our means o' defence. I saw the Bailie's lass cleaning his belts and white breeks; I gae her a hand, for ye maun think she wasna ower clever at it, and sae I gat a' the news for my pains."

"And what think you, as an old soldier?"

"Troth, I kenna; an they come sae mony as they speak o', they'll be odds against us. But there's mony yauld chields amang thae volunteers; and I maunna say muckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gate mysell. But we'se do our best."

"What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?

"'Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires!'

I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for?"

"*Me* no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town? Deil!" he continued, grasping his pike-staff with great emphasis, "an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

Their further conversation reverted to the particulars of the night passed by the mendicant and Lovel in the ruins of St. Ruth, by the details of which the Antiquary was highly amused.

"I would have given a guinea," he said, "to have seen the scoundrelly German under the agonies of those terrors which it is part of his own quackery to inspire into others, and trembling alternately for the fury of his patron and the apparition of some hobgoblin."

"Troth," said the beggar, "there was time for him to be cowed; for ye wad hae thought the very spirit of Hell-in-Harness had taken possession o' the body o' Sir Arthur. But what will come o' the landlouper?"

"I have had a letter this morning, from which I understand he has acquitted you of the charge he brought against you, and offers to make such discoveries as will render the settlement of Sir Arthur's affairs a more easy task than we apprehended. So writes the sheriff; and adds, that he has given some private information of importance to government, in consideration of which I understand he will be sent back to play the knave in his own country."

"And a' the bonny engines and wheels, and the coves and

sheughs, doun at Glen Withershins yonder, what's to come o' them?" said Edie.

"I hope the men, before they are dispersed, will make a bonfire of their gimcracks, as an army destroy their artillery when forced to raise a siege. And as for the holes, Edie, I abandon them as rat-traps, for the benefit of the next wise men who may choose to drop the substance to snatch at a shadow."

"Hech, sirs! guide us a'! to burn the engines? that's a great waste. Had ye na better try to get back part o' your hundred pounds wi' the sale o' the materials?" he continued, with a tone of affected condolence.

"Not a farthing," said the Antiquary, peevishly, taking a turn from him, and making a step or two away. Then returning, half-smiling at his own pettishness, he said, "Get thee into the house, Edie, and remember my counsel: never speak to me about a mine, or to my nephew Hector about a *phoca*, that is a sealgh, as you call it."

"I maun be ganging my ways back to Fairport," said the wanderer; "I want to see what they're saying there about the invasion; but I'll mind what your honor says, no to speak to you about a sealgh, or to the Captain about the hundred pounds that you gied to Douster——"

"Confound thee! I desired thee not to mention that to me."

"Dear me!" said Edie, with affected surprise; "weel, I thought there was naething but what your honor could hae studden in the way o' agreeable conversation, unless it was about the prætorian yonder, or the bodle that the packman sauld to ye for an auld coin."

"Pshaw, pshaw," said the Antiquary, turning from him hastily, and retreating into the house.

The mendicant looked after him a moment, and with a chuckling laugh, such as that with which a magpie or parrot applauds a successful exploit of mischief, he resumed once more the road to Fairport. His habits had given him a sort of restlessness, much increased by the pleasure he took in gathering news; and in a short time he had regained the town which he left in the morning, for no reason that he knew himself, unless just to "hae a bit crack wi' Monkbarns."

CHAPTER XLV

Red glared the beacon on Pownell,
On Skiddaw there were three ;
The bugle-horn on moor and fell
Was heard continually.

JAMES HOGG.

THE watch who kept his watch on the hill and looked towards Birnam probably conceived himself dreaming when he first beheld the fated grove put itself into motion for its march to Dunsinane. Even so old Caxon, as, perched in his hut, he qualified his thoughts upon the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Taffril, with an occasional peep towards the signal-post with which his own corresponded, was not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusting his observation by a cross-staff which had been placed so as to bear upon the point. And behold, the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer, "with fear of change perplexing nations."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Caxon, "what's to be done now? But there will be wiser heads than mine to look to that, sae I'se e'en fire the beacon."

And he lighted the beacon accordingly, which threw up to the sky a long wavering train of light, startling the seafowl from their nests, and reflected far beneath by the reddening billows of the sea. The brother warders of Caxon being equally diligent, caught and repeated his signal. The lights glanced on headlands and capes and inland hills, and the whole district was alarmed by the signal of invasion. *

Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and two maid-servants.

"What the devil is the matter?" said he, starting up in his bed; "womankind in my room at this hour of night! are ye all mad?"

* See Note 12.

"The beacon, uncle!" said Miss M'Intyre.

"The French coming to murder us!" screamed Miss Griselda.

"The beacon, the beacon! the French, the French! murder, murder! and waur than murder!" cried the two handmaidens, like the chorus of an opera.

"The French!" said Oldbuck, starting up. "Get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my things on. And, hark ye, bring me my sword."

"Whilk o' them, Monkbarns?" cried his sister, offering a Roman falchion of brass with the one hand, with the other an Andrea Ferrara without a handle.

"The langest, the langest," cried Jenny Rintherout, dragging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

"Womankind," said Oldbuck, in great agitation, "be composed, and do not give way to vain terror. Are you sure they are come?"

"Sure! sure!" exclaimed Jenny—"ower sure! a' the sea fencibles and the land fencibles, and the volunteers and yeomanry, are on fit, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can gang; and auld Mucklebackit's gane wi' the lave—muckle good he'll do. Hech, sirs! *he'll* be missed the morn wha wad hae served king and country weel!"

"Give me," said Oldbuck, "the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five; it hath no belt or baldrick, but we'll make shift."

So saying, he thrust the weapon through the cover of his breeches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighboring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

"Where are your arms, nephew?" exclaimed Oldbuck; "where is your double-barrelled gun, that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for such vanities?"

"Pooh! pooh! sir," said Hector, "who ever took a fowling-piece on action? I have got my uniform on, you see: I hope I shall be of more use if they will give me a command than I could be with ten double-barrels. And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for the quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion."

"You are right, Hector: I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too. But here comes Sir Arthur Wardour, who, between ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much either one way or other."

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for dressed in his lieutenancy uniform, he was also on the road

to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldbuck with him, having had his original opinion of his sagacity much confirmed by late events. And in spite of all the entreaties of the womankind that the Antiquary would stay to garrison Monkbarns, Mr. Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glancing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and clamored in the market-place. The yeomanry, pouring from their different glens, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six, as they had met on the road. The drums and fifes of the volunteers beating to arms were blended with the voices of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeple. The ships in the harbor were lit up, and boats from the armed vessels added to the bustle by landing men and guns destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffril with much activity. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion when Sir Arthur Wardour, Oldbuck, and Hector made their way with difficulty into the principal square, where the town-house is situated. It was lighted up, and the magistracy, with many of the neighboring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of inexperience.

The magistrates were beset by the quartermasters of the different corps for billets for men and horses. "Let us," said Bailie Littlejohn, "take the horses into our warehouses and the men into our parlors, share our supper with the one and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal government, and now is the time to show we know its value."

A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present, and the substance of the wealthy, with the persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the country.

Captain M'Intyre acted on this occasion as military adviser and aid-de-camp to the principal magistrate, and displayed a degree of presence of mind and knowledge of his profession

totally unexpected by his uncle, who, recollecting his usual *insouciance* and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of precaution that his experience suggested, and gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular materials of which they were composed, in great force of numbers, and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment overbalance all other claims to consequence that even old Edie, instead of being left, like Diogenes at Sinope, to roll his tub when all around were preparing for defence, had the duty assigned him of superintending the serving out of the ammunition, which he executed with much discretion.

Two things were still anxiously expected—the presence of the Glenallan volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps, and the arrival of the officer before announced, to whom the measures of defence on that coast had been committed by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would entitle him to take upon himself the full disposal of the military force.

At length the bugles of the Glenallan yeomanry were heard, and the Earl himself, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform. They formed a very handsome and well-mounted squadron, formed entirely out of the Earl's Lowland tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped in the Highland dress, whom he had brought down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The clean and serviceable appearance of this band of feudal dependants called forth the admiration of Captain M'Intyre; but his uncle was still more struck by the manner in which, upon this crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of the Earl, their leader. He claimed and obtained for himself and his followers the post most likely to be that of danger, displayed great alacrity in making the necessary dispositions, and showed equal acuteness in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in upon the military councils of Fairport while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people announced, "There's the brave Major Neville come at last, with another officer;" and their post-chaise and four drove into the square, amidst

the huzzas of the volunteers and inhabitants. The magistrates, with their assessors of the lieutenancy, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, when they became aware that the handsome uniform and military cap disclosed the person and features of the pacific Lovel! A warm embrace and a hearty shake of the hand were necessary to assure him that his eyes were doing him justice. Sir Arthur was no less surprised to recognize his son, Captain Wardour, in Lovel's, or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young officers were a positive assurance to all present that the courage and zeal which they had displayed were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an acceptable proof of their spirit and promptitude.

"The watchman at Halket Head," said Major Neville, "as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally misled by a bonfire which some idle people had made on the hill above Glen Withershins, just in the line of the beacon with which his corresponded."

Oldbuck gave a conscious look to Sir Arthur, who returned it with one equally sheepish and a shrug of the shoulders.

"It must have been the machinery which we condemned to the flames in our wrath," said the Antiquary, plucking up heart, though not a little ashamed of having been the cause of so much disturbance. "The devil take Dousterswivel with all my heart! I think he has bequeathed us a legacy of blunders and mischief, as if he had lighted some train of fireworks at his departure. I wonder what cracker will go off next among our shins. But yonder comes the prudent Caxon. Hold up your head, you ass; your betters must bear the blame for you. And here, take this what-d've-call-it [giving him his sword]. I wonder what I would have said yesterday to any man that would have told me I was to stick such an appendage to my tail."

Here he found his arm gently pressed by Lord Glenallan, who dragged him into a separate apartment. "For God's sake, who is that young gentleman who is so strikingly like——"

"Like the unfortunate Eveline," interrupted Oldbuck. "I felt my heart warm to him from the first, and your lordship has suggested the very cause."

"But who—who is he?" continued Lord Glenallan, holding the Antiquary with a convulsive grasp.

"Formerly I would have called him Lovel, but now he turns out to be Major Neville."

"Whom my brother brought up as his natural son, whom he made his heir. Gracious Heaven! the child of my Eveline!"

"Hold, my lord—hold!" said Oldbuck; "do not give too hasty way to such a presumption; what probability is there?"

"Probability! none. There is certainty—absolute certainty. The agent I mentioned to you wrote me the whole story. I received it yesterday, not sooner. Bring him, for God's sake, that a father's eyes may bless him before he departs."

"I will; but for your own sake and his, give him a few moments for preparation."

And, determined to make still further investigation before yielding his entire conviction to so strange a tale, he sought out Major Neville, and found him expediting the necessary measures for dispersing the force which had been assembled.

"Pray, Major Neville, leave this business for a moment to Captain Wardour and to Hector, with whom, I hope, you are thoroughly reconciled [Neville laughed, and shook hands with Hector across the table], and grant me a moment's audience."

"You have a claim on me, Mr. Oldbuck, were my business more urgent," said Neville, "for having passed myself upon you under a false name, and rewarding your hospitality by injuring your nephew."

"You served him as he deserved," said Oldbuck; "though, by the way, he showed as much good sense as spirit to-day. Egad, if he would rub up his learning, and read Cæsar and Polybius and the *Stratagemata Polyæni*, I think he would rise in the army, and I will certainly lend him a lift."

"He is heartily deserving of it," said Neville; "and I am glad you excuse me, which you may do the more frankly when you know that I am so unfortunate as to have no better right to the name of Neville, by which I have been generally distinguished, than to that of Lovel, under which you knew me."

"Indeed! then I trust we shall find out one for you to which you shall have a firm and legal title."

"Sir! I trust you do not think the misfortune of my birth a fit subject——"

"By no means, young man," answered the Antiquary, interrupting him; "I believe I know more of your birth than

you do yourself; and, to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Geraldin Neville of Neville's Burgh, in Yorkshire, and, I presume, as his destined heir?"

"Pardon me; no such views were held out to me. I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long entertained some ideas of marriage, though he never carried them into effect."

"You say your *supposed* father? What leads you to suppose Mr. Geraldin Neville was not your real father?"

"I know, Mr. Oldbuck, that you would not ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gratification of idle curiosity. I will, therefore, tell you candidly that last year, while we occupied a small town in French Flanders, I found in a convent near which I was quartered a woman who spoke remarkably good English. She was a Spaniard, her name Teresa D'Acunha. In the process of our acquaintance she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had charge of my infancy. She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injustice done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland, during whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret. She also intimated that Mr. Geraldin Neville was not my father. We were attacked by the enemy and driven from the town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity by the republicans. The religious orders were the particular objects of their hate and cruelty. The convent was burned, and several nuns perished, among others Teresa, and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth: tragic by all accounts it must have been."

"*Raro antecedentem scelestum*, or, as I may here say, *scelestam*," said Oldbuck, "*deseruit pœna*, even Epicureans admitted that; and what did you do upon this?"

"I remonstrated with Mr. Neville by letter, and to no purpose. I then obtained leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun. He refused, and, on my importunity, indignantly upbraided me with the favors he had already conferred; I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father, and we parted in mutual displeasure. I renounced the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you knew me. It was at this time, when residing with a friend in the north of England who favored my disguise, that I became

acquainted with Miss Wardour, and was romantic enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind wavered on various plans of life, when I resolved to apply once more to Mr. Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth. It was long ere I received an answer; you were present when it was put into my hands. He informed me of his bad state of health, and conjured me, for my own sake, to inquire no further into the nature of his connection with me, but to rest satisfied with his declaring it to be such and so intimate that he designed to constitute me his heir. When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second express brought me word that he was no more. The possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now regarded my conduct to my benefactor, and some hints in his letter appearing to intimate that there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinary illegitimacy, I remembered certain prejudices of Sir Arthur."

"And you brooded over these melancholy ideas until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the whole story?" said Oldbuck.

"Exactly; then came my quarrel with Captain M'Intyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity."

"From love and from poetry—Miss Wardour and the *Caledoniad?*"

"Most true."

"And since that time you have been occupied, I suppose, with plans for Sir Arthur's relief?"

"Yes, sir; with the assistance of Captain Wardour at Edinburgh."

"And Edie Ochiltree here; you see I know the whole story. But how came you by the treasure?"

"It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my uncle, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Some time before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Glenallan arms upon it."

"Well, Major Neville, or let me say Lovel, being the name in which I rather delight, you must, I believe, exchange both of your *aliases* for the style and title of the Honorable William Geraldin, commonly called Lord Geraldin."

The Antiquary then went through the strange and melancholy circumstances concerning his mother's death.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that your uncle wished the report to be believed that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more; perhaps he might himself have an eye to the

inheritance of his brother—he was then a gay, wild young man. But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil conscience of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Teresa's story and your own fully acquit him. And now, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of introducing a son to a father."

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The proofs on all sides were found to be complete, for Mr. Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transaction with his confidential steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy so long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day the yeomanry and volunteers of Glenallan drank prosperity to their young master. In a month afterwards Lord Geraldin was married to Miss Wardour, the Antiquary making the lady a present of the wedding ring, a massy circle of antique chasing, bearing the motto of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, *Kunst macht Gunst.*

Old Edie, the most important man that ever wore a bluegown, bowls away easily from one friend's house to another, and boasts that he never travels unless on a sunny day. Latterly, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock, to which Caxon retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order to be in the neighborhood of the three parochial wigs, which he continues to keep in repair, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, "This is a gey bein place, and it's a comfort to hae sic a corner to sit in in a bad day." It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The bounty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously upon Mrs. Hadoway and upon the Mucklebackits. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Edie Ochiltree; and they do not accept it without grumbling at the channel through which it is conveyed.

Hector is rising rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the *Gazette*, and rises proportionally high in his uncle's favor. And, what scarcely pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two seals, and thus put an

end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the *phoca*. People talk of a marriage between Miss M'Intyre and Captain Wardour; but this wants confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knockwinnock and Glenallan House, ostensibly for the sake of completing two essays, one on the mail-shirt of the Great Earl and the other on the left-hand gauntlet of Hell-in-Harness. He regularly inquires whether Lord Geraldin has commenced the *Caledoniad*, and shakes his head at the answers he receives. *En attendant*, however, he has completed his notes, which, we believe, will be at the service of any one who chooses to make them public, without risk or expense to THE ANTIQUARY.

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER

OR

THE LADY IN THE SACQUE

INTRODUCTION

THIS is another little story from *The Keepsake* of 1828. It was told to me many years ago by the late Miss Anna Seward, who, among other accomplishments that rendered her an amusing inmate in a country house, had that of recounting narratives of this sort with very considerable effect ; much greater, indeed, than any one would be apt to guess from the style of her written performances. There are hours and moods when most people are not displeased to listen to such things ; and I have heard some of the greatest and wisest of my contemporaries take their share in telling them.

August, 1831

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER

OR

THE LADY IN THE SACQUE

THE following narrative is given from the pen, so far as memory permits, in the same character in which it was presented to the Author's ear; nor has he claim to further praise, or to be more deeply censured, than in proportion to the good or bad judgment which he has employed in selecting his materials, as he has studiously avoided any attempt at ornament which might interfere with the simplicity of the tale.

At the same time it must be admitted, that the particular class of stories which turns on the marvelous possesses a stronger influence when told than when committed to print. The volume taken up at noonday, though rehearsing the same incidents, conveys a much more feeble impression than is achieved by the voice of the speaker on a circle of fireside auditors, who hang upon the narrative as the narrator details the minute incidents which serve to give it authenticity, and lowers his voice with an affectation of mystery while he approaches the fearful and wonderful part. It was with such advantages that the present writer heard the following events related, more than twenty years since, by the celebrated Miss Seward of Lichfield, who to her numerous accomplishments added, in a remarkable degree, the power of narrative in private conversation. In its present form the tale must necessarily lose all the interest which was attached to it by the flexible voice and intelligent features of the gifted narrator. Yet still, read aloud, to an undoubting audience by the doubtful light of the closing evening, or, in silence, by a decaying taper, and amidst the solitude of a half-lighted apartment, it may redeem its character as a good ghost-story. Miss Seward always affirmed that she had derived her information from an authentic source, although

she suppressed the names of the two persons chiefly concerned. I will not avail myself of any particulars I may have since received concerning the localities of the detail, but suffer them to rest under the same general description in which they were first related to me; and, for the same reason, I will not add to, or diminish, the narrative by any circumstance, whether more or less material, but simply rehearse, as I heard it, a story of supernatural terror.

About the end of the American war, when the officers of Lord Cornwallis's army, which surrendered at Yorktown, and others, who had been made prisoners during the impolitic and ill-fated controversy, were returning to their own country, to relate their adventures and repose themselves after their fatigues, there was amongst them a general officer, to whom Miss S. gave the name of Browne, but merely, as I understood, to save the inconvenience of introducing a nameless agent in the narrative. He was an officer of merit, as well as a gentleman of high consideration for family and attainments.

Some business had carried General Browne upon a tour through the western counties, when, in the conclusion of a morning stage, he found himself in the vicinity of a small country town, which presented a scene of uncommon beauty, and of a character peculiarly English.

The little town, with its stately old church, whose tower bore testimony to the devotion of ages long past, lay amidst pastures and corn-fields of small extent, but bounded and divided with hedgerow timber of great age and size. There were few marks of modern improvement. The environs of the place intimated neither the solitude of decay nor the bustle of novelty; the houses were old, but in good repair; and the beautiful little river murmured freely on its way to the left of the town, neither restrained by a dam nor bordered by a towing-path.

Upon a gentle eminence, nearly a mile to the southward of the town, were seen, amongst many venerable oaks and tangled thickets, the turrets of a castle, as old as the wars of York and Lancaster, but which seemed to have received important alterations during the age of Elizabeth and her successor. It had not been a place of great size; but whatever accommodation it formerly afforded was, it must be supposed, still to be obtained within its walls; at least, such was the inference which General Browne drew from observing the smoke arise merrily from several of the ancient

wreathed and carved chimney-stalks. The wall of the park ran alongside of the highway for two or three hundred yards; and through the different points by which the eye found glimpses into the woodland scenery it seemed to be well stocked. Other points of view opened in succession—now a full one of the front of the old castle, and now a side glimpse at its particular towers, the former rich in all the bizarrerie of the Elizabethan school, while the simple and solid strength of other parts of the building seemed to show that they had been raised more for defense than ostentation.

Delighted with the partial glimpses which he obtained of the castle through the woods and glades by which this ancient feudal fortress was surrounded, our military traveler was determined to inquire whether it might not deserve a nearer view, and whether it contained family pictures or other objects of curiosity worthy of a stranger's visit, when, leaving the vicinity of the park, he rolled through a clean and well-paved street, and stopped at the door of a well-frequented inn.

Before ordering horses to proceed on his journey, General Browne made inquiries concerning the proprietor of the chateau which had so attracted his admiration; and was equally surprised and pleased at hearing in reply a nobleman named whom we shall call Lord Woodville. How fortunate! Much of Browne's early recollections, both at school and at college, had been connected with young Woodville, whom, by a few questions, he now ascertained to be the same with the owner of this fair domain. He had been raised to the peerage by the decease of his father a few months before, and, as the General learned from the landlord, the term of mourning being ended, was now taking possession of his paternal estate in the jovial season of merry autumn, accompanied by a select party of friends, to enjoy the sports of a country famous for game.

This was delightful news to our traveler. Frank Woodville had been Richard Browne's fag at Eton, and his chosen intimate at Christ Church; their pleasures and their tasks had been the same; and the honest soldier's heart warmed to find his early friend in possession of so delightful a residence, and of an estate, as the landlord assured him with a nod and a wink, fully adequate to maintain and add to his dignity. Nothing was more natural than that the traveler should suspend a journey which there was nothing to render hurried to pay a visit to an old friend under such agreeable circumstances.

The fresh horses, therefore, had only the brief task of conveying the General's traveling-carriage to Woodville Castle. A porter admitted them at a modern Gothic lodge, built in that style to correspond with the castle itself, and at the same time rang a bell to give warning of the approach of visitors. Apparently the sound of the bell had suspended the separation of the company, bent on the various amusements of the morning; for, on entering the court of the chateau, several young men were lounging about in their sporting-dresses, looking at and criticising the dogs, which the keepers held in readiness to attend their pastime. As General Browne alighted, the young lord came to the gate of the hall, and for an instant gazed, as at a stranger, upon the countenance of his friend, on which war, with its fatigues and its wounds, had made a great alteration. But the uncertainty lasted no longer than till the visitor had spoken, and the hearty greeting which followed was such as can only be exchanged betwixt those who have passed together the merry days of careless boyhood or early youth.

"If I could have formed a wish, my dear Browne," said Lord Woodville, "it would have been to have you here, of all men, upon this occasion, which my friends are good enough to hold as a sort of holiday. Do not think you have been unwatched during the years you have been absent from us. I have traced you through your dangers, your triumphs, your misfortunes, and was delighted to see that, whether in victory or defeat, the name of my old friend was always distinguished with applause."

The General made a suitable reply, and congratulated his friend on his new dignities, and the possession of a place and domain so beautiful.

"Nay, you have seen nothing of it as yet," said Lord Woodville, "and I trust you do not mean to leave us till you are better acquainted with it. It is true, I confess, that my present party is pretty large, and the old house, like other places of the kind, does not possess so much accommodation as the extent of the outward walls appears to promise. But we can give you a comfortable old-fashioned room, and I venture to suppose that your campaigns have taught you to be glad of worse quarters."

The General shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I presume," he said, "the worst apartment in your chateau is considerably superior to the old tobacco-cask in which I was fain to take up my night's lodging when I was in the bush, as the Virginians call it, with the light corps. There I lay,

like Diogenes himself, so delighted with my covering from the elements, that I made a vain attempt to have it rolled on to my next quarters; but my commander for the time would give way to no such luxurious provision, and I took farewell of my beloved cask with tears in my eyes."

"Well, then, since you do not fear your quarters," said Lord Woodville, "you will stay with me a week at least. Of guns, dogs, fishing-rods, flies, and means of sport by sea and land, we have enough and to spare: you cannot pitch on an amusement but we will find the means of pursuing it. But if you prefer the gun and pointers, I will go with you myself, and see whether you have mended your shooting since you have been amongst the Indians of the back settlements.

The General gladly accepted his friendly host's proposal in all its points. After a morning of manly exercise, the company met at dinner, where it was the delight of Lord Woodville to conduce to the display of the high properties of his recovered friend, so as to recommend him to his guests, most of whom were persons of distinction. He led General Browne to speak of the scenes he had witnessed; and as every word marked alike the brave officer and the sensible man, who retained possession of his cool judgment under the most imminent dangers, the company looked upon the soldier with general respect, as on one who had proved himself possessed of an uncommon portion of personal courage—that attribute, of all others, of which everybody desires to be thought possessed.

The day at Woodville Castle ended as usual in such mansions. The hospitality stopped within the limits of good order; music in which the young lord was a proficient, succeeded to the circulation of the bottle; cards and billiards, for those who preferred such amusements, were in readiness; but the exercise of the morning required early hours, and not long after eleven o'clock the guests began to retire to their several apartments.

The young lord himself conducted his friend, General Browne, to the chamber destined for him, which answered the description he had given of it, being comfortable, but old-fashioned. The bed was of the massive form used in the end of the 17th century, and the curtains of faded silk, heavily trimmed with tarnished gold. But then the sheets, pillows, and blankets looked delightful to the campaigner, when he thought of his "mansion, the cask." There was an air of gloom in the tapestry hangings which, with their worn-out graces, curtained the walls of the little chamber,

and gently undulated as the autumnal breeze found its way through the ancient lattice-window, which pattered and whistled as the air gained entrance. The toilet too, with its mirror, turbaned after the manner of the beginning of the century, with a coiffure of murrey-colored silk, and its hundred strange-shaped boxes, providing for arrangements which had been obsolete for more than fifty years, had an antique, and in so far a melancholy, aspect. But nothing could blaze more brightly and cheerfully than the two large wax candles; or if aught could rival them, it was the flaming, bickering fagots in the chimney, that sent at once their gleam and their warmth through the snug apartment, which, notwithstanding the general antiquity of its appearance, was not wanting in the least convenience that modern habits rendered either necessary or desirable.

"This is an old-fashioned sleeping-apartment, General," said the young lord; "but I hope you find nothing that makes you envy your old tobacco-cask."

"I am not particular respecting my lodgings," replied the General; "yet were I to make any choice, I would prefer this chamber by many degrees to the gayer and more modern rooms of your family mansion. Believe me, that when I unite its modern air of comfort with its venerable antiquity, and recollect that it is your lordship's property, I shall feel in better quarters here than if I were in the best hotel London could afford."

"I trust—I have no doubt—that you will find yourself as comfortable as I wish you, my dear General," said the young nobleman; and once more bidding his guest good night, he shook him by the hand and withdrew.

The General once more looked round him, and internally congratulating himself on his return to peaceful life, the comforts of which were endeared by the recollection of the hardships and dangers he had lately sustained, undressed himself, and prepared for a luxurious night's rest.

Here, contrary to the custom of this species of tale, we leave the General in possession of his apartment until the next morning.

The company assembled for breakfast at an early hour, but without the appearance of General Browne, who seemed the guest that Lord Woodville was desirous of honoring above all whom his hospitality had assembled around him. He more than once expressed surprise at the General's absence, and at length sent a servant to make inquiry after him. The man brought back information that General Browne had

been walking abroad since an early hour of the morning, in defiance of the weather, which was misty and ungenial.

"The custom of a soldier," said the young nobleman to his friends: "many of them acquire habitual vigilance, and cannot sleep after the early hour at which their duty usually commands them to be alert."

Yet the explanation which Lord Woodville thus offered to the company seemed hardly satisfactory to his own mind, and it was in a fit of silence and abstraction that he awaited the return of the General. It took place near an hour after the breakfast bell had rung. He looked fatigued and feverish. His hair, the powdering and arrangement of which was at this time one of the most important occupations of a man's whole day, and marked his fashion as much as, in the present time, the tying of a cravat, or the want of one, was disheveled, uncurled, void of powder, and dank with dew. His clothes were huddled on with a careless negligence remarkable in a military man, whose real or supposed duties are usually held to include some attention to the toilet; and his looks were haggard and ghastly in a peculiar degree.

"So you have stolen a march upon us this morning, my dear General," said Lord Woodville; "or you have not found your bed so much to your mind as I had hoped and you seemed to expect. How did you rest last night?"

"Oh, excellently well—remarkably well—never better in my life!" said General Browne rapidly, and yet with an air of embarrassment which was obvious to his friend. He then hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and, neglecting or refusing whatever else was offered, seemed to fall into a fit of abstraction.

"You will take the gun to-day, General?" said his friend and host, but had to repeat the question twice ere he received the abrupt answer, "No, my lord; I am sorry I cannot have the honor of spending another day with your lordship: my post-horses are ordered, and will be here directly."

All who were present showed surprise, and Lord Woodville immediately replied, "Post-horses, my good friend! what can you possibly want with them, when you promised to stay with me quietly for at least a week?"

"I believe," said the General, obviously much embarrassed, "that I might, in the pleasure of my first meeting with your lordship, have said something about stopping here a few days; but I have since found it altogether impossible."

"That is very extraordinary," answered the young nobleman. "You seemed quite disengaged yesterday, and you

cannot have had a summons to-day; for our post has not come up from the town, and therefore you cannot have received any letters."

General Browne, without giving any further explanation, muttered something of indispensable business, and insisted on the absolute necessity of his departure in a manner which silenced all opposition on the part of his host, who saw that his resolution was taken, and forbore all further importunity.

"At least, however," he said, "permit me, my dear Browne, since go you will or must, to show you the view from the terrace, which the mist, that is now rising, will soon display."

He threw open a sash-window and stepped down upon the terrace as he spoke. The General followed him mechanically, but seemed little to attend to what his host was saying, as, looking across an extended and rich prospect, he pointed out the different objects worthy of observation. Thus they moved on till Lord Woodville had attained his purpose of drawing his guest entirely apart from the rest of the company, when, turning round upon him with an air of great solemnity, he addressed him thus:

"Richard Browne, my old and very dear friend, we are now alone. Let me conjure you to answer me upon the word of a friend and the honor of a soldier. How did you in reality rest during last night?"

"Most wretchedly indeed, my lord," answered the General, in the same tone of solemnity; "so miserably, that I would not run the risk of such a second night, not only for all the lands belonging to this castle, but for all the country which I see from this elevated point of view."

"This is most extraordinary," said the young lord, as if speaking to himself; "then there must be something in the reports concerning that apartment." Again turning to the General, he said, "For God's sake, my dear friend, be candid with me, and let me know the disagreeable particulars which have befallen you under a roof where, with consent of the owner, you should have met nothing save comfort."

The General seemed distressed by this appeal, and paused a moment before he replied. "My dear lord," he at length said, "what happened to me last night is of a nature so peculiar and so unpleasant, that I could hardly bring myself to detail it even to your lordship, were it not that, independent of my wish to gratify any request of yours, I think that sincerity on my part may lead to some explanation about a circumstance equally painful and mysterious. To others,

the communication I am about to make might place me in the light of a weak-minded, superstitious fool, who suffered his own imagination to delude and bewilder him; but you have known me in childhood and youth, and will not suspect me of having adopted in manhood the feelings and frailties from which my early years were free." Here he paused, and his friend replied:

"Do not doubt my perfect confidence in the truth of your communication, however strange it may be," replied Lord Woodville: "I know your firmness of disposition too well to suspect you could be made the object of imposition, and am aware that your honor and your friendship will equally deter you from exaggerating whatever you may have witnessed."

"Well, then," said the General, "I will proceed with my story as well as I can, relying upon your candor, and yet distinctly feeling that I would rather face a battery than recall to my mind the odious recollections of last night."

He paused a second time, and then perceiving that Lord Woodville remained silent and in an attitude of attention, he commenced, though not without obvious reluctance, the history of his night adventures in the Tapestried Chamber.

"I undressed and went to bed, so soon as your lordship left me yesterday evening; but the wood in the chimney, which nearly fronted my bed, blazed brightly and cheerfully, and, aided by a hundred exciting recollections of my childhood and youth, which had been recalled by the unexpected pleasure of meeting your lordship, prevented me from falling immediately asleep. I ought, however, to say, that these reflections were all of a pleasant and agreeable kind, grounded on a sense of having for a time exchanged the labor, fatigues, and dangers of my profession for the enjoyments of a peaceful life, and the reunion of those friendly and affectionate ties which I had torn asunder at the rude summons of war.

"While such pleasing reflections were stealing over my mind, and gradually lulling me to slumber, I was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silken gown, and the tapping of a pair of high-heeled shoes, as if a woman were walking in the apartment. Ere I could draw the curtain to see what the matter was, the figure of a little woman passed between the bed and the fire. The back of this form was turned to me, and I could observe, from the shoulders and neck, it was that of an old woman, whose dress was an old-fashioned gown, which, I think, ladies call a sacque—

that is, a sort of robe completely loose in the body, but gathered into broad plaits upon the neck and shoulders, which fall down to the ground, and terminate in a species of train.

"I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never harbored for a moment the idea that what I saw was anything more than the mortal form of some old woman about the establishment, who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having perhaps, as your lordship mentioned that you were rather straitened for room, been dislodged from her chamber for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance, and returned by twelve to her old haunt. Under this persuasion I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises. She turned slowly round, but, gracious Heaven! my lord, what a countenance did she display to me! There was no longer any question what she was, or any thought of her being a living being. Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions which had animated her while she lived. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul restored from the penal fire, in order to form, for a space, an union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt. I started up in bed, and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed on this horrible specter. The hag made, as it seemed, a single and swift stride to the bed where I lay, and squatted herself down upon it, in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within half a yard of mine, with a grin which seemed to intimate the malice and the derision of an incarnate fiend."

Here General Browne stopped, and wiped from his brow the cold perspiration with which the recollection of his horrible vision had covered it.

"My lord," he said, "I am no coward. I have been in all the mortal dangers incidental to my profession, and I may truly boast that no man ever knew Richard Browne dishonor the sword he wears; but in these horrible circumstances, under the eyes, and, as it seemed, almost in the grasp, of an incarnation of an evil spirit, all firmness forsook me, all manhood melted from me like wax in the furnace, and I felt my hair individually bristle. The current of my life-blood ceased to flow, and I sank back in a swoon, as very a victim to panic terror as ever was a village girl or a child of ten

years old. How long I lay in this condition I cannot pretend to guess.

"But I was roused by the castle clock striking one, so loud that it seemed as if it were in the very room. It was some time before I dared open my eyes, lost they should again encounter the horrible spectacle. When, however, I summoned courage to look up, she was no longer visible. My first idea was to pull my bell, wake the servants, and remove to a garret or a hay-loft, to be ensured against a second visitation. Nay, I will confess the truth, that my resolution was altered, not by the shame of exposing myself, but by the fear that, as the bell-cord hung by the chimney, I might, in making my way to it, be again crossed by the fiendish hag, who, I figured to myself, might be still lurking about some corner of the apartment.

"I will not pretend to describe what hot and cold fever-fits tormented me for the rest of the night, through broken sleep, weary vigils, and that dubious state which forms the neutral ground between them. An hundred terrible objects appeared to haunt me; but there was the great difference betwixt the vision which I have described and those which followed, that I knew the last to be deceptions of my own fancy and overexcited nerves.

"Day at last appeared, and I rose from my bed ill in health and humiliated in mind. I was ashamed of myself as a man and a soldier, and still more so at feeling my own extreme desire to escape from the haunted apartment, which, however, conquered all other considerations; so that, huddling on my clothes with the most careless haste, I made my escape from your lordship's mansion, to seek in the open air some relief to my nervous system, shaken as it was by this horrible rencounter with a visitant, for such I must believe her, from the other world. Your lordship has now heard the cause of my discomposure, and of my sudden desire to leave your hospitable castle. In other places I trust we may often meet; but God protect me from ever spending a second night under that roof!"

Strange as the General's tale was, he spoke with such a deep air of conviction, that it cut short all the usual commentaries which are made on such stories. Lord Woodville never once asked him if he was sure he did not dream of the apparition, or suggested any of the possibilities by which it is fashionable to explain supernatural appearances, as wild vagaries of the fancy or deceptions of the optic nerves. On the contrary, he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and

reality of what he had heard; and, after a considerable pause, regretted, with much appearance of sincerity, that his early friend should in his house have suffered so severely.

"I am the more sorry for your pain, my dear Browne," he continued, "that it is the unhappy, though most unexpected, result of an experiment of my own. You must know that, for my father and grandfather's time, at least, the apartment which was assigned to you last night had been shut on account of reports that it was disturbed by supernatural sights and noises. When I came, a few weeks since, into possession of the estate, I thought the accommodation which the castle afforded for my friends was not extensive enough to permit the inhabitants of the invisible world to retain possession of a comfortable sleeping-apartment. I therefore caused the Tapestried Chamber, as we call it, to be opened; and, without destroying its air of antiquity, I had such new articles of furniture placed in it as became the modern times. Yet, as the opinion that the room was haunted very strongly prevailed among the domestics, and was also known in the neighborhood and to many of my friends, I feared some prejudice might be entertained by the first occupant of the Tapestried Chamber, which might tend to revive the evil report which it had labored under, and so disappoint my purpose of rendering it an useful part of the house. I must confess, my dear Browne, that your arrival yesterday, agreeable to me for a thousand reasons besides, seemed the most favorable opportunity of removing the unpleasant rumors which attached to the room, since your courage was indubitable, and your mind free of any preoccupation on the subject. I could not, therefore, have chosen a more fitting subject for my experiment."

"Upon my life," said General Browne, somewhat hastily, "I am infinitely obliged to your lordship—very particularly indebted indeed. I am likely to remember for some time the consequences of the experiment, as your lordship is pleased to call it."

"Nay, now you are unjust, my dear friend," said Lord Woodville. "You have only to reflect for a single moment, in order to be convinced that I could not augur the possibility of the pain to which you have been so unhappily exposed. I was yesterday morning a complete skeptic on the subject of supernatural appearances. Nay, I am sure that, had I told you what was said about that room, those very reports would have induced you, by your own choice, to

select it for your accommodation. It was my misfortune, perhaps my error, but really cannot be termed my fault, that you have been afflicted so strangely."

"Strangely indeed!" said the General, resuming his good temper; "and I acknowledge that I have no right to be offended with your lordship for treating me like what I used to think myself, a man of some firmness and courage. But I see my post-horses are arrived, and I must not detain your lordship from your amusement."

"Nay, my old friend," said Lord Woodville, "since you cannot stay with us another day, which, indeed, I can no longer urge, give me at least half an hour more. You used to love pictures, and I have a gallery of portraits, some of them by Vandyke, representing ancestry to whom this property and castle formerly belonged. I think that several of them will strike you as possessing merit."

General Browne accepted the invitation, though somewhat unwillingly. It was evident he was not to breathe freely or at ease till he left Woodville Castle far behind him. He could not refuse his friend's invitation, however; and the less so, that he was a little ashamed of the peevishness which he had displayed towards his well-meaning entertainer.

The General, therefore, followed Lord Woodville through several rooms, into a long gallery hung with pictures, which the latter pointed out to his guests, telling the names, and giving some account, of the personages whose portraits presented themselves in progression. General Browne was but little interested in the details which these accounts conveyed to him. They were, indeed, of the kind which are usually found in an old family gallery. Here was a cavalier who had ruined the estate in the royal cause; there a fine lady who had reinstated it by contracting a match with a wealthy Roundhead. There hung a gallant who had been in danger for corresponding with the exiled court at St. Germain's; here one who had taken arms for William at the Revolution; and there a third that had thrown his weight alternately into the scale of Whig and Tory.

While Lord Woodville was cramming these words into his guest's ear, "against the stomach of his sense," they gained the middle of the gallery, when he beheld General Browne suddenly start, and assume an attitude of the utmost surprise, not unmixed with fear, as his eyes were caught and suddenly riveted by a portrait of an old lady in a sacque, the fashionable dress of the end of the 17th century.

"There she is!" he exclaimed—"there she is, in form

and features, though inferior in demoniac expression to the accursed hag who visited me last night."

"If that be the case," said the young nobleman, "there can remain no longer any doubt of the horrible reality of your apparition. That is the picture of a wretched ancestress of mine, of whose crimes a black and fearful catalogue is recorded in a family history in my charter-chest. The recital of them would be too horrible; it is enough to say, that in yon fatal apartment incest and unnatural murder were committed. I will restore it to the solitude to which the better judgment of those who preceded me had consigned it; and never shall any one, so long as I can prevent it, be exposed to a repetition of the supernatural horrors which could shake such courage as yours."

Thus the friends, who had met with such glee, parted in a very different mood—Lord Woodville to command the Tapestried Chamber to be unmantled and the door built up; and General Browne to seek in some less beautiful country, and with some less dignified friend, forgetfulness of the painful night which he had passed in Woodville Castle.

DEATH OF THE LAIRD'S JOCK

THE manner in which this trifle was introduced at the time to Mr. F. M. Reynolds, editor of *The Keepsake* of 1828, leaves no occasion for a preface.

August 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KEEPSAKE

YOU have asked me, sir, to point out a subject for the pencil, and I feel the difficulty of complying with your request, although I am not certainly unaccustomed to literary composition, or a total stranger to the stores of history and tradition, which afford the best copies for the painter's art. But although *sicut pictura poesis* is an ancient and undisputed axiom—although poetry and painting both address themselves to the same object of exciting the human imagination, by presenting to it pleasing or sublime images of ideal scenes; yet the one conveying itself through the ears to the understanding, and the other applying itself only to the eyes, the subjects which are best suited to the bard or tale-teller are often totally unfit for painting, where the artist must present in a single glance all that his art has power to tell us. The artist can neither recapitulate the past nor intimate the future. The single *now* is all which he can present; and hence, unquestionably, many subjects which delight us in poetry or in narrative, whether real or fictitious, cannot with advantage be transferred to the canvas.

Being in some degree aware of these difficulties, though doubtless unacquainted both with their extent and the means by which they may be modified or surmounted, I have, nevertheless, ventured to draw up the following traditional narrative as a story in which, when the general details are known, the interest is so much concentrated in one strong moment of agonizing passion, that it can be understood and

sympathized with at a single glance. I therefore presume that it may be acceptable as a hint to some one among the numerous artists who have of late years distinguished themselves as rearing up and supporting the British school.

Enough has been said and sung about

> The well-contested ground,
> The warlike border-land,

to render the habits of the tribes who inhabited them before the union of England and Scotland familiar to most of your readers. The rougher and sterner features of their character were softened by their attachment to the fine arts, from which has arisen the saying that, on the frontiers, every dale had its battle and every river its song. A rude species of chivalry was in constant use, and single combats were practised as the amusements of the few intervals of truce which suspended the exercise of war. The inveteracy of this custom may be inferred from the following incident.

Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, the first who undertook to preach the Protestant doctrines to the Border dalesmen, was surprised, on entering one of their churches, to see a gauntlet or mail-glove hanging above the altar. Upon inquiring the meaning of a symbol so indecorous being displayed in that sacred place, he was informed by the clerk, that the glove was that of a famous swordsman, who hung it there as an emblem of a general challenge and gage of battle to any who should dare to take the fatal token down. "Reach it to me," said the reverend churchman. The clerk and sexton equally declined the perilous office, and the good Bernard Gilpin was obliged to remove the glove with his own hands, desiring those who were present to inform the champion that he, and no other, had possessed himself of the gage of defiance. But the champion was as much ashamed to face Bernard Gilpin as the officials of the church had been to displace his pledge of combat.

The date of the following story is about the latter years of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and the events took place in Liddesdale, a hilly and pastoral district of Roxburghshire, which, on a part of its boundary, is divided from England only by a small river.

During the good old times of "rugging and riving" (that is, tugging and tearing), under which term the disorderly doings of the warlike age are affectionately remembered, this valley was principally cultivated by the sept or clan of the Armstrongs. The chief of this warlike race was the Laird

of Mangerton. At the period of which I speak, the estate of Mangerton, with the power and dignity of chief, was possessed by John Armstrong, a man of great size, strength, and courage. While his father was alive, he was distinguished from others of his clan who bore the same name by the epithet of the Laird's Jock, that is to say, the Laird's son Jock, or Jack. This name he distinguished by so many bold and desperate achievments, that he retained it even after his father's death, and is mentioned under it both in authentic records and in tradition. Some of his feats are recorded in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* and others mentioned in contemporary chronicles.

At the species of singular combat which we have described, the Laird's Jock was unrivalled, and no champion of Cumberland, Westmoreland, or Northumberland could endure the sway of the huge two-handed sword which he wielded, and which few others could even lift. This "awful sword," as the common people term it, was as dear to him as Duridana or Fushberta to their respective masters, and was nearly as formidable to his enemies as those renowned falchions proved to the foes of Christendom. The weapon had been bequeathed to him by a celebrated English outlawnamed Hobbie Noble, who, having committed some deed for which he was in danger from justice, fled to Liddesdale, and became a follower, or rather a brother-in-arms, to the renowned Laird's Jock; till, venturing into England with a small escort, a faithless guide, and with a light single-handed sword instead of his ponderous brand, Hobbie Noble, attacked by superior numbers was made prisoner and executed.

With this weapon, and by means of his own strength and address, the Laird's Jock maintained the reputation of the best swordsman on the Border side, and defeated or slew many who ventured to dispute with him the formidable title.

But years pass on with the strong and the brave as with the feeble and the timid. In process of time, the Laird's Jock grew incapable of wielding his weapons, and finally of all active exertion, even of the most ordinary kind. The disabled champion became at length totally bedridden, and entirely dependent for his comfort on the pious duties of an only daughter, his perpetual attendant and companion.

Besides this dutiful child, the Laird's Jock had an only son, upon whom devolved the perilous task of leading the clan to battle, and maintaining the warlike renown of his native country, which was now disputed by the English upon many occasions. The young Armstrong was active,

brave, and strong, and brought home from dangerous adventures many tokens of decided success. Still the ancient chief, conceived as it would seem, that his son was scarce yet entitled by age and experience to be entrusted with the two-handed sword, by the use of which he had himself been so dreadfully distinguished.

At length, an English champion, one of the name of Foster, (if I rightly recollect), had the audacity to send a challenge to the best swordsman, in Liddesdale; and young Armstrong, burning for chivalrous distinction, accepted the challenge.

The heart of the disabled old man swelled with joy when he heard that the challenge was passed and accepted, and the meeting fixed at a neutral spot, used as the place of rencontre upon such occasions, and which he himself had distinguished by numerous victories. He exulted so much in the conquest which he anticipated, that, to nerve his son to still bolder exertions, he conferred upon him, as champion of his clan and province, the celebrated weapon which he had hitherto retained in his own custody.

This was not all. When the day of combat arrived, the Laird's Jock, in spite of his daughter's affectionate remonstrances, determined, though he had not left his bed for two years, to be a personal witness of the duel. His will was still a law to his people, who bore him on their shoulders, wrapped in plaids and blankets, to the spot where the combat was to take place, and seated him on a fragment of rock, which is still called the Laird's Jock's stone. There he remained with eyes fixed on the lists of barrier within which the champions were about to meet. His daughter, having done all she could for his accommodation, stood motionless beside him, divided between anxiety for his health and for the event of the combat to her beloved brother. Ere yet the fight began, the old men gazed on their chief, now seen for the first time after several years, and sadly compared his altered features and wasted frame with the paragon of strength and manly beauty which they once remembered. The young men gazed on his large form and powerful make, as upon some antediluvian giant who had survived the destruction of the Flood.

But the sound of the trumpets on both sides recalled the attention of every one to the lists, surrounded as they were by numbers of both nations eager to witness the event of the day. The combatants met in the lists. It is needless to describe the struggle: the Scottish champion fell. Foster, placing his foot on his antagonist, seized on the redoubted

sword, so precious in the eyes of its aged owner, and brandished it over his head as a trophy of his conquest. The English shouted in triumph. But the despairing cry of the aged champion, who saw his country dishonored, and his sword, long the terror of their race, in possession of an Englishman, was heard high above the acclamations of victory. He seemed, for an instant, animated by all his wonted power; for he started from the rock on which he sat, and while the garments with which he had been invested fell from his wasted frame, and showed the ruins of his strength, he tossed his arms wildly to heaven, and uttered a cry of indignation, horror, and despair, which, tradition says, was heard to a preternatural distance, and resembled the cry of a dying lion more than a human sound.

His friends received him in their arms as he sank utterly exhausted by the effort, and bore him back to his castle in mute sorrow; while his daughter at once wept for her brother and endeavored to mitigate and soothe the despair of her father. But this was impossible: the old man's only tie to life was rent rudely asunder, and his heart had broken with it. The death of his son had no part in his sorrow: if he thought of him at all, it was as the degenerate boy through whom the honor of his country and clan had been lost, and he died in the course of three days, never even mentioning his name, but pouring out unintermitted lamentations for the loss of his noble sword.

I conceive, that the moment when the disabled chief was roused into a last exertion by the agony of the moment is favorable to the object of a painter. He might obtain the full advantage of contrasting the form of the rugged old man, in the extremity of furious despair, with the softness and beauty of the female form. The fatal field might be thrown into perspective, so as to give full effect to these two principal figures, and with the single explanation, that the piece represented a soldier beholding his son slain and the honor of his country lost, the picture would be sufficiently intelligible at the first glance. If it was thought necessary to show more clearly the nature of the conflict, it might be indicated by the pennon of St. George being displayed at one end of the lists, and that of St. Andrew at the other.

I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF *WAVERLEY*.

NOTES TO THE ANTIQUARY

Note 1.—Prætorium, p. 31

It may be worth while to mention that the incident of the supposed *prætorium* actually happened to an antiquary of great learning and acuteness, Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, one of the Barons of the Scottish Court of Exchequer, and a parliamentary commissioner for arrangement of the Union between England and Scotland. As many of his writings show, Sir John was much attached to the study of Scottish antiquities. He had a small property in Dumfries-shire, near the Roman station on the hill called Birrenswark. Here he received the distinguished English antiquarian Roger Gale, and of course conducted him to see this remarkable spot, where the lords of the world have left such decisive marks of their martial labors.

An aged shepherd whom they had used as a guide, or who had approached them from curiosity, listened with mouth agape to the dissertations on foss and vallum, ports *dexta*, *sinistra*, and *decumana*, which Sir John Clerk delivered *ex cathedrâ*, and his learned visitor listened with the deference due to the dignity of a connoisseur on his own ground. But when the cicerone proceeded to point out a small hillock near the center of the inclosure as the *prætorium*, Corydon's patience could hold no longer, and like Edie Ochiltree, he forgot all reverence, and broke in with nearly the same words—"Prætorium here, prætorium there, I made the bourock mysell with a flaughter-spade." The effect of this undeniable evidence on the two lettered sages may be left to the reader's imagination.

The late excellent and venerable John Clerk of Eldin, the celebrated author of *Naval Tactics*, used to tell this story with glee, and, being a younger son of Sir John's was perhaps present on the occasion.

Note 2.—Mr. Rutherford's Dream, p. 80

The legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since in the south of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances that it merits being mentioned in this place. Mr. Rutherford of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes). Mr. Rutherford was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose:—His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. Rutherford thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. ——, a writer (or attorney), who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that

when I came to pay his account there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

Mr. Rutherford awaked in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but, on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them; so that Mr. Rutherford carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. Rutherford a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. Rutherford had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours.

It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. Rutherford, whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night.

Note 3.—Nicksticks, p. 127

A sort of tally generally used by bakers of the olden time in settling with their customers. Each family had its own nickstick, and for each loaf as delivered a notch was made on the stick. Accompts in Exchequer, kept by the same kind of check, may have occasioned the Antiquary's partiality. In Prior's time the English bakers had the same sort of reckoning.

> Have you not seen a baker's maid
> Between two equal panniers sway'd?
> Her tallies useless lie and idle,
> If placed exactly in the middle.

Note 4.—Martin Waldeck, p. 154

The outline of this story is taken from the German, though the author is at present unable to say in which of the various collections of the popular legends in that language the original is to be found.

Note 5.—Specter of the Harz, p. 154

The shadow of the person who sees the phantom being reflected upon a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

Note 6.—Dousterswivel's Legends, p. 193

A great deal of stuff to the same purpose with that placed in the mouth of the German adept may be found in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Third Edition, folio, London, 1665. The appendix is entitled, "An Excellent Discourse of the Nature and Substance of Devils and Spirits, in two Books; the First by the aforesaid author (Reginald Scot), the Second now added in this Third Edition as succedaneous to the former, and conducing to the completing of the whole work." This Second Book, though stated as succedaneous to the first, is, in fact, entirely at variance with it; for the work of Reginald Scot is a compilation of the absurb and superstitious ideas concerning witches so generally entertained at the time, and the pretended conclusion is a serious treatise on the various means of conjuring astral spirits.

Note 7.—Nae Waur, p. 202.

It is, I believe, a piece of freemasonry, or a point of conscience, among the Scottish lower orders never to admit that a patient is doing better. The closest approach to recovery which they can be brought to allow is, that the party inquired after is "Nae waur."

Note 8.—Scottish Fisher-Women, p. 240

In the fishing villages on the Firths of Forth and Tay, as well as elsewhere in Scotland, the government is gynocracy, as described in the text. In the course of the late war, and during the alarm of invasion, a fleet of transports entered the Firth of Forth, under the convoy of some ships of war which would reply to no signals. A general alarm was excited, in consequence of which all the fishers who were enrolled as sea-fencibles got on board the gun-boats, which they were to man as occasion should require, and sailed to oppose the supposed enemy. The foreigners proved to be Russians, with whom we were then at peace. The county gentlemen of Mid-Lothian, pleased with the zeal displayed by the sea-fencibles at a critical moment, passed a vote for presenting the community of fishers with a silver punch-bowl, to be used on occasions of festivity. But the fisher-women, on hearing what was intended, put in their claim to have some separate share in the intended honorary reward. The men, they said, were their husbands; it was they who would have been sufferers if their husbands had been killed, and it was by their permission and injunctions that they embarked on board the gun-boats for the public service. They therefore claimed to share the reward in some manner which should distinguish the female patriotism which they had shown on the occasion. The gentlemen of the county willingly admitted the claim; and, without diminishing the value of their compliment to the men, they made the females a present of a valuable brooch, to fasten the plaid of the queen of the fisher-women for the time.

It may be farther remarked, that these Nereids are punctilious among themselves, and observe different ranks according to the commodities they deal in. One experienced dame was heard to characterize a younger damsel as "a puir silly thing, who had no ambition, and would never," she prophesied, "rise above the *mussell line* of business."

Note 9.—Imprisonment for Debt in Scotland, p. 347.

The doctrine of Monkbarns on the origin of imprisonment for civil debt in Scotland may appear somewhat whimsical, but was referred to, and admitted to be correct, by the Bench of the Supreme Scottish Court on 5th December, 1828, in the case of Thom *v.* Black. In fact, the Scottish law is in this particular more jealous of the personal liberty of the subject than any other code in Europe.

Note 10.—Battle of Harlaw, p. 353

The great battle of Harlaw, here and formerly referred to, might be said to determine whether the Gaelic or the Saxon race should be predominant in Scotland. Donald, Lord of the Isles, who had at that period the power of an independent sovereign, laid claim to the Earldom of Ross during the Regency of Robert, Duke of Albany. To enforce his supposed right, he ravaged the north with a large army of Highlanders and Islesmen. He was encountered at Harlaw, in the Garioch, by Alexander, Earl of Mar, at the head of the northern nobility and gentry of Saxon and Norman descent. The battle was bloody and indecisive; but the invader was obliged to retire in consequence of the loss he sustained, and afterwards was compelled to make submission to the Regent, and renounce his pretensions to Ross; so that all the advantages of the field were gained by the Saxons. The battle of Harlaw was fought 24th July, 1411.

Note 11.—Elspeth's Death, p. 356.

The concluding circumstance of Elspeth's death is taken from an incident said to have happened at the funeral of John, Duke of Roxburghe. All who were acquainted with that accomplished nobleman must remember that he was not more remarkable for creating and possessing a most curious and splendid library than for his acquaintance with the literary treasures it contained. In arranging his books, fetching and replacing the volumes which he wanted, and carrying on all the necessary intercourse which a man of letters holds with his library, it was the Duke's custom to employ, not a secretary or librarian, but a livery serv-

ant, called Archie, whom habit had made so perfectly acquainted with the library that he knew every book, as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by what is called head-mark, and could bring his master whatever volume he wanted, and afford all the mechanical aid the Duke required in his literary researches. To secure the attendance of Archie, there was a bell hung in his room, which was used on no occasion except to call him individually to the Duke's study.

His Grace died in Saint James's Square, London, in the year 1804; the body was to be conveyed to Scotland, to lie in state at his mansion of Fleurs, and to be removed from thence to the family burial-place at Bowden.

At this time Archie, who had been long attacked by a liver-complaint, was in the very last stage of that disease. Yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of the master whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons assured him he could not survive the journey. It signified nothing, he said, whether he died in England or Scotland; he was resolved to assist in rendering the last honors to the kind master from whom he had been inseparable for so many years, even if he should expire in the attempt. The poor invalid was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland; but when they reached Fleurs he was totally exhausted, and obliged to keep his bed, in a sort of stupor which announced speedy dissolution. On the morning of the day fixed for removing the dead body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell by which he was wont to summon his attendant to his study was rung violently. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a scene, although the people of the neighborhood prefer believing that the bell sounded of its own accord. Ring, however, it did; and Archie, roused by the well-known summons, rose up in his bed, and faltered, in broken accents, "Yes, my Lord Duke—yes; I will wait on your Grace instantly"; and with these words on his lips he is said to have fallen back and expired.

Note 12.—Alarm of Invasion, p. 392

The story of the false alarm at Fairport, and the consequences, are taken from a real incident. Those who witnessed the state of Britain, and of Scotland in particular, from the period that succeeded the war which commenced in 1803 to the battle of Trafalgar must recollect those times with feelings which we can hardly hope to make the rising generation comprehend. Almost every individual was enrolled either in a military or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to resist the long-suspended threats of invasion which were echoed from every quarter. Beacons were erected along the coast and all through the country, to give the signal for every one to repair to the post where his peculiar duty called him, and men of every description fit to serve held themselves in readiness on the shortest summons. During this agitating period, and on the evening of the 2d February 1804, the person who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumberland, which he took for the corresponding signal-light in that county with which his orders were to communicate, lighted up his own beacon. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English Border. If the beacon at Saint Abb's Head had been fired, the alarm would have run northward and roused all Scotland. But the watch at this important point judiciously considered that, if there had been an actual or threatened descent on our eastern sea-coast, the alarm would have come along the coast, and not from the interior of the country.

Through the Border counties the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion when that country was the scene of perpetual and unceasing war was the summons to arms more readily obeyed. In Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire the volunteers and militia got under arms with a degree of rapidity and alacrity which, considering the distance individuals lived from each other, had something in it very surprising; they poured to the alarm-posts on the sea-coast in a state so well armed and so completely appointed, with baggage, provisions, etc., as was accounted by the best military judges to render them fit for instant and effectual service.

There were some particulars in the general alarm which are curious and interesting. The men of Liddesdale, the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field that they put in requisition all the horses they could find, and when they had thus made a forced march out of their own country, they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got back safe to their own stables. Another remarkable circumstance was the general cry of the inhabitants of the smaller towns for arms, that they might go along with their companions. The Selkirkshire Yeomanry made a remarkable march, for, although some of the individuals lived at twenty and thirty miles' distance from the place where they mustered, they were nevertheless embodied and in order in so short a period that they were at Dalkeith, which was their alarm-post, about one o'clock

on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle. Two members of the corps chanced to be absent from their homes, and in Edinburgh on private business. The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed mother of the other, sent the arms, uniforms, and chargers of the two troopers, that they might join their companions at Dalkeith. The author was very much struck by the answer made to him by the last-mentioned lady, when he paid her some compliment on the readiness which she showed in equipping her son with the means of meeting danger, when she might have left him a fair excuse for remaining absent. "Sir," she replied, with the spirit of a Roman matron, "none can know better than you that my son is the only prop by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that hearth than hear that he had been a horse's length behind his companions in the defence of his king and country." The Author mentions what was immediately under his own eye and within his own knowledge; but the spirit was universal, wherever the alarm reached, both in Scotland and England.

The account of the ready patriotism displayed by the country on this occasion warmed the hearts of Scottishmen in every corner of the world. It reached the ears of the well-known Dr. Leyden, whose enthusiastic love of Scotland, and of his own district of Teviotdale, formed a distinguished part of his character. The account, which was read to him when on a sick-bed, stated (very truly) that the different corps, on arriving at their alarm-posts, announced themselves by their music playing the tunes peculiar to their own districts, many of which have been gathering-signals for centuries. It was particularly remembered that the Liddesdale men before mentioned entered Kelso playing the lively tune—

O wha dare meddle wi' me,
And wha dare meddle wi' me!
My name it is little Jock Elliot,
And wha dare meddle wi' me!

The patient was so delighted with this display of ancient Border spirit that he sprung up in his bed and began to sing the old song with such vehemence of action and voice that his attendants, ignorant of the cause of excitation, concluded that the fever had taken possession of his brain; and it was only the entry of another Borderer, Sir John Malcolm, and the explanation which he was well qualified to give, that prevented them from resorting to means of medical coercion.

The circumstances of this false alarm, and its consequences, may be now held of too little importance even for a note upon a work of fiction; but at the period when it happened it was hailed by the country as a propitious omen that the national force, to which much must naturally have been trusted, had the spirit to look in the face the danger which they had taken arms to repel; and every one was convinced that, on whichever side God might bestow the victory, the invaders would meet with the most determined opposition from the children of the soil.

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

Abdiel, a seraph who withstands Satan when he counsels revolt, in *Paradise Lost*, bk. v.

Abou Hassan an allusion to *The Arabian Nights*, "The Sleeper Awakened"

Abracadabra, a cabalistic word used as a charm

Abune, above

Ae, one

Æquam servare mentem, to preserve equanimity

Again e'en, by or towards evening

Agé, to act as may be necessary and legal, a Scottish law term

Agger, a mound, rampart

Agricola dicavit, etc. (p) 29), Agricola dedicated [this] willingly, heartily

Aiblins, perhaps

Aik, oak

Airn, iron

Aitmeal, oatmeal

Alexandria affair, in all probability the battle is meant in which Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, or the evacuation of Alexandria by the French immediately afterwards, though the date (1801) does not quite agree

Aliunde, from some other authority, quarter

Alle guten Geister (*n*), etc. (p. 194), all ye good spirits, praise the Lord

Allerbestmost, a mongrel English-German compound word, meaning "the very, very best"

Almanzor, a character in Dryden's tragedy, *Conquest of Granada*

Analecta, excerpts, scraps, selections

An anes our wames are fu', if once our bellies are filled

Ane on Tuesday was a week, one on Tuesday week

Anes, *ance*, once

Arca auri, chest of gold

Aroint thee, get thee gone

Artem habent sine arte, etc. (p. 110), they have an art of their own, and a part where right they have none, their element is lying, and beggary their vocation

Atweel, well

Aught, own; *wha's aught ye?* whose are you?

Aulam auri plenam quadrilibrem, a four-pound-weight jar full of gold

Auld-farrant, sagacious

Aulularia, one of the plays of Plautus

Aureum quidem opus, a work of great value

Automedon, the charioter of Achilles, a coachman

Awmous, alms

Aye out-taken, always excepting

Azoch lato, *zernich*, etc., alchemical terms, quoted from Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, Act ii. Sc. 1

Baarenhouter or *bärenhäuter*, a nickname for a German mercenary soldier

Bacha, or *baca*, an allusion of Psalm lxxxiv. 6

Back-sey, sirloin

Bain, *bane*, bone

Ban, curse

Bannock-fluke, turbot

Barnes-breaking, larking, playing tricks

Bartholinus Thomas, author of *Antiquitates Danicæ* (1689)

Basilius (*-Valentine*), a celebrated Saxon alchemist of the 15th (or later) century, who believed that he had found a universal panacea in antimony

Basse-cour, poultry-yard

Baudrons, a pet word for a cat

Bedral, sexton

Bein, comfortable

Belyve, directly, immediately

Ben, in, within

Bicher, a wooden bowl or dish

Bield shelter

Big, to build

Bigging, *biggin'*, building

Bink, wall plate-rack

Birse, bristle, temper

Birth, an obsolete form of *berth*, a situation, office, post

Black-neb, one suspected of sympathizing with the French Revolutionists

Blink, a moment, short space of time

Bode, offer, bid

Bodle, copper coin=1-3d of English halfpenny

Bogle, bogie, scarecrow

Bole, window aperture

Bonnet-laird, a petty proprietor, who had the same dress and the same habits as a yeoman

Bonnie wawlies, gew-gaws

Bourd, jest

Bourock, small heap of stones

Bouse, haul with tackle

Bowk, bulk

Branking, prancing

Braw, brave; *brawly*, excellently well; *braws*, fine clothes

Brock, badger
Brunt, burnt
Buck of the Cabrach, a mountain near the western boundary of Aberdeenshire
Burrowstown, or *borrowstoun*, belonging to a borough
Busk the laird's flees, dress the squire's flies (for fishing)
Butter in the black dog's hause, (throat), something irrecoverable
Buzz wig, a large bushy wig
By, besides; *bye*, beyond

Caius Caligula, etc. (p. 29), Caius Caligula built this lighthouse
Callant, lad
Caller, fresh
Cankered, crabbed, in ill-temper with
Canny, cautious, quiet, sensible
Canton, a division of a shield in heraldry
Cantrip, frolic, trick
Caption, arrest by judicial process
Car-cake, small cake eaten on Shrove Tuesday
Carfuffle, or *curfuffle*, excitement, agitation
Carle, fellow
Carlin, *carline*, witch, old woman
Cartes, cards
Carvy-seed, caraway seed
Cast, lot, fate
Castra æstiva, summer camp
Castrametation, the art of laying out a camp
Castra stativa, permanent camp
Ca'-thro', an ado
Causa scientiæ patet, the reason is sufficiently obvious
Causey, causeway
Chafron, war-horse's head-piece
Chamont, a character in Otway's *Orphan*
Chancy, lucky, favored by good fortune
Chiel, *chield*, fellow
Cito peritura, soon to go to ruin
Claes, *claith*, clothes
Clartier, dirtier
Clashes, gossip, scandal
Cleeds, clothes
Cleugh, rugged precipice
Clinkit doun, sit down energetically, forcibly
Clipping time, the nick of time
Clod, to dash, hurl
Clogdogdo, a nonsense word for a woman. *See* Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act iv. Sc. 1
Clouted shoes, shoes the soles of which were protected with large nails
Coble, a small boat
Cock-padle, lump-fish
Coemptos undique, etc. (p. 343), barter your hoard of books for Spanish arms
Collops, minced meat
Colophon, in old books, the inscription on the last page, giving place and date of publication
Complaynt of Scotland, a verse broadside, of date 1547, relating to the murder of Darnley
Complete Syren, a collection of songs, published at London in 1739
Concurrent, an assistant to a sheriff's officer
Copper Otho, a coin so rare that its authenticity has been doubted. Otho, emperor of Rome, reigned only three months
Corbie, crow raven
Cordery. Maturin Corderius, teacher of Calvin, and author of a book of Latin dialogues (*Colloquiorum Centuria Selecta*, edited by John Clarke), formerly much used in schools
Coronach, the Highland lament for the dead
Coupit, upset, overturned
Coves, caves, mining-pits
Crack, gossip, chat
Craig, a crag; the neck or throat
Craigsman, a fowler or cragsman
Crappit-heads haddocks' heads stuffed with oatmeal, suet, onions, and pepper
Creesh, to grease
Crousely, with confidence, boldly
Cruppen, crept
Cum decimis inclusis, etc. (p. 167), with tithes included, compounded as well as collected, and not yet allocated
Cummer, gossip, neighbor
Cum toto corpore regni with the whole strength of the kingdom
Cutikins, leggings, gaiters

Dammer and sinker, a miner
Daunder, *dander*, saunter, roam
Deil gaed o'er Jock Wabster, everything went to the mischief
Desipere in loco, to jest in season
Devvel, stunning blow
Die, toy
Ding, force, beat, overcome
Dirge, or *dirgie*, dirge-ale or soul-ale, consumed at a funeral
Div, do
Doited, confused, stupid
Donnard, grossly stupid, stolid
Dooms, confoundedly
Douking, ducking, plunging into water, bathing
Doup, end, bottom
Dour, stubborn, obstinate
Dow, be able; *downa bide*, cannot bear
Dow-cot, dove-cote
Dreeing a sair weird, enduring a sore misfortune
Droukit, drenched
Drudging-box, *dredging-box*, flour-box
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe, hang far over the bushy crag
Dunse, *i. e.* Duns Scotus, the theologian and school-man
Dwam, swoon

Earded, or *erded*, buried
Easelward, eastward
Een, eyes; *ee*, eye
Effeir, belong to, become
Eilding, fuel
Eithly, easily
Espièglerie, arch humor
Et se jactu, etc. (p 344), and flung herself into the deep sea
Ewking, itching
Exies, hysterics
Expeditus, relictis impedimentis, speedily, without encumbrance

Fa'ard, favored; *weel-fa'ard*, well-favored, good-looking
Fae, who
Fairport, this is supposed to be Arbroath in Forfarshire
Fair-strae death, natural death in peace and quietness
Fan, when
Fash, trouble; *fashious*, troublesome
Favete linguis, be silent

Feal-dike, turf dike or wall
Feck, quantity, part
Feckless, feeble, spiritless
Fee and bountith, wages, perquisites included
Feel, fool
Fending, provisions
Feræ naturæ, wild animals, game
Fevar, landholder paying ground-rent to a superior
Fickle, puzzle
Fifteen, the, the supreme law-court of Scotland, presided over by fifteen judges
Fire-flaught, flash of fire, lightning
Fischer, J. C., a celebrated oboist, played at the Vauxhall concerts in London from 1768, and in the Queen's band
Fissil, rustle (like a mouse)
Fit, foot
Flaughter, flicker
Flaughter-spade, turf-spade
Flaw, a blast of wind
Flee, a fly
Flightering, quivering, fluttering
Fliskmahoy, a flirt, giddy girl
Flyting, scolding, badgering
Forbye, besides
Forebear, ancestor
Foefairn, destitute, worn out
Fornarina, a baker's wife
Founder, stun
Fragilem mecum, etc. (p. 337), to unmoor with me the fragile boat
Friar's chicken, chicken broth, with eggs beaten up and dropped into it
Fronde super veridi, under the green leaves
Fugie warrant, warrant to prevent flight
Fust, or *Faust, Johann*. an associate of Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of printing; he is sometimes confounded with Dr. Faust, the hero of the well-known legend

Gaberlunzie, or *Blue-Gown*, a beggar carrying a wallet, *see* p. ix
Gae-down, drinking bout
Gait, or *gate*, way, manner, direction
Gar, make, force
Gaudê-day, festive day
Gawrie. *See Peter Wilkins* below
Gear, property
Geck, mock, gibe, taunt
Gelt, money
Gens humida ponti, moist race of the sea, fish, etc.
Gey, considerably, pretty
Gib, start backward
Gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws, keep our own good things for our own people
Gill-stoup, a flagon
Gin, if
Gleg, sharp, quick, keen
Gliff, fright
Glower, gaze, stare
Glum. *See Peter Wilkins* below
Glum and glunch, sulky and sour-looking
Good-natured Man, a play by Goldsmith
Gousty, goustie, ghostly, vacant and dreary
Gowk, fool
Grane, groan
Greet, cry, weep
Greybeard, an old-fashioned stoneware Flemish liquor-jar
Gudemither, mother-in-law
Gudesire, grandfather
Gudewife, wife
Guebres, the ancient fire-worshippers or Zoroastrians of Persia, the modern Parsis of Bombay
Guffa, guffaw; *the skirl at the tail o' the guffa*, a wild scream following close upon a loud laugh
Gully, large knife
Gy, a guide rope
Gyre-carlin, ogre, hobgoblin
Gyte, beside oneself, delirious

Haddie, haddock
Hæc data, etc. (p. 138), this is the penalty for length of days
Haet, the smallest thing conceivable
Haggis, a scotch pudding, consisting of minced meat, with oatmeal, beef-suet, onions, etc., boiled in a skin bag
Haill and fere, vigorous and well
Half-merk (or clandestine) *marriage*, probably so called from the price of the ceremony
Hallan, cottage partition
Hallenshaker, or *hallan-shaker*, sturdy beggar, a shabbily-dressed fellow
Halse, hause, the throat
Hang-choice, the position of one who has to choose between two evils
Hank (a) over, advantage, ground for teasing
Hantle, a good deal; *hantle siller*, a good sum of money
Harns, brains
Harpagon, the miser in Molière's *L'Avare*
Haud alienum a Scævolæ studiis, not foreign to the pursuits of Scævola (a lawyer)
Hause, halse, the throat
Havered, talked nonsense, jargon, at random
Hawthornden, the seat of the poet Drummond, about 8 miles south of Edinburgh
Heiligkeit, holiness
Hellicate, giddy
Herd, man in charge of the cattle on a Scotch farm
Heugh, a crag
Heytesbury, William, an Oxford logician of the 14th century
Hinney, honey, an affectionate form of address
Hiren, a female swaggerer in Peele's *The Turkish Mahomet*. *See* also *Henry IV.*, Part II. Act ii. Sc. 4
Hirple, hobble
Hoast, cough
Hoc erat in votis, this is how your wishes run
Hollin, or *holyn*, holly
Hoodiecraw, hooded crow
Hooly, softly, slowly
Horning, charge of, the royal letter calling upon a debtor to pay his debt under pain of being declared a rebel. *See* Imprisonment for Debt in Scotland (pp. 347, 405)?
Hors de propos, ill-timed, unreasonable
Houdie, midwife
Howk, or *howk*, dig
Howlit, owl
Hurling, rushing, whirling (of water)

Ille Caledoniis, etc. (p. 30), he who pitched his camp among Caledonian snows
Illuminé, a member of the Illuminati, a society founded at Ingoldstadt in Bavaria in 1776 for the promotion of rational enlightenment, and the combating of ignorance and the tyranny of the Jesuits
Ingle, the fire, fireplace

In-ower and out-ower, within and without
In petto, in reserve, readiness for

Jaloused, suspected
Jimp, scarcely
Joe Manton, a London gunsmith, died in 1835, aged 69, who improved the flint-lock and other sporting-guns
John Thomson's wallet, equivalent to "anybody's" wallet
Jowing, rolling

Kail-blade, leaf of colewort or cabbage
Kaim, camp, hillock
Kale-supper o' Fife, a term applied to Fifeshire people, who were great consumers of "kale" or broth
Kame, comb
Keelyvine, black-lead pencil
Keep on this side. The real words on a stone found in Northumberland, which, on being sent to a learned society, was variously interpreted by its members as being an abbreviated Latin inscription. See *Town and Country Magazine*, 1771, p. 595
Kemp, strive
Kilt, to tuck up
Kimmer, neighbor or gossip
King's keys, the crowbars and hammers used to force doors and locks, in execution of the king's warrant
Kippage, fluster, rage
Kircher, Athanasius, a German philosopher and antiquary of the 17th century
Kist, chest
Kittle, ticklish

Laigh, low, low-lying
Laith, loth, unwilling
Landlouper, adventurer
Landward town, country house or farm with adjoining cottages
Lapper milk, soured, curdled milk
Lato. *See* Azoch
Lauch, law
Laudator temporis acti, one who praises the "good old times"
Lave, remainder
Leasing, lies, falsehood; *leasing-making*, high treason
Leze-majesty, treason
Liberty boys, a body of Irish volunteers levied originally on the Earl of Meath's "liberties." It embraced (1784) many Roman Catholics of the lowest class, and became a democratic society
Lift, the sky, firmament
Lilt, a cheerful tune; to sing or hum such
Limmer, a jade, scoundrel
Loaning, lane, meadow
Loom, or *lome*, utensil, vessel
Loon, a fellow, low person
Lound, tranquil, calm
Lounder, heavy stroke
Lovel our dog, formerly a common name for a dog. Wm. Collingborne was executed in the reign of Richard III. (in 1484) for writing the couplet—

The rat, the cat, and Lovel our dog
Rule all England under the hog—

the rat being Ratcliffe, the cat Catesby, Lovel Lord Lovel, and the hog of course Richard the king
Luckie, a title given to old ladies, landladies of inns, nurses, etc.
Lucus a non lucendo, a grove (is so named) from its not giving light. Generally used to denote any self-contradictory etymology
Lungie, guillemot bird
Lyke-wake, a watch over the dead, a wake

Maen, or *mene*, to complain, utter lamentations
Magisterium, the authoritative doctrines of magic
Mahound or Termagant, names of opprobrium, applied in the mediæval mystery-plays to Mohammed, who was represented as a devil
Mailing, a rented farm
Mair purpose-fa'ard, more becoming
Manse, the parsonage
Manty-maker, dressmaker
Marmor, or *Maormor*, a royal steward appointed formerly in Scotland to govern a province; an earl
Massymore, or *Massamora*, an ancient name for a dungeon, derived from the Moorish language, perhaps as far back as the time of the Crusades
Master o' Morphie, presumably Robert Grahame of Morphie in Kincardineshire, a gentleman of extravagant habits and member of a family noted for their love of good horses
Maunder, talk incoherently, ramble
Mear, mare
Mein himmel, Heaven!
Meo arbitrio, in my judgment
Merk, Scotch silver coin, value 1s. 1–3d.
Midden, dunghill
Miff, a fit of pettish temper
Minnie, mother
Mirk, dark
Misca', abuse
Monitoribus asper, churlish to advice
Morpion, a crab-louse
Moul, moulds, a sod
Moust, or *must*, to powder the hair
Muckle, much, large
Munts his mear, mounts his mare
Mutchkin, a liquid measure equal to an English pint

Nain, own
Napier's bones, small rods of bone used in calculations, invented by Napier of Merchiston
Nebulo nebulonum, an arrant rascal
Nec lex justitior ulla, nor could any law be more just
Ne'er-be-lickit, not a vestige, not a scrap
Neist, next
Niffer, barter, higgle
Nobilis equus umbra, etc. (p. 358), the shadow of the switch is enough for a good horse, but the spur can't make a bad one go

Oder, or
Odi accipitrem, etc. (p. 382), I hate the sparrow-hawk that always has its feathers plumed for fight
Oe, grandson
Omne cum Proteus, etc. (p. 341), when Proteus

drove all his flock to view the high mountains
Omni membrorum damno, etc. (p. 353), that loss of mental power, worse than all bodily decay, which deprives us of the recollection of our very servants' names, the features of last night's guests, or even our children and nurslings
Orkborne, Dr., a scholar of the Rev. Josiah Cargill type, in Frances Burney's novel *Camilla*
Orra, odd; *orra time*, on occasion
Outby, abroad, some distance away
Ower-head, each, per head
Owerlook, to overlook, not to heed
Owzel, a blackbird

Panchresta, a sort of cure-all, panacea
Parade, ostentatious display
Par nobile fratrum, a noble pair of brothers
Partan, crab
Paterœ, shallow, saucer-like vessels of the ancient Romans
Peery, peg-top
Pelaso de Taranta, presumably Filippo Pelazio, an Italian Medical writer of the 18th century
Pentacle, a geometrical figure used in magical incantations
Pentapolin, an allusion to *Don Quixote*
Periapt, a charm, amulet
Peter Wilkins, the hero of a fictitious book of travel by R. Pultock, published in 1750. Glum and Gawrie were races of flying creatures met with by Wilkins
Petrie, Adam, wrote *Rules of Good Deportment or of Good Breeding*, Edinburgh, 1720
Petrus Thyraeus, author of *Loca Infesta* (1598), a work on localities haunted by demons and spirits of the departed, and similar books
Pickle, a very little, small quantity, few
Pictarnie, great tern or sea-swallow
Pinners, lappets of a woman's cap
Pirn, reel
Placebo, make-peace
Plainstanes, pavement
Pliskie, trick
Pluff, an instrument for powdering a wig
Pockmanky, portmanteau
Poind, to distrain
Poke, pock, bag, sack
Polychresta, a sort of cure-all, panacea
Popple, trickle, gurgles
Pose, a secret hoard
Pound Scots, worth 1s. 8d.
Pousowdie, a mess of miscellaneous foods
Pouting, potting, shooting partridges or grouse
Pow, head
Prent buke, printed book
Propine, gift
Punaise, a bug
Pund Scots, worth one-twelfth of an English pound

Quam primum, as soon as possible
Qui ambulat, etc. (p. 55), he who walks in darkness knows not whither he is going
Quid non pro patria? what will you not do for your country?

Ragman Roll, list of Scots nobles, gentry, clergy, and burgesses who swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296
Ramilies, a wig with a long, tapering tail, a large bow at top and a small one at bottom
Randy, a scold
Rari et rariores etiam rarissimi! rare, rarer, yet most rare!
Raro antecedentem, etc. (p. 398), punishment has seldom failed to overtake crime
Rath, early, sudden
Ratton, rat
Reist, to refuse to go forward
Rei suæ prodigus, lavish of his means
Remigius Nicolaus, Nicholas de Remy, author of *Dæmonolatreiæ* (1595), treating of wizards and witches
Remora, delay
Rerum cognoscere causas, to know the causes of things
Rickle, heap
Roturier, a commoner
Roughies, links or torches, made of dry twigs or sticks
Roust, rust
Routh, plenty
Row, to roll
Rudas, stubborn, masculine
Rugging and riving, or *ryving*, robbing and plundering

Sackless, innocent
Sain, to bless
Saint James's Fair, at Kelso, held on 5th August, was one of the most important of those formerly important gatherings in the south of Scotland
Sapiens dominabitur astris, a wise man will rule the stars
Saulies, hired mourners, mutes
Saxon horn at York. *See Ivanhoe*, dedicatory Epistle
Scaur, crag or bluff; scare, cause of alarm
Schropfer or *Schrepfer*, J. G., a Leipzig innkeeper who made himself notorious throughout Saxony as an exorciser of spirits
Sconner, or *scunner*, loathing, abhorrence, disgust
Scot and lot, parish taxes
Scull, shallow basket for fish
Seannachie, Highland bard or genealogist
Secede paulisper, retire a little
Sed pereunti, etc. (p. 373), but he who is passing away sees a thousand shapes
Shankit aff, hurried away
Shathmont, a measure of six inches
Shaw, wood
Sheugh, ditch, furrow
Shirra, sheriff
Shule, shovel
Sib, related by blood
Sic, siccan, such
Side and wide, long and wide
Sigil, an occult sign or mark in magic
Signatum atque sigillatum, signed and sealed
Si insanorum visis, etc. (p. 116), if we should not put faith in madmen's visions, I know not why we should credit those of dreamers, which are much more disordered
Simmer and winter, to ponder over, spend

much time in forming a plan
Sine mora, without delay
Single soldier, a private soldier
Sinsyne, since
Sist, a warrant to stay legal proceedings
Sister Margaret. The book alluded to is *The History of the Proceedings in the Case of Margaret, commonly called Peg, only lawful sister to John Bull, Esq.* (1761), attributed to Dr. Adam Ferguson
Skart, cormorant
Skeel, skill, experience; *skeely*, skilful
Skirl, scream
Skreigh, a shrill cry; to shriek, scream
Slaister, to bedaub, make a mess of
Slink, a cheat, deceiver
Sneeshin, snuff; *sneeshin-mull*, snuff-box
Snell and dure, severe and stubborn
Snood, fillet for binding up the hair
Somedele, somewhat, something
Sonsy, plump, jolly
Sough, whisper, vague rumor; to murmur, mumble
Souter, shoemaker
Sowder, solder
Sownder, or *sounder*, a boar of two years old
Speel, or *spele*, climb
Speerings, tidings
Spolia opima, arms taken from a defeated and slain enemy
Spontoon, a half-pike formerly carried by officers of infantry
Stadthaus, town-house, town-hall
Stang, a long pole
Steek, shut
Steer, to touch, meddle with; disturb
Steery, bustle, tumult
Steever, firmer
Sting and ling, entirely, wholly
Stirra, sturdy, active boy; a corruption of sirrah
Stoup, flagon, pitcher, mug
Stouth and routh, plenty, abundance
Strake, struck
Streek, stretch, lay out for burial
Stude, stood, withstood
Suave est mari magno, 'tis pleasant on the great sea
Sufflamina, stay a little
Sunt quos curriculo, etc. (p. 325), there are some who rejoice in having stirred up the Olympic dust (in the games) with their racing chariot
Supersedere, equivalent to Sist, above
Sus. per funem than sus. per coll., rather hanging by the rope than hung by the neck
Suspicione major, above suspicion
Sweer, unwilling
Swither, confusion, perplexity

Tae, the one
Tale-pyet, tell-tale
Tawmie Norie, a puffin
Tanquam participes criminis rebellionis, virtually participators in rebellion
Tanquam suspect, under suspicion
Tawpie, awkward slovenly girl
Teinds, tithes
Tent, care
Tenues secessit in auras . . . mansit odor, vanished into thin air . . . the odor remained
Teres atque rotundus, the comfortable-looking man
Thack (thatch) *and rape* (rope), a thorough covering
Threep, persist, insist
Through-stane, or *thruch-stane*, a flat gravestone
Thrum, tell, prose over
Till, a stiff clay
Tintamarre, an uproar, confused noise
Tirl, to uncover; *tirl'd at the doorpin*, twirled the latch
Tirlie-wirlie, twisting about, intricate
Tittivillitium, small trifle
Tocher, dowry; *weel-tochered*, having a large dowry, well provided for
Tod, a bush; a fox
Tolbooth, prison, house of detention
Toom, empty
Topiarian, relating to landscape gardening.
Ars Topiaria, the art of clipping yew hedges into fantastic figures
Touzle out, to search out, turn out confusedly
Tow, a rope
Trig, neat, trim, shipshape
Trimmer, vixen
Troke, traffic
Turnpike stair, a spiral or winding staircase
Twal, twelve

Ugsome, noisome, exciting abomination
Ultra crepidam, meddling in others' business
Ulyie, oil
Unbrizzed, unbruised
Unco, uncommonly

Vile Sabinum, poor Sabine wine
Vivers, victuals, sustenance
Voie de fait, assault, main force
Vole, at cards winning all the tricks of a hand
Vox signata, correct term

Wale, the pick, choice
Wallace's straiks, strokes as powerful as Sir William Wallace's
Wame, belly; *wame o' a wave*, trough of a wave
Wampish, to throw about
Wanle, strong, active
Ware, to spend
Warp, four, the unit of sale applied to oysters
Wassia quassia, a poor thin liquid, drunk by the peasantry
Waur, worse; *waured*, worsted
Wean, child
Weary, vexatious, troublesome
Weize, guide, incline
Wha's aught ye? whose are you?
Whaten a gate? whatna gate? what way? what sort of a way?
Wheen, a few
White witch, a wizard or witch benevolently disposed
Whomle, or *whummil*, turn over
Wilyard, wayward, unmanageable
Wind a pirn, work mischief
Win out, get out; *win through*, get through
Wroriecow, hobgoblin
Wussing, wishing

Yauld, active
Yerl, earl
Yestreen, yesternight
Yowe, ewe

Zernich. See Azoch.

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THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS

Woodstock Edition

Rout and slaughter of the Puritans after the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

OLD MORTALITY

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

NEW YORK
THE WAVERLEY BOOK COMPANY
1898

TALES OF MY LANDLORD

First Series

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it!

BURNS

Ahora bien, dixo il Cura, traedme, senor huésped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el, y entrando en su aposento, sacó dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—DON QUIXOTE, Parte I., Capitulo xxxii.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—JARVIS'S *Translation.*

INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORTALITY

THE remarkable person called by the title of Old Mortality was well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and probably a mason by profession—at least educated to the use of the chisel. Whether family dissensions, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of supposed duty, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the singular mode of life in which he wandered, like a palmer, through Scotland, is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his journeys, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality which was willingly rendered him, and when that was not proffered, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants. His personal appearance, and favorite, or rather sole, occupation, are accurately described in the preliminary chapter of the following work.

It is about thirty years since, or more, that the Author met this singular person in the churchyard of Dunnottar, when spending a day or two with the late learned and excellent clergyman, Mr. Walker, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of a close examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dunnottar, and other subjects of antiquarian research in that neighborhood. Old Mortality chanced to be at the same place, on the usual business of his pilgrimage; for the Castle of Dunnottar, though lying in the anti-covenanting district of the Mearns, was, with the parish churchyard, celebrated for the oppressions sustained there by the Cameronians in the time of James II.

It was in 1685, when Argyle was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Monmouth was preparing to invade the west of England, that the privy council of Scotland, with cruel precaution, made a general arrest of more than a hundred persons in the southern and western provinces, supposed, from their religious principles, to be inimical to government, together with many women and children. These captives were driven northward like a flock of bullocks, but with less precaution to provide for their wants, and finally penned up in

a subterranean dungeon in the Castle of Dunnottar, having a window opening to the front of a precipice which overhangs the German Ocean. They had suffered not a little on the journey, and were much hurt both at the scoffs of the northern Prelatists, and the mocks, gibes, and contemptuous tunes played by the fiddlers and pipers who had come from every quarter as they passed, to triumph over the revilers of their calling. The repose which the melancholy dungeon afforded them was anything but undisturbed. The guards made them pay for every indulgence, even that of water; and when some of the prisoners resisted a demand so unreasonable, and insisted on their right to have this necessary of life untaxed, their keepers emptied the water on the prison floor, saying, "If they were obliged to bring water for the canting Whigs, they were not bound to afford them the use of bowls or pitchers gratis."

In this prison, which is still termed the Whigs' Vault, several died of the diseases incidental to such a situation; and others broke their limbs, and incurred fatal injury, in desperate attempts to escape from their stern prison-house. Over the graves of these unhappy persons, their friends, after the Revolution, erected a monument with a suitable inscription.

This peculiar shrine of the Whig martyrs is very much honored by their descendants, though residing at a great distance from the land of their captivity and death. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Walker, told me that, being once upon a tour in the south of Scotland, probably about forty years since, he had the bad luck to involve himself in the labyrinth of passages and tracks which cross, in every direction, the extensive waste called Lochar Moss, near Dumfries, out of which it is scarcely possible for a stranger to extricate himself; and there was no small difficulty in procuring a guide, since such people as he saw were engaged in digging their peats—a work of paramount necessity, which will hardly brook interruption. Mr. Walker could, therefore, only procure unintelligible directions in the southern brogue, which differs widely from that of the Mearns. He was beginning to think himself in a serious dilemma, when he stated his case to a farmer of rather the better class, who was employed, as the others, in digging his winter fuel. The old man at first made the same excuse with those who had already declined acting as the traveller's guide; but perceiving him in great perplexity, and paying the respect due to his profession, "You are a clergyman, sir?" he said. Mr. Walker assented. "And I observe from your speech that you are from the north?" "You are right, my

good friend," was the reply. "And may I ask if you have ever heard of a place called Dunnottar?" "I ought to know something about it, my friend," said Mr. Walker, "since I have been several years the minister of the parish." "I am glad to hear it," said the Dumfriesian, "for one of my near relations lies buried there, and there is, I believe, a monument over his grave. I would give half of what I am aught to know if it is still in existence." "He was one of those who perished in the Whigs' Vault at the castle?" said the minister; "for there are few southlanders besides lying in our churchyard, and none, I think, having monuments." "Even sae—even sae," said the old Cameronian, for such was the farmer. He then laid down his spade, cast on his coat, and heartily offered to see the minister out of the moss, if he should lose the rest of the *day's dargue*. Mr. Walker was able to requite him amply, in his opinion, by reciting the epitaph, which he remembered by heart. The old man was enchanted with finding the memory of his grandfather or great-grandfather faithfully recorded among the names of brother sufferers; and rejecting all other offers of recompense, only requested, after he had guided Mr. Walker to a safe and dry road, that he would let him have a written copy of the inscription.

It was while I was listening to this story, and looking at the monument referred to, that I saw Old Mortality engaged in his daily task of cleaning and repairing the ornaments and epitaphs upon the tomb. His appearance and equipment were exactly as described in the Novel. I was very desirous to see something of a person so singular, and expected to have done so, as he took up his quarters with the hospitable and liberal-spirited minister. But though Mr. Walker invited him up after dinner to partake of a glass of spirits and water, to which he was supposed not to be very averse, yet he would not speak frankly upon the subject of his occupation. He was in bad humor, and had, according to his phrase, no freedom for conversation with us.

His spirit had been sorely vexed by hearing, in a certain Aberdonian kirk, the psalmody directed by a pitch-pipe, or some similar instrument, which was to Old Mortality the abomination of abominations. Perhaps, after all, he did not feel himself at ease with his company; he might suspect the questions asked by a north-country minister and a young barrister to savor more of idle curiosity than profit. At any rate, in the phrase of John Bunyan, Old Mortality went on his way, and I saw him no more.

The remarkable figure and occupation of this ancient pil-

grim was recalled to my memory by an account transmitted by my friend, Mr. Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dumfries, to whom I owe many obligations of a similar nature. From this, besides some other circumstances, among which are those of the old man's death, I learned the particulars described in the text. I am also informed that the old palmer's family, in the third generation, survives, and is highly respected both for talents and worth.

While these sheets were passing through the press, I received the following communication from Mr. Train, whose undeviating kindness had, during the intervals of laborious duty, collected its materials from an indubitable source:

"In the course of my periodical visits to the Glenkens, I have become intimately acquainted with Robert Paterson, a son of Old Mortality, who lives in the little village of Balmaclellan; and although he is now in the seventieth year of his age, preserves all the vivacity of youth—has a most retentive memory, and a mind stored with information far above what could be expected from a person in his station of life. To him I am indebted for the following particulars relative to his father and his descendants down to the present time.

"Robert Paterson, *alias* Old Mortality, was the son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who occupied the farm of Haggisha, in the parish of Hawick, during nearly the first half of the 18th century. Here Robert was born, in the memorable year 1715.

"Being the youngest son of a numerous family, he, at an early age, went to serve with an elder brother, named Francis, who rented, from Sir John Jardine of Applegarth, a small tract in Corncockle Moor, near Lochmaben. During his residence there he became acquainted with Elizabeth Gray, daughter of Robert Gray, gardener to Sir John Jardine, whom he afterwards married. His wife had been for a considerable time a cook-maid to Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who procured for her husband, from the Duke of Queensberry, an advantageous lease of the freestone quarry of Gatelowbrigg, in the parish of Morton. Here he built a house, and had as much land as kept a horse and cow. My informant cannot say with certainty the year in which his father took up his residence at Gatelowbrigg, but he is sure it must have been only a short time prior to the year 1746, as, during the memorable frost in 1740, he says his mother still resided in the service of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their route to Glasgow, in the year 1745–46, they plundered Mr. Paterson's

house at Gatelowbrigg, and carried him a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, merely because he said to one of the straggling army that their retreat might have been easily foreseen, as the strong arm of the Lord was evidently raised, not only against the bloody and wicked house of Stewart, but against all who attempted to support the abominable heresies of the Church of Rome. From this circumstance it appears that Old Mortality had, even at that early period of his life, imbibed the religious enthusiasm by which he afterwards became so much distinguished.

"The religious sect called Hili-men, or Cameronians, was at that time much noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation of Cameron, their founder, of whose tenets Old Mortality became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their conventicles, and occasionally carried with him gravestones from his quarry at Gatelowbrigg, to keep in remembrance the righteous whose dust had been gathered to their fathers. Old Mortality was not one of those religious devotees who, although one eye is seemingly turned towards heaven, keep the other steadfastly fixed on some sublunary object. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys into Galloway became more frequent; and he gradually neglected even the common prudential duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1758, he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children at Gatelowbrigg, which induced her to send her eldest son Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the Nick of Benncorie to the Fell of Barhullion, he found him at last working on the Cameronian monuments, in the old kirkyard of Kirkchrist, on the west side of the Dee, opposite the town of Kirkcudbright. The little wanderer used all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family; but in vain. Mrs. Paterson sent even some of her female children into Galloway in search of their father, for the same purpose of persuading him to return home; but without any success. At last, in the summer of 1768, she removed to the little upland village of Balmaclellan, in the Glenkens of Galloway, where, upon the small pittance derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

"There is a small monumental stone in the farm of the Caldon, near the House of the Hill, in Wigtónshire, which is highly venerated as being the first erected, by Old Mortality,

to the memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of their religious tenets in the civil war, in the reign of Charles Second.*

"From the Caldon, the labors of Old Mortality, in the course of time, spread over nearly all the Lowlands of Scotland. There are few churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway, or Dumfriesshire, where the work of his chisel is not yet to be seen. It is easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the primitive rudeness of the emblems of death, and of the inscriptions which adorn the ill-formed blocks of his erection. This task of repairing and erecting gravestones, practised without fee or reward, was the only ostensible employment of this singular person for upwards of forty years. The door of every Cameronian's house was indeed open to him at all times when he chose to enter, and he was gladly received as an inmate of the family; but he did not invariably accept of these civilities, as may be seen by the following account of his frugal expenses, found, among other little papers (some of which I have likewise in my possession), in his pocket-book after his death:

Gatehouse of Fleet, 4th February 1796.

ROBERT PATERSON *debtor to* MARGARET CHRYSTALE

To drye Lodginge for seven weeks	£0	4	1
To Four Auchlets of Ait Meal	0	3	4
To 6 Lippies of Potatoes	0	1	3
To Lend Money at the time of Mr. Reid's Sacrament	0	6	0
To 3 Chappins of Yell with Sandy the Keelman † .	0	0	9
	£0	15	5
Received in part	0	10	0
Unpaid	£0	5	5

"This statement shows the religious wanderer to have been very poor in his old age; but he was so more by choice than through necessity, as at the period here alluded to his children were all comfortably situated, and were most anxious to keep their father at home, but no entreaty could induce him to alter his erratic way of life. He travelled from one churchyard to another, mounted on his old white pony, till the last day of his existence, and died, as you have described, at Bankhill, near Lockerby, on the 14th February 1801, in the eighty-

* The house was stormed by a Captain Orchard or Urquhart, who was shot in the attack.

† A well-known humorist, still alive, popularly called by the name of Old Keelybags, who deals in the keel or chalk with which farmers mark their flocks.

sixth year of his age. As soon as his body was found, intimation was sent to his sons at Balmaclellan; but, from the great depth of the snow at that time, the letter communicating the particulars of his death was so long detained by the way that the remains of the pilgrim were interred before any of his relations could arrive at Bankhill.

"The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses, the original of which I have in my possession:

Memorandum of the Funral Charges of Robert Paterson, who dyed at Bankhill on the 14th day of February 1801

To a Coffon	£0	12	0
To Munting for do	0	2	8
To a Shirt for him	0	5	0
To a pair of Cotton Stockings	0	2	0
To Bread at the Founral	0	2	6
To Chise at ditto	0	3	0
To 1 pint Rume	0	4	6
To 1 pint Whiskie	0	4	6
To a man going to Annan	0	2	0
To the grave diger	0	1	0
To Linnen for a sheet to him	0	2	8
	£2	1	10
Taken off him when dead	1	7	6
	£0	14	4

"The above account is authenticated by the son of the deceased.

"My friend was prevented by indisposition from even going to Bankhill to attend the funeral of his father, which I regret very much, as he is not aware in what churchyard he was interred.

"For the purpose of erecting a small monument to his memory, I have made every possible inquiry, wherever I thought there was the least chance of finding out where Old Mortality was laid; but I have done so in vain, as his death is not registered in the session-book of any of the neighboring parishes.* I am sorry to think that in all probability this singular person, who spent so many years of his lengthened

*This good intention was, however, carried out. A headstone was erected November, 1869, to the memory of Old Mortality in the churchyard of Caerlavrock, where there is satisfactory proof of his having been interred in the month of February, 1801. Mr. Train seems to have been misled in his information respecting the name of the village where Robert Paterson died. There is now strong evidence that not Bankhill, but Bankend, about fifteen miles from Bankhill, was the place where Old Mortality breathed his last (*Laing*).

existence in striving with his chisel and mallet to perpetuate the memory of many less deserving than himself, must remain even without a single stone to mark out the resting-place of his mortal remains.

"Old Mortality had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Balmaclellan, in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbors. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to America in the year 1776, and, after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore."

Old Nol himself is said to have loved an innocent jest (see Captain Hodgson's *Memoirs*). Old Mortality somewhat resembled the Protector in this turn to festivity. Like Master Silence, he had been merry twice and thrice in his time; but even his jests were of a melancholy and sepulchral nature, and sometimes attended with inconvenience to himself, as will appear from the following anecdote:

The old man was at one time following his wonted occupation of repairing the tombs of the martyrs, in the churchyard of Girthon, and the sexton of the parish was plying his kindred task at no small distance. Some roguish urchins were sporting near them, and by their noisy gambols disturbing the old men in their serious occupation. The most petulant of the juvenile party were two or three boys, grandchildren of a person well known by the name of Cooper Climent. This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Girthon and the neighboring parishes for making and selling ladles, caups, bickers, bowls, spoons, cogues, and trenchers, formed of wood, for the use of the country people. It must be noticed that, notwithstanding the excellence of the cooper's vessels, they were apt, when new, to impart a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was put into them, a circumstance not uncommon in like cases.

The grandchildren of this dealer in wooden work took it into their head to ask the sexton what use he could possibly make of the numerous fragments of old coffins which were thrown up in opening new graves. "Do you not know," said Old Mortality, "that he sells them to your grandfather, who makes them into spoons, trenchers, bickers, bowies, and so forth?" At this assertion, the youthful group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by Old Mortality's account, were only fit to be used at a banquet of witches or of ghouls. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was spoiled by the loathing which the intelligence imparted;

for the account of the materials was supposed to explain the reddish tinge which, even in the days of the cooper's fame, had seemed somewhat suspicious. The ware of Cooper Climent was rejected in horror, much to the benefit of his rivals the muggers, who dealt in earthenware. The man of cutty-spoon and ladle saw his trade interrupted, and learned the reason, by his quondam customers coming upon him in wrath to return the goods which were composed of such unhallowed materials, and demand repayment of their money. In this disagreeable predicament, the forlorn artist cited Old Mortality into a court of justice, where he proved that the wood he used in his trade was that of the staves of old wine-pipes bought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded, a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a color to their contents. Old Mortality himself made the fullest declaration that he had no other purpose in making the assertion than to check the petulance of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. Cooper Climent's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty.

OLD MORTALITY

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY

> Why seeks he with unwearied toil
> Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
> Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
> And lead oblivion into day?
>
> LANGHORNE.

"MOST readers," says the Manuscript of Mr. Pattieson, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their playground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his schoolroom, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and laboring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded in his imagination by their connection with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the *Eclogues* of Virgil and *Odes* of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbering schoolboy. If to these mental

distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk in the cool of a fine summer evening affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

"To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader shall hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrations, I am not unwilling he should know that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments when relief from toil and clamor, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

"My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of the small stream which, winding through a 'lone vale of green bracken,' passes in front of the village school-house of Gandercleugh. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations in order to return the scrape or doffed bonnet of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trouts or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild flowers by its margin. But beyond the space I have mentioned the juvenile anglers do not after sunset voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that further up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favorite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.*

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground and overgrown with moss. No newly erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and

* See Peter Pattieson's Grave. Note 1.

the harebell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall at some future period undergo the same transformation.

"Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverent remembrance. It is true that, upon the largest, and, to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read at the pleasure of the decipherer, *Dns. Johan de Hamel*, or *Johan de Lamel*. And it is also true that of another tomb, richly sculptured with an ornamental cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver that a certain nameless bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside may still be read in rude prose and ruder rhyme the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor.* In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the king's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continued to attach to the tombs of those victims of prelacy an honor which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and, when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

"Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their devotional zeal, yet it is with-

* James, Seventh King of Scotland of that name, and Second according to the numeration of the Kings of England.—J. C.

out depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united the independent sentiments of a Hampden with the suffering zeal of a Hooper or Latimer. On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget that many even of those who had been most active in crushing what they conceived the rebellious and seditious spirit of those unhappy wanderers, displayed themselves, when called upon to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted zeal, tinctured, in their case, with chivalrous loyalty, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is moulded shows most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biassed in its mode of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

"One summer evening as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favorite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary.* As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription which, announcing in Scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called 'hodden-gray,' usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service.

* See A March-Dike Boundary. Note 2.

Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails and 'gramashes' or 'leggins,' made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a 'sunk,' or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant whose deeds and sufferings were his favorite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stewart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones,

renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful, devotion induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged by repairing the grave-stones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

"The character of such a man could have in it little connection even with innocent gayety. Yet among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and sententious, not without a cast of severity. But he is said never to have been observed to give way to violent passion, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am in general a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which schoolboys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child. But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

"In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a

respectful apology for interrupting his labors. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then, replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers on whose monument he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

"'We,' he said, in a tone of exultation—'*we* are the only true Whigs. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hillside to hear a godly sermon? I trow an hour o't wad staw them. They are ne'er a hair better than them that shamena to take upon themsells the persecuting name of bluidthirsty Tories. Self-seekers all of them, strivers after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgetters alike of what has been dree'd and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr. Peden—that precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground—that the French monzies sall rise as fast in the glens of Ayr and the Kens of Galloway as ever the Highlandmen did in 1677. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they suld be mourning for a sinfu' land and a broken Covenant.'

"Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality which Mr. Cleishbotham is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and

eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the 'prophet's chamber,' * as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.

"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand, and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a color in your cheek that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labor as one who knoweth not when his Master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane hame to your ain place, these auld withered hands will frame a stane of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

"I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had overestimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair are fast covering those stones to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerbie, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert that on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained in-

* See Note 3.

delibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin or decay.

"My readers will of course understand that in embodying into one compressed narrative many of the anecdotes which I had the advantage of deriving from Old Mortality, I have been far from adopting either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party prejudice. I have endeavored to correct or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition, afforded by the representatives of either party.

"On the part of the Presbyterians, I have consulted such moorland farmers from the western districts as, by the kindness of their landlords, or otherwise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to retain possession of the grazings on which their grandsires fed their flocks and herds. I must own, that of late days, I have found this a limited source of information. I have, therefore, called in the supplementary aid of those modest itinerants whom the scrupulous civility of our ancestors denominated travelling merchants, but whom, of late, accommodating ourselves in this as in more material particulars to the feelings and sentiments of our more wealthy neighbors, we have learned to call packmen or peddlers. To country weavers travelling in hopes to get rid of their winter web, but more especially to tailors, who, from their sedentary profession, and the necessity in our country of exercising it by temporary residence in the families by whom they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of rural traditions, I have been indebted for many illustrations of the narratives of Old Mortality, much in the taste and spirit of the original.

"I had more difficulty in finding materials for correcting the tone of partiality which evidently pervaded those stores of traditional learning, in order that I might be enabled to present an unbiassed picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and at the same time to do justice to the merits of both parties. But I have been enabled to qualify the narratives of Old Mortality and his Cameronian friends by the reports of more than one descendant of ancient and honorable families, who, themselves decayed into the humble vale of life, yet look proudly back on the period when their ancestors fought and fell in behalf of the exiled house of Stewart. I

may even boast right reverend authority on the same score; for more than one nonjuring bishop, whose authority and income were upon as apostolical a scale as the greatest abominator of Episcopacy could well desire, have deigned, while partaking of the humble cheer of the Wallace Inn, to furnish me with information corrective of the facts which I learned from others. There are also here and there a laird or two who, though they shrug their shoulders, profess no great shame in their fathers having served in the persecuting squadrons of Earlshall and Claverhouse. From the gamekeepers of these gentlemen, an office the most apt of any other to become hereditary in such families, I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

"Upon the whole, I can hardly fear that at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigor and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that, if the zeal for God's house did not eat up the Conventiclers, it devoured at least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding. We may safely hope that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in this valley of darkness, blood, and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroine of our only Scottish tragedy entreats her lord to think of her departed sire:

> "O rake not up the ashes of our fathers!
> Implacable resentment was their crime,
> And grievous has the expiation been."

CHAPTER II

Summon an hundred horse by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gates.

Douglas.

UNDER the reign of the last Stewarts there was an anxious wish on the part of government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege lord, and both to the crown. Frequent musters and assemblies of the people, both for military exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference in the latter case was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual on such occasions, the consciences which were at first only scrupulous became confirmed in their opinions, instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance from the proud consciousness that they were at the same time resisting an act of council. To compel men to dance and be merry by authority has rarely succeeded even on board of slave-ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs and restore the circulation during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigor of the strict Calvinists increased in proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed; a Judaical observance of the Sabbath, a supercilious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing—that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party, for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties separately—distinguishing those who professed a more than ordinary share of sanctity. They discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient "wappenschaws," as they were termed, when the

feudal array of the county was called out, and each crown-vassal was required to appear with such muster of men and armor as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statutory penalties. The Covenanters were the more jealous of those assemblies, as the lord-lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held had instructions from the government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus summoned together, upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might naturally be supposed to have a seductive effect.

The preachers and proselytes of the more rigid Presbyterians labored, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these summonses, conscious that in doing so they lessened not only the apparent, but the actual, strength of the government, by impeding the extension of that *esprit de corps* which soon unites young men who are in the habit of meeting together for manly sport, or military exercise. They, therefore, exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance on these occasions by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as mere curiosity led to be spectators, or love of exercise to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Such of the gentry as acceded to these doctrines were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were imperative; and the privy council, who administered the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crown-vassals who did not appear at the periodical wappenschaw. The landholders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears at which they were rated; and it frequently happened that, notwithstanding the strict charge of their elders to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the prayers read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappenschaw of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a haugh or level plain near to a royal borough, the name of which is no way essential to my story, on the morning of the 5th of May, 1679, when our narrative commences.

When the musters had been made and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the popinjay,* an ancient game formerly practised with archery, but at this period with firearms. This was the figure of a bird decked with party-colored feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fusees and carabines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighborhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices, and, if he was able to sustain it, at his expense.

It will, of course, be supposed that the ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of Puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, barouches, or tilburies, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight "insides" and six "outsides." The insides were their Graces in person, two maids of honor, two children, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot, and an equerry to his Grace ensconced in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short swords and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle-bow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lackeys in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were on horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leathern vehicle which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's

* See Note 4.

weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her granddaughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with much grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribbon from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity sometimes brought against blondes and blue-eyed beauties—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendor of her equipments or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted only of two servants on horseback. The truth was, that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic servants turn out to complete the quota which her barony ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who, in steel cap and jack-boots, led forth her array, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the moorland farmers, who ought to have furnished men, horse, and harness on these occasions. At last their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the incensed Episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the commination, and receiving from them in return the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough. The privy council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare.

"For," said Harrison to himself, "the carles have little eneugh gear at ony rate, and if I call in the redcoats and take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Candlemas, which is but a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times?"

So he armed the fowler and falconer, the footman and the ploughman, at the home farm, with an old drunken

Cavaliering butler, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and stunned the family nightly with his exploits at Kilsyth and Tippermuir, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest zeal for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two latitudinarian poachers and black-fishers, Mr. Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Bellenden, as life-rentrix of the barony of Tillietudlem and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful day, had mustered his *troupe dorée* before the iron gate of the Tower, the mother of Cuddie Headrigg, the ploughman, appeared, loaded with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward, demurely assuring him that, "whether it were the colic, or a qualm of conscience, she couldna tak upon her to decide, but sure it was Cuddie had been in sair straits a' night, and she couldna say he was muckle better this morning. The finger of Heaven," she said, "was in it, and her bairn should gang on nae sic errands." Pains, penalties, and threats of dismission were denounced in vain: the mother was obstinate, and Cuddie, who underwent a domiciliary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could, or would, answer only by deep groans. Mause, who had been an ancient domestic in the family, was a sort of favorite with Lady Margaret and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old butler suggested an expedient.

"He had seen mony a braw callant, far less than Guse Gibbie, fight brawly under Montrose. What for no tak Guse Gibbie?"

This was a half-witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old henwife; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labor. This urchin, being sent for from the stubble-field, was hastily muffled in the buff coat, and girded rather *to* than *with* the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed, from its size, as if it had been intended to extinguish him. Thus accoutred he was hoisted, at his own earnest request, upon the quietest horse of the party; and prompted and supported by old Gudyill the butler as his front file he passed muster tolerably enough, the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the recruits of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

To the above cause it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret, on this eventful day, amounted only to two lackeys, with which diminished train she would on any other occasion have been much ashamed to appear in public. But for the cause of royalty she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period; but she had received her reward, for, on his route through the west of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually breakfasted at the Tower of Tillietudlem; an incident which formed from that moment an important era in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the salutation which his Majesty conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favor on two buxom serving-wenches who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen.

These instances of royal favor were decisive; and if Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed Royalist already, from sense of high birth, influence of education, and hatred to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, the having given a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were honors enough of themselves to unite her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stewarts. These were now, in all appearance, triumphant; but Lady Margaret's zeal had adhered to them through the worst of times, and was ready to sustain the same severities of fortune should their scale once more kick the beam. At present she enjoyed, in full extent, the military display of the force which stood ready to support the crown, and stifled as well as she could the mortification she felt at the unworthy desertion of her own retainers.

Many civilities passed between her ladyship and the representatives of sundry ancient loyal families who were upon the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence; and not a young man of rank passed by them in the course of the muster but he carried his body more erect in the saddle, and threw his horse upon its haunches, to display his own horsemanship and the perfect bitting of his steed to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young Cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws

of courtesy peremptorily demanded; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laborious and long-winded romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, ere Folly had thrown her ballast overboard, and cut down her vessels of the first-rate, such as the romances of *Cyrus*, *Cleopatra*, and others, into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time, as the little cock-boat in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden should not continue to evince the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

CHAPTER III

Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warrior fell with heavy clang.
Pleasures of Hope.

WHEN the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, from disinclination to the royal cause in which they were professedly embodied, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded towards the goal, and criticised the appearance of each competitor, as they advanced in succession, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his fusee in his hand, his dark green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his laced ruff and feathered cap indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators, whether altogether favorable to the young adventurer it was difficult to discover.

"Ewhow, sirs, to see his father's son at the like o' thae fearless follies!" was the ejaculation of the elder and more rigid Puritans, whose curiosity had so far overcome their bigotry as to bring them to the playground. But the generality viewed the strife less morosely, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased Presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the

first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the success was not decisive, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark should renew the strife among themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the popinjay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face muffled in his gray cloak; the second, a gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exterior, sedulously decorated for the day. He had been since the muster in close attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with the two lads who had been successful. In half a minute young Lord Evandale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipage of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest, that the competitors should take their turn of firing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young plebeian, who, as he took his stand, half uncloaked his rustic countenance, and said to the gallant in green, "Ye see, Mr. Henry, if it were ony other day, I could hae wished to miss for your sake; but Jenny Dennison is looking at us, sae I maun do my best."

He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and, with a downcast look, he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognized. The green *chasseur* next advanced, and his ball a second time struck the popinjay. All shouted; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of, "The good old cause forever!"

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Evandale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts

and congratulations of the well-affected and aristocratical part of the audience attended his success, but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green marksman, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and motioning with his hand for the bystanders to make way, set spurs, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, threw up the reins, turned sideways upon his saddle, discharged his carabine, and brought down the popinjay. Lord Evandale imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice which he was not obliged to follow. But his skill was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popinjay. Those who had been surprised by the address of the green marksman were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

"I would prefer horseback, if I had a horse as well bitted, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise, as yours," said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

"Will you do me the honor to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?" said the young gentleman.

Lord Evandale was ashamed to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and yet, unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he added, "that although he renounced all pretensions to the honor of the day (which he said somewhat scornfully), yet, if the victor had no particular objection, he would willingly embrace his obliging offer, and change horses with him for the purpose of trying a shot for love."

As he said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Bellenden, and tradition says, that the eyes of the young *tirailleur* travelled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young Lord's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party, he returned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving at the same time, thanks to his competitor,

who, he said, had re-established his favorite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an inferiority, which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider. Having made this speech in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favored Lord Evandale were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.

"Who is he? what is his name?" ran from mouth to mouth among the gentry who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being within that class whom a great man might notice without derogation, four of the Duke's friends, with the obedient start which poor Malvolio ascribes to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and stunned him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he chanced to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her granddaughter. The Captain of the Popinjay and Miss Bellenden colored like crimson, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made, even to the saddle-bow, in passing her.

"Do you know that young person?" said Lady Margaret.

"I—I—have seen him, madam, at my uncle's, and—and elsewhere occasionally," stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

"I hear them say around me," said Lady Margaret, "that the young spark is the nephew of old Milnwood."

"The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milnwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing," said a gentleman who sat on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

"Ay, and who, before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston Moor and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

"Your ladyship's memory is just," said the gentleman, smiling, "but it were well all that were forgot now."

"*He* ought to remember it, Gilbertscleugh," returned Lady Margaret, "and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasing recollections."

"You forget, my dear lady," said her nomenclator, "that

the young gentleman comes here to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow."

"His uncle, as well as his umquhile father, is a Roundhead, I presume," said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old miser," said Gilbertscleugh, "with whom a broad piece would at any time weigh down political opinions, and, therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the muster to save pecuniary pains and penalties. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the old house at Milnwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the favorite housekeeper."

"Do you know how many men and horse the lands of Milnwood are rated at?" said the old lady, continuing her inquiry.

"Two horsemen with complete harness," answered Gilbertscleugh.

"Our land," said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, "has always furnished to the muster eight men, cousin Gilbertscleugh, and often a voluntary aid of thrice the number. I remember his sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took his disjune at Tillietudlem, was particular in inquiring——"

"I see the Duke's carriage in motion," said Gilbertscleugh, partaking at the moment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends, when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion—"I see the Duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convoy your ladyship and Miss Bellenden home? Parties of the wild Whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well-affected who travel in small numbers."

"We thank you, cousin Gilbertscleugh," said Lady Margaret; "but as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat more briskly; he rides them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession."

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand-gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military atti-

tude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance, rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to bolt to the king's health and confusion to the Covenant, during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear-file, Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horses struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and, being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the "Gallant Græmes," which Mr. Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonorable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsides at once, which had the happy effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently as soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and by their ponderous weight kept

their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and weighty greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her own warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide—of the buff coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme, nor were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place Goose Gibbie had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the *gensdarmerie* of Tillietudlem furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the popinjay, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a grace-cup with their captain before their departure.

CHAPTER IV

> At fairs he play'd before the spearmen,
> And gaily graithed in their gear then,
> Steel bonnets, pikes, and swords shone clear then
> As ony bead;
> Now wha sall play before sic weir-men,
> Since Habbie's dead?
> *Elegy on Habbie Simpson.*

THE cavalcade of horsemen on their road to the little borough-town were preceded by Niel Blane, the town-piper, mounted on his white galloway, armed with his dirk and broadsword, and bearing a chanter streaming with as many ribbons as would deck out six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a clean, tight, well-timbered, long-winded fellow, had gained the official situation of town-piper of —— by his merit, with all the emoluments thereof; namely, the piper's croft, as it is still called, a field of about an acre in extent, five merks, and a new livery-coat of the town's colors, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost were able and willing to afford such a gratuity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighborhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each a modicum of seed-corn.

In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal or professional accomplishments won the heart of a jolly widow who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict Presbyterian, of such note that he usually went among his sect by the name of Gaius the Publican, many of the more rigid were scandalized by the profession of the successor whom his relict had chosen for a second helpmate. As the "browst" or brewing of the Howff retained, nevertheless, its unrivalled reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind which enabled him, by close attention to the helm, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contending tides of faction. He was a good-humored, shrewd,

selfish sort of fellow, indifferent alike to the disputes about church and state, and only anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description. But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the instructions which he issued to his daughter, a girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, when the honest woman had been carried to the kirkyard.

"Jenny," said Niel Blane, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipes, "this is the first day that ye are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a douce woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a good name wi' Whig and Tory, baith up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on sic a thrang day as this; but Heaven's will maun be obeyed. Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's for, be sure he maun hae't, for he's the Captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs maun be supported; if he canna pay the lawing himsell, as I ken he's keepit unco short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his uncle. The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornet Grahame. Be eident and civil to them baith; clergy and captains can gie an unco deal o' fash in thae times, where they take an ill-will. The dragoons will be crying for ale, and they wunna want it, and maunna want it; they are unruly chields, but they pay ane some gate or other. I gat the humlie-cow, that's the best in the byre, frae black Frank Inglis and Sergeant Bothwell for ten pund Scots, and they drank out the price at ae downsitting."

"But, father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the twa reiving loons drave the cow frae the gudewife o' Bell's Moor, just because she gaed to hear a field-preaching ae Sabbath afternoon."

"Whisht! ye silly tawpie," said her father, "we have naething to do how they come by the bestial they sell; be that atween them and their consciences. Aweel, take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking carle that sits by the cheek o' the ingle and turns his back on a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start a wee when he saw the redcoats, and I jalouse he wad hae liked to hae ridden by, but his horse—it's a gude gelding—was ower sair travailed; he behoved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring the sodgers on him speering ony questions at him; but let na him hae a room to himsell, they wad say we were hiding him. For yoursell, Jenny,

ye'll be civil to a' the folk, and take nae heed o' ony nonsense and daffing the young lads may say t'ye. Folk in the hostler line maun pit up wi' muckle. Your mither, rest her saul, could pit up wi' as muckle as maist women, but aff hands is fair play; and if onybody be uncivil ye may gie me a cry. Aweel, when the malt begins to get aboon the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jenny, they are like to quarrel. Let them be doing: anger's a drouthy passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye were best serve them wi' a pint o' the sma' browst, it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference."

"But, father," said Jenny, "if they come to lounder ilk ither, as they did the last time, suldna I cry on you?"

"At no hand, Jenny; the redder gets aye the warst lick in the fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard. If the country folk tak the tangs and poker, ye'll cry on the bailie and town-officers. But in nae event cry on me, for I am wearied wi' doudling the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gaun to eat my dinner quietly in the spence. And now I think on't, the Laird of Lickitup—that's him that was the laird—was speering for sma' drink and a saut herring. Gie him a pu' be the sleeve, and round into his lug I wad be blithe o' his company to dine wi' me; he was a gude customer anes in a day, and wants naething but means to be a gude ane again: he likes drink as weel as e'er he did. And if ye ken ony puir body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' siller, and has far to gang hame, ye needna stick to gie them a waught o' drink and a bannock; we'll ne'er miss't, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, hinny, gang awa' and serve the folk; but first bring me my dinner, and twa chappins o' yill and the mutchkin stoup o' brandy."

Having thus devolved his whole cares on Jenny as prime minister, Niel Blane and the *ci-devant* laird, once his patron, but now glad to be his trencher-companion, sat down to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening, remote from the bustle of the public room.

All in Jenny's department was in full activity. The knights of the popinjay received and requited the hospitable entertainment of their captain, who, though he spared the cup himself, took care it should go round with due celerity among the rest, who might not have otherwise deemed themselves handsomely treated. Their numbers melted away by degrees, and were at length diminished to four or five, who began to

talk of breaking up their party. At another table, at some distance, sat two of the dragoons whom Niel Blane had mentioned, a sergeant and a private in the celebrated John Grahame of Claverhouse's regiment of Life Guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in these corps were not considered as ordinary mercenaries, but rather approached to the rank of the French mousquetaires, being regarded in the light of cadets, who performed the duties of rank and file with the prospect of obtaining commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many young men of good families were to be found in the ranks, a circumstance which added to the pride and self-consequence of these troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His real name was Francis Stewart; but he was universally known by the appellation of Bothwell, being lineally descended from the last earl of that name, not the infamous lover of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, whose turbulence and repeated conspiracies embarrassed the early part of James Sixth's reign, and who at length died in exile in great poverty. The son of this earl had sued to Charles I. for the restitution of part of his father's forfeited estates; but the grasp of the nobles to whom they had been allotted was too tenacious to be unclinched. The breaking out of the civil wars utterly ruined him, by intercepting a small pension which Charles I. had allowed him, and he died in the utmost indigence. His son, who, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, had passed through several vicissitudes of fortune, was fain to content himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the Life Guards, although lineally descended from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell having been a natural son of James V.* Great personal strength, and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this man to the attention of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of the licentiousness and oppressive disposition which the habit of acting as agents for government in levying fines, exacting free quarters, and otherwise oppressing the Presbyterian recusants, had rendered too general among these soldiers. They were so much accustomed to such missions, that they conceived themselves at liberty to commit all manner of license with impunity, as if totally exempted from all law and authority, excepting the command of their offi-

* See Sergeant Bothwell. Note 5.

cers. On such occasions Bothwell was usually the most forward.

It is probable that Bothwell and his companions would not so long have remained quiet but for respect to the presence of their cornet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the curate of the place. But both of these being suddenly called from their amusement to speak with the chief magistrate upon some urgent business, Bothwell was not long of evincing his contempt for the rest of the company.

"Is it not a strange thing, Halliday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here this whole evening without having drunk the king's health?"

"They have drank the king's health," said Halliday. "I heard that green kail-worm of a lad name his Majesty's health."

"Did he?" said Bothwell. "Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St. Andrews' health, and do it on their knees too."

"So we will, by G—," said Halliday; "and he that refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a brace of carabines at each foot to keep him steady."

"Right, Tom," continued Bothwell; "and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-bonnet in the ingle-nook."

He rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger noticed by Niel Blane, in his admonitions to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of the hill-folk, or refractory Presbyterians.

"I make so bold as to request of your precision, beloved," said the trooper, in a tone of affected solemnity, and assuming the snuffle of a country preacher, "that you will arise from your seat, beloved, and, having bent your hams until your knees do rest upon the floor, beloved, that you will turn over this measure, called by the profane a gill, of the comfortable creature, which the carnal denominate brandy, to the health and glorification of his Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the worthy primate of all Scotland."

All waited for the stranger's answer. His features, austere even to ferocity, with a cast of eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to

a frame, square, strong, and muscular, though something under the middle size, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

"And what is the consequence," said he, "if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?"

"The consequence thereof, beloved," said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, "will be, firstly, that I will tweak thy proboscis or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will administer my fist to thy distorted visual optics; and will conclude, beloved, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the recusant."

"Is it even so?" said the stranger; "then give me the cup;" and, taking it in his hand, he said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, "The Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds; may each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharp!"

"He has taken the test," said Halliday, exultingly.

"But with a qualification," said Bothwell; "I don't understand what the devil the crop-eared Whig means."

"Come, gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of their insolence, "we are here met as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion."

Bothwell was about to make a surly answer, but Halliday reminded him in a whisper that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the musters agreeably to the council's orders. So, after honoring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, "Well, Mr. Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night. Is it not an odd thing, Halliday," he continued, addressing his companion, "that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit at a day's practice? If Captain Popinjay now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first-drawn blood, there would be some soul in it; or, zounds, would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or put the stone, or throw the axletree, if (touching the end of Morton's sword scornfully with his toe) they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw."

Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Both-

well's insolent observations when the stranger stepped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the good cause I will see it out myself. Hark thee, friend (to Bothwell) wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?"

"With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Bothwell; "yea, I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both."

"Then, as my trust is in Him that can help," retorted his antagonist, "I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshakehs."

With that he dropped his coarse gray horseman's coat from his shoulders, and extending his strong brawny arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hardy look of his antagonist, but whistling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them, anxious for the event.

In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigor, and length of wind. In the third close the countryman lifted his opponent fairly from the floor and hurled him to the ground with such violence that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade Halliday immediately drew his sword: "You have killed my sergeant," he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler; "and by all that is sacred you shall answer it!"

"Stand back!" cried Morton and his companions. "It was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it."

"That is true enough," said Bothwell, as he slowly rose; "put up your bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a cropear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house. Hark ye, friend, give me your hand." The stranger held out his hand. "I promise you," said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, "that the time will come when we shall meet again and try this game over in a more earnest manner."

"And I'll promise you," said the stranger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, "that when we next meet I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again."

"Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if thou be'st a

Whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee. Hadst best take thy nag before the Cornet makes the round; for I promise thee he has stay'd less suspicious-looking persons."

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, "I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home; will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?"

"Certainly," said Morton, although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner from which his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good-night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone.

The company had not long left the Howff, as Blane's public-house was called, when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded. The troopers got under arms in the market-place at this unexpected summons, while, with faces of anxiety and earnestness, Cornet Grahame, a kinsman of Claverhouse, and the provost of the borough, followed by half a dozen soldiers and town-officers with halberts, entered the apartment of Niel Blane.

"Guard the doors!" were the first words which the Cornet spoke; "let no man leave the house. So, Bothwell, how comes this? Did you not hear them sound boot and saddle?"

"He was just going to quarters, sir," said his comrade; "he has had a bad fall."

"In a fray, I suppose?" said Grahame. "If you neglect duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you."

"How have I neglected duty?" said Bothwell, sulkily.

"You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell," replied the officer; "you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are news come that the Archbishop of St. Andrews has been strangely and foully assassinated by a body of the rebel Whigs, who pursued and stopped his carriage on Magus Muir, near the town of St. Andrews, dragged him out, and despatched him with their swords and daggers."*

All stood aghast at the intelligence.

"Here are their descriptions," continued the Cornet, pulling out a proclamation; "the reward of a thousand merks is on each of their heads."

"The test, the test, and the qualification!" said Both-

*See Assassination of Archbishop Sharp. Note 6.

well to Halliday; "I know the meaning now. Zounds, that we should not have stopped him! Go, saddle our horses, Halliday. Was there one of the men, Cornet, very stout and square-made, double-chested, thin in the flanks, hawk-nosed?"

"Stay, stay," said Cornet Grahame, "let me look at the paper. Hackston of Rathillet, tall, thin, black-haired."

"That is not my man," said Bothwell.

"John Balfour, called Burley, aquiline nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height——"

"It is he—it is the very man!" said Bothwell; "skellies fearfully with one eye?"

"Right," continued Grahame; "rode a strong black horse, taken from the primate at the time of the murder."

"The very man," exclaimed Bothwell, "and the very horse! He was in this room not a quarter of an hour since."

A few hasty inquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion that the reserved and stern stranger was Balfour of Burley, the actual commander of the band of assassins who, in the fury of misguided zeal, had murdered the primate whom they accidently met as they were searching for another person against whom they bore enmity.* In their excited imagination the casual rencounter had the appearance of a providential interference, and they put to death the archbishop, with circumstances of great and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands.†

"Horse, horse, and pursue, my lads!" exclaimed Cornet Grahame; "the murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold."

* See Sheriff-Depute Carmichael. Note 7.
† See Murderers of Archbishop Sharp. Note 8.

CHAPTER V

> Arouse thee, youth! It is no human call:
> God's church is leaguer'd, haste to man the wall;
> Haste where the red-cross banners wave on high,
> Signal of honour'd death or victory!
>
> JAMES DUFF.

MORTON and his companion had attained some distance from the town before either of them addressed the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger which prevented Morton from opening the conversation, and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, "What has your father's son to do with such profane mummeries as I find you this day engaged in?"

"I do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless recreations according to my own pleasure," replied Morton, somewhat offended.

"Is it your duty, think you, or that of any Christian young man, to bear arms in their cause who have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water? Or is it a lawful recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of feathers, and close your evening with wine-bibbing in public-houses and market-towns, when He that is mighty is come into the land with His fan in His hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff?"

"I suppose from your style of conversation," said Morton, "that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand out against the government. I must remind you that you are unnecessarily using dangerous language in the presence of a mere stranger, and that the times do not render it safe for me to listen to it."

"Thou canst not help it, Henry Morton," said his companion; "thy Master has His uses for thee, and when He calls, thou must obey. Well wot I thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hadst ere now been what thou wilt assuredly one day become."

"We are of the Presbyterian persuasion, like yourself," said Morton; for his uncle's family attended the ministry of

one of those numerous Presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from the government. This "indulgence," as it was called, made a great schism among the Presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the proffered terms.

The stranger, therefore, answered with great disdain to Morton's profession of faith. "That is but an equivocation—a poor equivocation. Ye listen on the Sabbath to a cold, wordly, time-serving discourse from one who forgets his high commission so much as to hold his apostleship by the favor of the courtiers and the false prelates, and ye call that hearing the Word! Of all the baits with which the devil has fished for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An awful dispensation it has been, a smiting of the shepherd and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains, an uplifting of one Christian banner against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the swords of the children of light!"

"My uncle," said Morton, "is of opinion that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulged clergymen, and I must necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family."

"Your uncle," said the horseman, "is one of those to whom the least lamb in his own folds at Milnwood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that could willingly bend down to the golden calf of Bethel, and would have fished for the dust thereof when it was ground to powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp."

"My father," replied Morton, "was indeed a brave and gallant man. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was this day carrying arms."

"Ay, and had he lived to see these days, he would have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause; but more of this hereafter. I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My road lies there."

He pointed towards a pass leading up into a wild extent of dreary and desolate hills; but as he was about to turn his horse's head into the rugged path which led from the high-road in that direction, an old woman wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross-way, arose, and approaching him said, in a mysterious tone of voice, "If ye be of our ain folk, gangna up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path

that is there. The curate of Brotherstane and ten soldiers hae beset the pass to hae the lives of ony of our puir wanderers that venture that gate to join wi' Hamilton and Dingwall."

"Have the persecuted folk drawn to any head among themselves?" demanded the stranger.

"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but, ewhow! they are puirly armed, and warse fended wi' victual."

"God will help His own," said the horseman. "Which way shall I take to join them?"

"It's a mere impossibility this night," said the woman, "the troopers keep sae strict a guard; and they say there's strange news come frae the east that makes them rage in their cruelty mair fierce than ever. Ye maun take shelter somegate for the night before ye get to the muirs, and keep yoursell in hiding till the gray o' the morning, and then you may find your way through the Drake Moss. When I heard the awfu' threatenings o' the oppressors, I e'en took my cloak about me and sat down by the wayside to warn ony of our puir scattered remnant that chanced to come this gate, before they fell into the nets of the spoilers."

"Have you a house near this?" said the stranger; "and can you give me hiding there?"

"I have," said the old woman, "a hut by the wayside, it may be a mile from hence; but four men of Belial, called dragoons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the thowless, thriftless, fissenless ministry of that carnal man, John Halftext, the curate."

"Good-night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel," said the stranger as he rode away.

"The blessings of the promise upon you," returned the old dame; "may He keep you that can keep you."

"Amen!" said the traveller; "for where to hide my head this night mortal skill cannot direct me."

"I am very sorry for your distress," said Morton; "and had I a house or place of shelter that could be called my own, I almost think I would risk the utmost rigor of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the pains and penalties denounced by the laws against such as comfort, receive, or consort with intercommuned persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with them."

"It is no less than I expected," said the stranger; "nevertheless, I might be received without his knowledge. A barn,

a hay-loft, a cart-shed, any place where I could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar."

"I assure you," said Morton, much embarrassed, "that I have not the means of receiving you at Milnwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unconsciously in a danger which, most of all others, he fears and deprecates."

"Well," said the traveller, "I have but one word to say. Did you ever hear your father mention John Balfour of Burley?"

"His ancient friend and comrade who saved his life, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of Long Marston Moor? Often, very often."

"I am that Balfour," said his companion. "Yonder stands thy uncle's house; I see the light among the trees. The avenger of blood is behind me, and my death certain unless I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice, young man; to shrink from the side of thy father's friend like a thief in the night, and to leave him exposed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy father, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril as in this perverse generation attends those who give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water to a Christian man when perishing for lack of refreshment!"

A thousand recollections thronged on the mind of Morton at once. His father, whose memory he idolized, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this man, and regretted that after having been long comrades, they had parted in some unkindness at the time when the kingdom of Scotland was divided into Resolutioners and Protesters; the former of whom adhered to Charles II., after his father's death upon the scaffold, while the Protesters inclined rather to a union with the triumphant republicans. The stern fanaticism of Burley had attached him to this latter party, and the comrades had parted in displeasure, never, as it happened, to meet again. These circumstances the deceased Colonel Morton had often mentioned to his son, and always with an expression of deep regret that he had never, in any manner, been enabled to repay the assistance which on more than one occasion he had received from Burley.

To hasten Morton's decision, the night-wind, as it swept along, brought from a distance the sullen sound of a kettle-drum, which, seeming to approach nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march towards them.

"It must be Claverhouse with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on you fall into their hands; if you turn back towards the borough-town you are in no less danger from Cornet Grahame's party. The path to the hill is beset. I must shelter you at Milnwood, or expose you to instant death; but the punishment of the law shall fall upon myself, as in justice it should, not upon my uncle. Follow me."

Burley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Milnwood, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a decent mansion, suitable to the size of the estate, but since the accession of this owner, it had been suffered to go considerably into disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton paused.

"I must leave you here for a little while," he whispered, "until I can provide a bed for you in the house."

"I care little for such delicacy," said Burley; "for thirty years this head has rested oftener on the turf, or on the next gray stone, than upon either wool or down. A draught of ale, a morsel of bread, to say my prayers, and to stretch me upon dry hay, were to me as good as a painted chamber and a prince's table."

It occurred to Morton at the same moment that to attempt to introduce the fugitive within the house would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with implements left in the stable for that purpose, and having fastened up their horses, he assigned Burley for his place of repose a wooden bed, placed in a loft half full of hay, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied until dismissed by his uncle in one of those fits of parsimony which became more rigid from day to day. In this untenanted loft Morton left his companion, with a caution so to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such refreshments as he might be able to procure at that late hour. This last, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the humor in which he might happen to find his uncle's sole confidante, the old housekeeper. If she chanced to be abed, which was very likely, or out of humor, which was not less so, Morton well knew the case to be at least problematical.

Cursing in his heart the sordid parsimony which pervaded

every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the usual gentle knock at the bolted door, by which he was accustomed to seek admittance when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest at the house of Milnwood. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention. After it had been repeated again and again, the housekeeper, grumbling betwixt her teeth as she rose from the chimney-corner in the hall, and wrapping her checked handkerchief round her head to secure her from the cold air, paced across the stone passage, and repeated a careful "Wha's there at this time o' night?" more than once before she undid the bolts and bars and cautiously opened the door.

"This is a fine time o' night, Mr. Henry," said the old dame, with the tyrannic insolence of a spoiled and favorite domestic: "a braw time o' night and a bonny to disturb a peaceful house in, and to keep quiet folk out o' their beds waiting for you. Your uncle's been in his maist three hours syne, and Robin's ill o' the rheumatize, and he's to his bed too, and sae I had to sit up for ye mysell, for as sair a hoast as I hae."

Here she coughed once or twice in further evidence of the egregious inconvenience which she had sustained.

"Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks."

"Hegh, sirs, sae fair-fashioned as we are! Mony folk ca' me Mistress Wilson, and Milnwood himsell is the only ane about this town thinks o' ca'ing me Alison, and indeed he as often says Mrs. Alison as ony other thing."

"Well, then, Mistress Alison," said Morton, "I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting till I came in."

"And now that you are come in, Mr. Henry," said the cross old woman, "what for do you no tak up your candle and gang to your bed? and mind ye dinna let the candle sweal as ye gang alang the wainscot parlor, and haud a' the house scouring to get out the grease again."

"But, Alison, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed."

"Eat! and ale, Mr. Henry! My certie, ye're ill to serve. Do ye think we havena heard o' your grand popinjay wark yonder, and how ye bleezed away as muckle pouther as wad hae shot a' the wild-fowl that we'll want atween this and Candlemas; and then ganging majoring to the piper's Howff wi' a' the idle loons in the country, and sitting there birling at your poor uncle's cost, nae doubt, wi' a' the scaff and raff o'

the water-side till sundown, and then coming hame and crying for ale as if ye were maister and mair!"

Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his guest, to procure refreshments if possible, Morton suppressed his resentment, and good-humoredly assured Mrs. Wilson that he was really both hungry and thirsty; "and as for the shooting at the popinjay, I have heard you say you have been there yourself, Mrs. Wilson. I wish you had come to look at us."

"Ah, Maister Henry," said the old dame, "I wish ye binna beginning to learn the way of blawing in a woman's lug wi' a' your whilly-wha's! Aweel, sae ye dinna practise them but on auld wives like me the less matter. But tak heed o' the young queans, lad. Popinjay—ye think yoursell a braw fellow enow; and troth! [surveying him with the candle] there's nae fault to find wi' the outside, if the inside be conforming. But I mind when I was a gilpy of a lassock seeing the Duke—that was him that lost his head at London; folks said it wasna a very gude ane, but it was aye a sair loss to him, puir gentleman. Aweel, he wan the popinjay, for few cared to win it ower his Grace's head. Weel, he had a comely presence, and when a' the gentles mounted to show their capers, his Grace was as near to me as I am to you, and he said to me, 'Tak tent o' yoursell, my bonny lassie'—these were his very words—'for my horse is not very chancy.' And now, as ye say ye had sae little to eat or drink, I'll let you see that I havena been sae unmindfu' o' you; for I dinna think it's safe for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stamach."

To do Mrs. Wilson justice, her nocturnal harangues upon such occasions not unfrequently terminated with this sage apothegm, which always prefaced the producing of some provision a little better than ordinary, such as she now placed before him. In fact, the principal object of her "maundering" was to display her consequence and love of power; for Mrs. Wilson was not at the bottom an ill-tempered woman, and certainly loved her old and young master (both of whom she tormented extremely) better than any one else in the world. She now eyed Mr. Henry, as she called him, with great complacency as he partook of her good cheer.

"Muckle gude may it do ye, my bonny man. I trow ye dinna get sic a skirl-in-the-pan as that at Niel Blane's. His wife was a canny body, and could dress things very weel for ane in her line o' business, but no like a gentleman's housekeeper, to be sure. But I doubt the daughter's a silly thing; an unco cockernony she had busked on her head at the kirk last

Sunday. I am doubting that there will be news o' a' thae braws. But my auld e'en's drawing thegither; dinna hurry yoursell, my bonny man. Tak mind about the putting out the candle, and there's a horn of ale and a glass of clow-gillie-flower water. I dinna gie ilka body that; I keep it for a pain I hae whiles in my ain stamach, and it's better for your young blood than brandy. Sae gude-night to ye, Mr. Henry, and see that ye tak gude care o' the candle."

Morton promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse and arrange him for the night. Mrs. Wilson then retreated, and Morton, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest when the nodding head of the old housekeeper was again thrust in at the door with an admonition to remember to take an account of his ways before he laid himself down to rest, and to pray for protection during the hours of darkness.

Such were the manners of a certain class of domestics,* once common in Scotland, and perhaps still to be found in some old manor-houses in its remote counties. They were fixtures in the family they belonged to; and, as they never conceived the possibility of such a thing as dismissal to be within the chances of their lives, they were, of course, sincerely attached to every member of it. On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or indolence of their superiors, they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their cross-grained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern menial.

* See Old Family Servants. Note 9.

CHAPTER VI

> Yea, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
> Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

BEING at length rid of the housekeeper's presence, Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him and prepared to carry them to his concealed guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshold ere a heavy tramping of horses announced that the body of cavalry, whose kettle-drums* they had before heard, were in the act of passing along the high-road which winds round the foot of the bank on which the house of Milnwood was placed. He heard the commanding officer distinctly give the word "Halt." A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional neighing or pawing of an impatient charger.

"Whose house is this?" said a voice in a tone of authority and command.

"Milnwood, if it like your honor," was the reply.

"Is the owner well affected?" said the inquirer.

"He complies with the orders of government; and frequents an indulged minister," was the response.

"Hum! ay! indulged! A mere mask for treason, very impolitically allowed to those who are too great cowards to wear their principles barefaced. Had we not better send up a party and search the house in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish butchery may be concealed in it?"

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him a third speaker rejoined, "I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnwood is an infirm, hypochondriac old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and bonds better than anything else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappenschaw to-day, and

* See Military Music at Night. Note 10.

gained the popinjay, which does not look like a fanatic. I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man."

"Well," rejoined the leader, "if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to throw away. Gentlemen of the Life Guards, forward. March!"

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drum to mark the cadence, joined with the tramp of hoofs and the clash of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road winded and showed indistinctly the glittering of the steel caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill and sweep over the top of it in such long succession as intimated a considerable numerical force.

When the last of them had disappeared young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket Bible open in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the dragoons, lay naked across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harsh features, in which ferocity was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong o'ermastering principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes."

"I scarcely heeded them," said Balfour; "my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands and be honorably associated with the saints whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth I must not do His labor grudgingly."

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "to-morrow your safety requires you should leave this place in order to gain the hills so soon as you can see to distinguish the track through the morasses."

"Young man," returned Balfour, "you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you know the task upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven while we are yet in the body, and continue to retain that blinded sense and sympathy for carnal suffering which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gash upon the body of another? And think you that when some prime tyrant has been removed from his place, that the instruments of his punishment can at all times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken nerves? Must they not sometimes even question the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under? Must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of Truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy?"

"These are subjects, Mr. Balfour, on which I am ill-qualified to converse with you," answered Morton; "but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct."

Balfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up, but immediately composed himself and answered coolly, "It is natural you should think so; you are yet in the dungeon-house of the law, a pit darker than that into which Jeremiah was plunged, even the dungeon of Malcaiah the son of Hamelmelech, where there was no water but mire. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the son of the righteous who resisted to blood, where the banner was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost as one of the children of darkness. Trow ye that in this day of bitterness and calamity nothing is required at our hands but to keep the moral law as far as our carnal frailty will permit? Think ye our conquests must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions? No; we are called upon, when we have girded up our loins, to run the race boldly, and when we have

drawn the sword we are enjoined to smite the ungodly though he be our neighbor, and the man of power and cruelty though he were of our own kindred and the friend of our own bosom."

"These are the sentiments," said Morton, "that your enemies impute to you, and which palliate, if they do not vindicate, the cruel measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm that you pretend to derive your rule of action from what you call an inward light, rejecting the restraints of legal magistracy, of national law, and even of common humanity, when in opposition to what you call the spirit within you."

"They do us wrong," answered the Covenanter; "it is they, perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both divine and civil, and who now persecute us for adherence to the Solemn League and Covenant between God and the kingdom of Scotland, to which all of them, save a few Popish malignants, have sworn in former days, yet which they now burn in the market-places, and tread under foot in derision. When this Charles Stewart returned to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had tried it with strong hand, but they failed, I trow. Could James Grahame of Montrose and his Highland caterans have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the Westport told another tale for many a long day. It was the workers of the glorious work, the reformers of the beauty of the tabernacle that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the prophet, 'We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble. The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it.'"

"Mr. Balfour," answered Morton, "I neither undertake to subscribe to or refute your complaints against the government. I have endeavored to repay a debt due to the comrade of my father by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself either in your cause or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning ere I depart? I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back on the things I left behind me.

Yet the son of mine ancient comrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief that I shall one day see him gird on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and bled."

With a promise on Morton's part that he would call the refugee when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours' rest; but his imagination, disturbed by the events of the day, did not permit him to enjoy sound repose. There was a blended vision of horror before him, in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Edith Bellenden also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance which he had not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumbers with a feverish impulse and a heart which foreboded disaster. There was already a tinge of dazzling lustre on the verge of the distant hills, and the dawn was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning.

"I have slept too long," he exclaimed to himself, "and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive."

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the place of refuge occupied by the Covenanter. Morton entered on tiptoe, for the determined tone and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Balfour was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and showed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clinched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike which usually attends dreams of violence; the left was extended, and agitated from time to time by a movement as if repulsing some one. The perspiration stood on his brow "like bubbles in a late disturbed stream," and these marks of emotion were accompanied with broken words which escaped from him at intervals—"Thou art taken, Judas—thou art taken. Cling not to my knees—cling not to my knees; hew him down! A priest! Ay, a priest of Baal, to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon. Firearms will not prevail against him. Strike—thrust with the cold iron—put

him out of pain—put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his gray hairs."

Much alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with the stern energy accompanying the perpetration of some act of violence, Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to awake him. The first words he uttered were, "Bear me where ye will, I will avouch the deed!"

His glance around having then fully awakened him, he at once assumed all the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees before speaking to Morton poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entreating that the blood of her murdered saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name's sake, were abiders in the wilderness. Vengeance, speedy and ample vengeance on the oppressors, was the concluding petition of his devotions, which he expressed aloud in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the Orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wanderer (to give Burley a title which was often conferred on his sect) began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Burley requested Morton to walk with him a gun-shot into the wood and direct him to the right road for gaining the moors. Morton readily complied, and they walked for some time in silence under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through woodland for about half a mile, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

There was little conversation between them, until at length Burley suddenly asked Morton, "Whether the words he had spoken over-night had borne fruit in his mind?"

Morton answered, "That he remained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject."

"In other words," replied Burley, "you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day professing the truth with your lips, and the next day in arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those who for the truth have forsaken all things? Think

ye," he continued, "to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, papa-prelatists, latitudinarians, and scoffers; to partake of their sports, which are like the meat offered unto idols; to hold intercourse, perchance, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood. Think you, I say, to do all these things and yet remain free from pollution? I say unto you that all communication with the enemies of the church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not, taste not, handle not! And grieve not, young man, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal affections, and renounce the pleasures which are a snare to your feet. I say to you, that the son of David hath denounced no better lot on the whole generation of mankind."

He then mounted his horse, and, turning to Morton, repeated the text of Scripture, "An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb till the day that they return to the mother of all things, from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown even to him who weareth simple linen—wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, rigor, strife, and fear of death in the time of rest."

Having uttered these words he set his horse in motion, and soon disappeared among the boughs of the forest.

"Farewell, stern enthusiast," said Morton, looking after him; "in some moods of my mind how dangerous would be the society of such a companion! If I am unmoved by his zeal for abstract doctrines of faith, or rather for a peculiar mode of worship [such was the purport of his reflections], can I be a man and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that persecution which has made wise men mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought; and shall I do well to remain inactive or to take the part of an oppressive government if there should appear any rational prospect of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected? And yet, who shall warrant me that these people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as intolerant as those by whom they are now hunted down? What degree of moderation or of mercy can be expected from this Burley, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who seems even now to be reeking from some recent deed of violence, and to feel stings of remorse which even his enthusiasm cannot altogether stifle? I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury around me—now assuming the mask

of lawful authority, now taking that of religious zeal. I am sick of my country, of myself, of my dependent situation, of my repressed feelings, of these woods, of that river, of that house, of all but Edith, and she can never be mine! Why should I haunt her walks? Why encourage my own delusion, and perhaps hers? She can never be mine. Her grandmother's pride, the opposite principles of our families, my wretched state of dependence—a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant; all circumstances give the lie to the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protract a delusion so painful?

"But I am no slave," he said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature—"no slave in one respect surely. I can change my abode, my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Ruthvens, our Lesleys, our Monros, the chosen leaders of the famous Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus, or if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave."

When he had formed this determination he found himself near the door of his uncle's house, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.

"Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irrevocable step, therefore, and then see her for the last time."

In this mood he entered the wainscotted parlor, in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of oatmeal porridge, with a corresponding allowance of buttermilk. The favorite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing, half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture betwixt freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage which he now lost by stooping to such a degree that at a meeting, where there was some dispute concerning the sort of arch which should be thrown over a considerable brook, a facetious neighbor proposed to offer Milnwood a handsome sum for his curved backbone, alleging that he would sell anything that belonged to him. Splay feet of unusual size, long thin hands garnished with nails which seldom felt the steel, a wrinkled and puckered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of little sharp bargain-making gray eyes that seemed eternally looking out for their advantage, completed the highly un-

promising exterior of Mr. Morton of Milnwood. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a liberal or benevolent disposition in such an unworthy cabinet, nature had suited his person with a mind exactly in conformity with it—that is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous.

When this amiable personage was aware of the presence of his nephew he hastened, before addressing him, to swallow the spoonful of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and as it chanced to be scalding hot, the pain occasioned by its descent down his throat and into his stomach inflamed the ill-humor with which he was already prepared to meet his kinsman.

"The deil take them that made them!" was his first ejaculation, apostrophizing his mess of porridge.

"They're gude parritch eneugh," said Mrs. Wilson, "if ye wad but take time to sup them. I made them mysell; but if folk winna hae patience they should get their thrapples causewayed."

"Hand your peace, Alison! I was speaking to my nevoy. How is this, sir? And what sort o' scampering gates are these o' going on? Ye were not at hame last night till near midnight."

"Thereabouts, sir, I believe," answered Morton, in an indifferent tone.

"Thereabouts, sir! What sort of an answer is that, sir? Why came ye na hame when other folk left the grund?"

"I suppose you know the reason very well, sir," said Morton: "I had the fortune to be the best marksman of the day, and remained, as is usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men."

"The deevil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face? *You* pretend to gie entertainments that canna come by a dinner except by sorning on a carefu' man like me? But if ye put me to charges I'se work it out o' ye. I seena why ye shouldna haud the pleugh now that the pleughman has left us; it wad set ye better than wearing thae green duds and wasting your siller on powther and lead; it wad put ye in an honest calling, and wad keep ye in bread without being behadden to ony ane."

"I am very ambitious of learning such a calling, sir, but I don't understand driving the plough."

"And what for no? It's easier than your gunning and archery that ye like sae weel. Auld Davie is ca'ing it e'en now, and ye may be goadsman for the first twa or three days; and tak tent ye dinna o'erdrive the owsen, and then ye will

be fit to gang between the stilts. Ye'll ne'er learn younger, I'll be your caution. Haggie Holm is heavy land, and Davie is ower auld to keep the coulter down now."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir, but I have formed a scheme for myself which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attending my company."

"Ay! Indeed! a scheme o' yours! that must be a denty ane!" said the uncle, with a very peculiar sneer. "Let's hear about it, lad."

"It is said in two words, sir. I intend to leave this country and serve abroad as my father did before these unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where he served but that it will procure his son at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier."

"Gude be gracious to us!" exclaimed the housekeeper; "our young Mr. Harry gang abroad? Na, na! eh, na! that maun never be."

Milnwood, entertaining no thought or purpose of parting with his nephew, who was, moreover, very useful to him in many respects, was thunderstruck at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose deference to him had hitherto been unlimited. He recovered himself, however, immediately.

"And wha do you think is to give you the means, young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I, I am sure. I can hardly support you at hame. And ye wad be marrying, I'se warrant, as your father did afore ye, too, and sending your uncle hame a pack o' weans to be fighting and skirling through the house in my auld days, and to take wing and flee aff like yoursell whenever they were asked to serve a turn about the town?"

"I have no thoughts of ever marrying," answered Henry.

"Hear till him now!" said the housekeeper. "It's a shame to hear a douce young lad speak in that way, since a' the warld kens that they maun either marry or do waur."

"Hand your peace, Alison," said her master; "and you, Harry (he added more mildly), put this nonsense out o' your head. This comes o' letting ye gang a-sodgering for a day; mind, ye hae nae siller, lad, for ony sic nonsense plans."

"I beg you pardon, sir, my wants shall be very few; and would you please to give me the gold chain which the margrave gave to my father after the battle of Lutzen——"

"Mercy on us! the gowd chain!" exclaimed his uncle.

"The chain of gowd!" re-echoed the housekeeper—both aghast with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal.

"I will keep a few links, to remind me of him by whom it was won, and the place where he won it," continued Morton; "the rest shall furnish me the means of following the same career in which my father obtained that mark of distinction."

"Mercifu' powers!" exclaimed the governante, "my master wears it every Sunday."

"Sunday and Saturday," added old Milnwood, "whenever I put on my black velvet coat; and Wylie Mactrickit is partly of opinion it's a kind of heirloom that rather belangs to the head of the house than to the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links; I have counted them a thousand times. It's worth three hundred pounds sterling."

"That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money and five links of the chain it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some slight atonement for the expense and trouble I have put you to."

"The laddie's in a creel!" exclaimed his uncle. "O, sirs, what will become o' the rigs o' Milnwood when I am dead and gane! He would fling the crown of Scotland awa if he had it."

"Hout, sir," said the old housekeeper, "I maun e'en say it's partly your ain faut. Ye maunna curb his head ower sair in neither; and, to be sure, since he *has* gane doun to the Howff, ye maun just e'en pay the lawing."

"If it be not abune twa dollars, Alison," said the old gentleman, very reluctantly.

"I'll settle it mysell wi' Niel Blane the first time I gang down to the clachan," said Alison, "cheaper than your honor or Mr. Harry can do;" and then whispered to Henry, "Dinna vex him ony mair; I'll pay the lave out o' the butter siller, and nae mair words about it." Then proceeding aloud, "And ye maunna speak o' the young gentleman handing the pleugh; there's puir distressed Whigs enow about the country will be glad to do that for a bite and a soup; it sets them far better than the like o' him."

"And then we'll hae the dragoons on us," said Milnwood, "for comforting and entertaining intercommuned rebels; a bonny strait ye wad put us in! But take your breakfast, Harry, and then lay by your new green coat and put on your raploch-gray, it's a mair mensfu' and thrifty dress, and a mair seemly sight than thae dangling slops and ribbands."

Morton left the room, perceiving plainly that he had at

present no chance of gaining his purpose, and perhaps not altogether displeased at the obstacles which seemed to present themselves to his leaving the neighborhood of Tillietudlem. The housekeeper followed him into the next room, patting him on the back and bidding him "be a gude bairn and pit by his braw things."

"And I'll loop doun your hat and lay by the band and rib-band," said the officious dame; "and ye maun never at no hand speak o' leaving the land or of selling the gowd chain, for your uncle has an unco pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of the chainzie; and ye ken auld folk canna last forever, sae the chain and the lands and a' will be your ain ae day; and ye may marry ony leddy in the country-side ye like, and keep a braw house at Milnwood, for there's enow o' means; and is not that worth waiting for, my dow?"

There was something in the latter part of the prognostic which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Morton that he shook the old dame cordially by the hand, and assured her he was much obliged by her good advice, and would weigh it carefully before he proceeded to act upon his former resolution.

CHAPTER VII

> From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
> Here lived I, but now live here no more.
> At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
> But at fourscore it is too late a week.
>
> *As You Like It.*

We must conduct our readers to the Tower of Tillietudlem, to which Lady Margaret Bellenden had returned, in romantic phrase, malcontent and full of heaviness at the unexpected, and, as she deemed it, indelible affront which had been brought upon her dignity by the public miscarriage of Goose Gibbie. That unfortunate man-at-arms was forthwith commanded to drive his feathered charge to the most remote parts of the common moor, and on no account to awaken the grief or resentment of his lady by appearing in her presence while the sense of the affront was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold a solemn court of justice, to which Harrison and the butler were admitted, partly on the footing of witnesses, partly as assessors, to inquire into the recusancy of Cuddie Headrigg the ploughman, and the abetment which he had received from his mother—these being regarded as the original causes of the disaster which had befallen the chivalry of Tillietudlem. The charge being fully made out and substantiated, Lady Margaret resolved to reprimand the culprits in person, and, if she found them impenitent, to extend the censure into a sentence of expulsion from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to say anything in behalf of the accused; but her countenance did not profit them, as it might have done on any other occasion. For so soon as Edith had heard it ascertained that the unfortunate cavalier had not suffered in his person, his disaster had affected her with an irresistible disposition to laugh, which, in spite of Lady Margaret's indignation, or rather irritated, as usual, by restraint, had broken out repeatedly on her return homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape imposed upon by the several fictitious causes which the young lady assigned for her ill-timed risibility, upbraided her in very bitter terms with being insensible to the honor of her

family. Miss Bellenden's intercession, therefore, had on this occasion little or no chance to be listened to.

As if to evince the rigor of her disposition, Lady Margaret on this solemn occasion exchanged the ivory-headed cane with which she commonly walked for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged to her father, the deceased Earl of Torwood, and which, like a sort of mace of office, she only made use of on occasions of special solemnity. Supported by this awful baton of command, Lady Margaret Bellenden entered the cottage of the delinquents.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mause as she rose from her wicker chair in the chimney-nook, not with the cordial alertness of visage which used on other occasions to express the honor she felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity and embarrassment, like an accused party on his first appearance in presence of his judge, before whom he is nevertheless determined to assert his innocence. Her arms were folded, her mouth primmed into an expression of respect mingled with obstinacy, her whole mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview. With her best courtesy to the ground, and a mute motion of reverence, Mause pointed to the chair which on former occasions Lady Margaret (for the good lady was somewhat of a gossip) had deigned to occupy for half an hour sometimes at a time, hearing the news of the county and of the borough.

But at present her mistress was far too indignant for such condescension. She rejected the mute invitation with a haughty wave of her hand, and, drawing herself up as she spoke, she uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated to overwhelm the culprit. "Is it true, Mause, as I am informed by Harrison, Gudyill, and others of my people, that you hae taen it upon you, contrary to the faith you owe to God and the king and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your son frae the wappenschaw, held by the order of the sheriff, and to return his armor and abulyiements at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the barony of Tillietudlem, baith in the person of its mistress and indwellers, has incurred sic a disgrace and dishonor as hasna befa'en the family since the days of Malcolm Canmore?"

Mause's habitual respect for her mistress was extreme; she hesitated, and one or two short coughs expressed the difficulty she had in defending herself. "I am sure, my leddy—hem, hem! I am sure I am sorry, very sorry, that ony

cause of displeasure should hae occurred; but my son's illness——"

"Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Mause! Had he been sincerely unweel, ye would hae been at the Tower by daylight to get something that wad do him gude: there are few ailments that I havena medical recipes for, and that ye ken fu' weel."

"O ay, my leddy! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderful cures; the last thing ye sent Cuddie, when he had the batts, e'en wrought like a charm."

"Why, then, woman, did ye not apply to me, if there was ony real need? But there was none, ye fause-hearted vassal that ye are!"

"Your leddyship never ca'd me sic a word as that before. Ohon! that I suld live to be ca'd sae," she continued, bursting into tears, "and me a born servant o' the house o' Tillietudlem! I am sure they belie baith Cuddie and me sair, if they said he wadna fight ower the boots in bluid for your leddyship and Miss Elith and the auld Tower—ay suld he, and I would rather see him buried beneath it than he suld gie way; but thir ridings and wappenschawings, my leddy, I hae nae broo o' them ava. I can find nae warrant for them whatsoever."

"Nae warrant for them!" cried the high-born dame. "Do ye na ken, woman, that ye are bound to be liege vassals in all hunting, hosting, watching and warding, when lawfully summoned thereto in my name? Your service is not gratuitous. I trow ye hae land for it. Ye're kindly tenants, hae a cot-house, a kale-yard, and a cow's grass on the common. Few hae been brought farther ben, and ye grudge your son suld gie me a day's service in the field?"

"Na, my leddy—na, my leddy, it's no that!" exclaimed Mause, greatly embarrassed, "but ane canna serve twa maisters; and, if the truth maun e'en come out, there's Ane abune whase commands I maun obey before your leddyship's. I am sure I would put neither king's nor kaisar's nor ony earthly creature's afore them."

"How mean ye by that, ye auld fule woman? D'ye think that I order onything against conscience?"

"I dinna pretend to say that, my leddy, in regard o' your leddyship's conscience, which has been brought up, as it were, wi' prelatic principles; but ilka ane maun walk by the light o' their ain, and mine," said Mause, waxing bolder as the conference became animated, "tells me that I suld leave a'—cot, kale-yard, and cow's grass—and suffer a', rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unlawfu' cause."

"Unlawfu'!" exclaimed her mistress; "the cause to which you are called by your lawful leddy and mistress, by the command of the king, by the writ of the privy council, by the order of the lord-lieutenant, by the warrant of the sheriff!"

"Ay, my leddy, nae doubt; but, no to displeasure your leddyship, ye'll mind that there was ance a king in Scripture they ca'd Nebuchadnezzar, and he set up a golden image in the plain o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water-side, where the array were warned to meet yesterday, and the princes, and the governors, and the captains, and the judges themsells, forbye the treasurers, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music."

"And what o' a' this, ye fule wife? Or what had Nebuchadnezzar to do with the wappenschaw of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale?"

"Only just thus far, my leddy," continued Mause, firmly, "that prelacy is like the great golden image in the plain of Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were borne out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cuddie Headrigg, your leddyship's poor pleughman, at least wi' his auld mither's consent, make murgeons or jenny-flections, as they ca' them, in the house of the prelates and curates, nor gird him wi' armor to fight in their cause, either at the sound of kettle-drums, organs, bagpipes, or ony other kind of music whatever."

Lady Margaret Bellenden heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation as well as surprise.

"I see which way the wind blaws," she exclaimed, after a pause of astonishment; "the vile spirit of the year 1642 is at wark again as merrily as ever, and ilka auld wife in the chimley-neuk will be for knapping doctrine wi' doctors o' divinity and the godly fathers o' the church."

"If your leddyship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they hae been but stepfathers to the Kirk o' Scotland. And since your leddyship is pleased to speak o' parting wi' us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your leddyship and the steward hae been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie suld work in the barn wi' a newfangled machine* for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dis-

* See Winnowing Machine. Note 11.

pensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling-hill. Now, my leddy——"

"The woman would drive ony reasonable being daft!" said Lady Margaret; then resuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, "Weel, Mause, I'll just end where I suld hae begun. Ye're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute wi'; sae I have just this to say—either Cuddie must attend musters when he's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sooner he and you flit and quit my bounds the better. There's nae scarcity o' auld wives or ploughmen; but if there were, I had rather that the rigs of Tillietudlem bare naething but windlestraes and sandy lavrocks than that they were ploughed by rebels to the king."

"Aweel, my leddy," said Mause, "I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and your leddyship has been a kind mistress, I'll ne'er deny that, and I'se ne'er cease to pray for you and for Miss Edith, and that ye may be brought to see the error of your ways. But still——"

"The error of my ways!" interrupted Lady Margaret, much incensed—"the error of *my* ways, ye uncivil woman!"

"Ou, ay, my leddy, we are blinded that live in this valley of tears and darkness, and hae a' ower mony errors, grit folks as weel as sma'; but, as I said, my puir bennison will rest wi' you and yours wherever I am. I will be wae to hear o' your affliction and blithe to hear o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I canna prefer the commands of an earthly mistress to those of a Heavenly Master, and sae I am e'en ready to suffer for righteousness' sake."

"It is very well," said Lady Margaret, turning her back in great displeasure; "ye ken my will, Mause, in the matter. I'll hae nae Whiggery in the barony of Tillietudlem; the next thing wad be to set up a conventicle in my very withdrawing-room."

Having said this she departed with an air of great dignity; and Mause, giving way to feelings which she had suppressed during the interview—for she, like her mistress, had her own feeling of pride—now lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Cuddie, whose malady, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay perdue during all this conference, snugly ensconced within his boarded bedstead, and terrified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence and bestowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing he bounced up in his nest.

"The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae," he cried out to his mother, "for a lang-tongued clavering wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye! Couldna ye let the leddy alane wi' your Whiggery? And I was e'en as great a gomeral to let ye persuade me to lie up here amang the blankets like a hurcheon instead o' gaun to the wappenschaw like other folk. Odd, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-bole when your auld back was turned, and awa down by to hae a baff at the popinjay, and I shot within twa on't. I cheated the leddy for your clavers, but I wasna gaun to cheat my jo. But she may marry whae she likes now, for I'm clean dung ower. This is a waur dirdum than we got frae Mr. Gudyill when ye garr'd me refuse to eat the plum-porridge on Yule Eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a pleughman had suppit on minched pies or sour sowens."

"O, whisht, my bairn, whisht," replied Mause; "thou kensna about thae things. It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of Protestant Christians."

"And now," continued her son, "ye hae brought the leddy hersell on our hands! An I could but hae gotten some decent claes in, I wad hae spanged out o' bed and tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, an she wad but leave us the free house and the yaird, that grew the best early kale in the haill country, and the cow's grass."

"O wow! my winsome bairn, Cuddie," continued the old dame, "murmur not at the dispensation; never grudge suffering in the gude cause."

"But what ken I if the cause is gude or no, mither," rejoined Cuddie, "for a' ye bleeze out sae muckle doctrine about it? It's clean beyond my comprehension a'thegither. I see nae sae muckle difference atween the twa ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again; and if they be right words, what for no? A gude tale's no the waur o' being twice tauld, I trow; and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody's no sae gleg at the uptake as ye are yoursell, mither."

"O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a'," said the anxious mother. "O, how aften have I shown ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine and ane that's corrupt wi' human inventions? O, my bairn, if no for your ain saul's sake, yet for my gray hairs——"

"Weel, mither," said Cuddie, interrupting her, "what need ye mak sae muckle din about it? I hae aye dune whate'er ye bade me, and gaed to kirk whare'er ye likit on the

Sundays, and fended weel for ye in the ilka days besides. And that's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to fend for ye now in thae brickle times. I am no clear if I can pleugh ony place but the mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never tried ony other grund, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighboring heritors will daur to take us after being turned aff thae bounds for non-enormity."

"Non-conformity, hinnie," sighed Mause, "is the name that thae warldly men gie us."

"Weel, aweel, we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twall or fifteen miles aff. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your gray hairs." Here Mause's exclamations became extreme. "Weel, weel, I but spoke o't; besides, ye're ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a baggage-wagon wi' Eppie Dumblane, the corporal's wife. Sae what's to come o' us I canna weel see. I doubt I'll hae to tak the hills wi' the wild Whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike-side, or to be sent to heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippit about my hause."

"O, my bonnie Cuddie," said the zealous Mause, "forbear sic carnal, self-seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o' Providence. I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread, sae says the text; and your father was a douce, honest man, though somewhat warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things, e'en like yoursell, my jo!"

"Aweel," said Cuddie, after a little consideration, "I see but ae gate for't, and that's a cauld coal to blaw at, mither. Howsomever, mither, ye hae some guess o' a wee bit kindness that's atween Miss Edith and young Mr. Henry Morton, that sud be ca'd young Milnwood, and that I hae whiles carried a bit book, or maybe a bit letter, quietly atween them, and made believe never to ken wha it cam frae, though I kenn'd brawly. There's whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid; and I have aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood burn; but naebody ever kenn'd a word about it frae Cuddie. I ken I'm gay thick in the head; but I'm as honest as our auld fore-hand ox, puir fallow, that I'll ne'er work ony mair. I hope they'll be as kind to him that come ahint me as I hae been. But, as I was saying, we'll awa down to Milnwood and tell Mr. Harry our distress. They want a pleughman, and the grund's no unlike our ain. I am sure Mr.

Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted gentleman. I'll get but little penny-fee, for his uncle, auld Nippie Milnwood, has as close a grip as the deil himsell. But we'll aye win a bit bread and a drap kale, and a fireside and theeking ower our heads, and that's a' we'll want for a season. Sae get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away; for since sae it is that gang we maun, I wad like ill to wait till Mr. Harrison and auld Gudyill cam to pu' us out by the lug and the horn."

CHAPTER VIII

The devil a puritan, or anything else he is, but a time-server.
Twelfth Night.

It was evening when Mr. Henry Morton perceived an old woman wrapped in her tartan plaid, supported by a stout, stupid-looking fellow in hodden-gray, approach the house of Milnwood. Old Mause made her courtesy, but Cuddie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed, he had previously stipulated with his mother that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed his general inferiority of understanding, and filially submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, yet he said, "For getting a service or getting forward in the warld he could somegate gar the wee pickle sense he had gang muckle farther than hers, though she could crack like ony minister o' them a'."

Accordingly, he thus opened the conversation with young Morton. "A braw night this for the rye, your honor; the west park will be breering bravely this e'en."

"I do not doubt it, Cuddie; but what can have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not? [Cuddie nodded]—what can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?"

"Troth, stir, just what gars the auld wives trot—neshessity, stir. I'm seeking for service, stir."

"For service, Cuddie, and at this time of the year? how comes that?"

Mause could forbear no longer. Proud alike of her cause and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, "It has pleased Heaven, an it like your honor, to distinguish us by a visitation——"

"Deil's in the wife and nae gude!" whispered Cuddie to his mother, "an ye come out wi' your Whiggery they'll no daur open a door to us through the haill country!" Then aloud and addressing Morton, "My mother's auld, stir, and she has rather forgotten hersell in speaking to my leddy, that

canna weel bide to be contradickit—as I ken naebody likes it if they could help themsells—especially by her ain folk; and Mr. Harrison the steward, and Gudyill the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and striving wi' the Pope. Sae I thought it best to flit before ill came to waur; and here's a wee bit line to your honor frae a friend will maybe say some mair about it."

Morton took the billet, and, crimsoning up to the ears between joy and surprise, read these words: "If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige E. B."

It was a few instants before he could attain composure enough to ask, "And what is your object, Cuddie? and how can I be of use to you?"

"Wark, stir, wark and a service is my object, a bit beild for my mither and mysell; we hae gude plenishing o' our ain, if we had the cast o' a cart to bring it down, and milk and meal and greens enow, for I'm gay gleg at meal-time, and sae is my mither, lang may it be sae! And for the penny-fee and a' that I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wranged if ye can help it."

Morton shook his head. "For the meat and lodging, Cuddie, I think I can promise something; but the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt."

"I'll take my chance o't, stir," replied the candidate for service, "rather than gang down about Hamilton or ony sic far country."

"Well, step into the kitchen, Cuddie, and I'll do what I can for you."

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to bring over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the pleasure of being besought and entreated; but when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnwood to accept of a servant whose wages were to be in his own option. An outhouse was therefore assigned to Mause and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were for the time to be admitted to eat of the frugal fare provided for the family, until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money in order to make Cuddie such a present, under the name of "arles," as might show his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him.

"And now we're settled ance mair," said Cuddie to his mother, "and if we're no sae bien and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life ony gate, and we're wi' decent kirk-

ganging folk o' your ain persuasion, mither; there will be nae quarrelling about that."

"Of *my* persuasion, hinnie!" said the too-enlightened Mause; "wae's me for thy blindness and theirs. O, Cuddie, they are but in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the Prelatists themsells. They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Poundtext, ance a precious teacher of the Word, but now a backsliding pastor that has, for the sake of stipend and family maintenance, forsaken the strict path and gane astray after the Black Indulgence. O, my son, had ye but profited by the gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen of Bengonnar frae the dear Richard Rumbleberry, that sweet youth who suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say that Erastianism was as bad as Prelacy, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?"

"Heard ever onybody the like o' this!" interrupted Cuddie. "We'll be driven out o' house and ha' again afore we ken where to turn oursells. Weel, mither, I hae just ae word mair. An I hear ony mair o' your din—afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysell, they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysell, or maybe a sergeant or a captain, if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the deil thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a sour fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-hags for four hours at a yoking, and the leddy cured me wi' some hickery-pickery; mair by token, an she had kenn'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to mend it."

Although groaning in spirit over the obdurate and impenitent state, as she thought it, of her son Cuddie, Mause durst neither urge him further on the topic, nor altogether neglect the warning he had given her. She knew the disposition of her deceased helpmate, whom this surviving pledge of their union greatly resembled, and remembered that, although submitting implicitly in most things to her boast of superior acuteness, he used on certain occasions, when driven to extremity, to be seized with fits of obstinacy, which neither remonstrance, flattery, nor threats were capable of overpowering. Trembling, therefore, at the very possibility of Cuddie's fulfilling his threat, she put a guard over her tongue, and even when Poundtext was commended in her presence as

an able and fructifying preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction which thrilled upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments no otherwise than by deep groans, which the hearers charitably construed to flow from a vivid recollection of the more pathetic parts of his homilies. How long she could have repressed her feelings it is difficult to say. An unexpected accident relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was therefore still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sat down at the lower end of the board and partook of the share which was assigned to them in company with their masters. On the day, therefore, after Cuddie's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, *valet-de-chambre*, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid were indistinctly discovered by close observers two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would nowadays have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period salmon was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland that, instead of being accounted a delicacy, it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was allowed to the company at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs. Wilson included; and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbock—a cheese, that is, made with ewe-milk mixed with cow's milk—and a jar of salt butter were in common to the company.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer was placed at the head of the table the old Laird himself, with his nephew on the one side and the favorite housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt, of course, sat old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered cross and cripple by rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a housemaid, whom

use had rendered callous to the daily exercitations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson. A barnsman, a white-headed cowherd boy, with Cuddie the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party. The other laborers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could eat their fill unwatched by the sharp, envious gray eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependants swallowed as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavorable to Cuddie, who sustained much prejudice in his new master's opinion by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labor was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant.

"Pay thee wages, quotha!" said Milnwood to himself. "Thou wilt eat in a week the value of mair than thou canst work for in a month."

These disagreeable ruminations were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate. It was a universal custom in Scotland that, when the family was at dinner, the outer gate of the courtyard, if there was one, and if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time.* The family of Milnwood were therefore surprised and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs. Wilson ran in person to the door, and having reconnoitred those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some secret aperture with which most Scottish doorways were furnished for the express purpose, she returned wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, "The redcoats! the redcoats!"

"Robin—ploughman, what ca' they ye?—barnsman—nevoy Harry—open the door—open the door!" exclaimed old Milnwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was garnished, those beneath the salt being of goodly horn. "Speak them fair, sirs—Lord love ye, speak them fair;

* See Locking the Door during Dinner. Note 12.

they winna bide thrawing; we're a' harried—we're a' harried!"

While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, "Now, ye daft auld carline, mak yoursell deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mither."

"O hinny, ay; I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill," was the corresponding whisper of Mause; "but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny——"

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life Guardsmen, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled from well-grounded apprehensions of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harbored Burley. The widow, Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a mask for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to command which he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself amid the confusion to a sevenfold portion.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellites of power.

"We come in behalf of the King," answered Bothwell. "Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?"

"We were at dinner," answered Milnwood, "and the door was locked, as is usual in landwart towns* in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn'd ony servants of our gude King had stood at the door—— But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret

* See Landward Town. Note 13.

wine?" making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loath to advance his offer for a favorite lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow.

"I like ale better," said another, "provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn."

"Better never was malted," said Milnwood. "I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret; it's thin and cauld, gentlemen."

"Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; "a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach."

"Brandy, ale, sack, and claret—we'll try them all," said Bothwell, "and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that if the damn'dest Whig in Scotland had said it."

Hastily, yet with a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnwood lugged out two ponderous keys, and delivered them to the governante.

"The housekeeper," said Bothwell, taking a seat and throwing himself upon it, "is neither so young nor so handsome as to tempt a man to follow her to the gauntrees, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place. What's this? meat?" searching with a fork among the broth, and fishing up a cutlet of mutton. "I think I could eat a bit; why, it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it."

"If there is anything better in the house, sir," said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of disapprobation——

"No, no," said Bothwell, "it's not worth while; I must proceed to business. You attend Poundtext, the Presbyterian parson, I understand, Mr. Morton?"

Mr. Morton hastened to slide in a confession and apology.

"By the indulgence of his gracious Majesty and the government, for I wad do nothing out of law. I hae nae objection whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but only that I am a country-bred man and the ministers are a hamelier kind of folk, and I can follow their doctrine better; and, with reverence, sir, it's a mair frugal establishment for the country."

"Well, I care nothing about that," said Bothwell; "they are indulged, and there's an end of it; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a crop-ear'd cur of the whole pack should bark in a Scotch pulpit. However, I am to obey commands. There comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady."

He decanted about one-half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaigh or bicker, and took it off at a draught.

"You did your good wine injustice, my friend; it's better than your brandy, though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the King's health?"

"With pleasure," said Milnwood, "in ale; but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honored friends."

"Like me, I suppose," said Bothwell; and then pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, "Here, young man, pledge you the King's health."

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the hints and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he ought to have followed his example in preferring beer to wine.

"Well," said Bothwell, "have ye all drank the toast? What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy; she shall drink the King's health, by——"

"If your honor pleases," said Cuddie, with great stolidity of aspect, "this is my mither, stir; and she's as deaf as Corra Linn. We canna mak her hear day nor door; but if your honor pleases, I am ready to drink the King's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think neshessary."

"I dare swear you are," answered Bothwell; "you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy. Help thyself, man; all's free where'er I come. Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more. Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse! What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She looks as very a Whig as ever sat on a hillside. Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?"

"Whilk Covenant is your honor meaning? Is it the Covenant of Works or the Covenant of Grace?" said Cuddie, interposing.

"Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched," answered the trooper.

"Mither," cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renunce the Covenant of Works?"

"With all my heart, Cuddie," said Mause, "and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

"Come," said Bothwell, "the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business. You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person

of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?"

All started and looked at each other; at length Milnwood himself answered, "They had heard of some such misfortune, but were in hopes it had not been true."

"There is the relation published by government, old gentleman; what do you think of it?"

"Think, sir? Wh—wh—whatever the council please to think of it," stammered Milnwood.

"I desire to have your opinion more explicitly, my friend," said the dragoon, authoritatively.

Milnwood's eyes hastily glanced through the paper to pick out the strongest expressions of censure with which it abounded, in gleaning which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics. "I think it a—bloody and execrable—murder and parricide—devised by hellish and implacable cruelty—utterly abominable, and a scandal to the land."

"Well said, old gentleman!" said the querist. "Here's to thee, and I wish you joy of your good principles. You owe me a cup of thanks for having taught you them; nay, thou shalt pledge me in thine own sack, sour ale sits ill upon a loyal stomach. Now comes your turn, young man; what think you of the matter in hand?"

"I should have little objection to answer you," said Henry, "if I knew what right you had to put the question."

"The Lord preserve us!" said the old housekeeper, "to ask the like o' that at a trooper, when a' folk ken they do whatever they like through the haill country wi' man and woman, beast and body."

The old gentleman exclaimed in the same horror at his nephew's audacity, "Hold your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman discreetly. Do you mean to affront the King's authority in the person of a sergeant of the Life Guards?"

"Silence, all of you!" exclaimed Bothwell, striking his hand fiercely on the table—"silence, every one of you, and hear me! You ask me for my right to examine you, sir (to Henry). My cockade and my broadsword are my commission, and a better one than ever Old Nol gave to his Roundheads; and if you want to know more about it you may look at the act of council empowering his Majesty's officers and soldiers to search for, examine, and apprehend suspicious persons; and therefore once more I ask you your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharp. It's a new touchstone we have got for trying people's metal."

Henry had by this time reflected upon the useless risk to

which he would expose the family by resisting the tyrannical power which was delegated to such rude hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied composedly, "I have no hesitation to say that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed, in my opinion, a rash and wicked action, which I regret the more as I foresee it will be made the cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed and as far from approving it as myself."

While Henry thus expressed himself, Bothwell, who bent his eyes keenly upon him, seemed suddenly to recollect his features. "Aha! my friend, Captain Popinjay, I think I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company."

"I saw you once," answered Henry, "in the public-house of the town of——"

"And with whom did you leave that public-house, youngster? Was it not with John Balfour of Burley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?"

"I did leave the house with the person you have named," answered Henry, "I scorn to deny it; but so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the primate, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed."

"Lord have mercy on me, I am ruined!—utterly ruined and undone!" exclaimed Milnwood. "That callant's tongue will rin the head aff his ain shoulders, and waste my gudes to the very gray cloak on my back!"

"But you knew Burley," continued Bothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, "to be an intercommuned rebel and traitor, and you knew the prohibition to deal with such persons. You knew that as a loyal subject you were prohibited to reset, supply, or intercommune with this attainted traitor, to correspond with him by word, writ, or message, or to supply him with meat, drink, house, harbor, or victual, under the highest pains—you knew all this, and yet you broke the law. [Henry was silent.] Where did you part from him?" continued Bothwell; "was it in the highway, or did you give him harborage in this very house?"

"In this house!" said his uncle; "he dared not for his neck bring ony traitor into a house of mine."

"Dare he deny that he did so?" said Bothwell.

"As you charge it to me as a crime," said Henry, "you will excuse my saying anything that will criminate myself."

"O, the lands of Milnwood! the bonny lands of Milnwood, that have been in the name of Morton twa hundred years!"

exclaimed his uncle. "They are barking and fleeing, outfield and infield, haugh and holme!"

"No, sir," said Henry, "you shall not suffer on my account. I own," he continued, addressing Bothwell, "I did give this man a night's lodging, as to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express general orders. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence."

"Come, young man," said the soldier, in a somewhat milder tone, "you're a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan, kinder, I see, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine and drinks his own thin ale. Tell me all you know about this Burley, what he said when you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, d—n it, I'll wink as hard on your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand merks on the murdering Whigamore's head an I could but light on it. Come, out with it; where did you part with him?"

"You will excuse my answering that question, sir," said Morton. "The same cogent reasons which induced me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends would command me to respect his secret, if indeed he had trusted me with any."

"So you refuse to give me an answer?" said Bothwell.

"I have none to give," returned Henry.

"Perhaps I could teach you to find one by tying a piece of lighted match betwixt your fingers," answered Bothwell.

"O, for pity's sake, sir," said old Alison apart to her master, "gie them siller; it's siller they're seeking. They'll murder Mr. Henry, and yoursell next!"

Milnwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and, with a tone as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, "If twenty p—p—punds would make up this unhappy matter——"

"My master," insinuated Alison to the sergeant, "would gie twenty punds sterling——"

"Punds Scotch, ye b—h!" interrupted Milnwood; for the agony of his avarice overcame alike his Puritanic precision and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper.

"Punds sterling," insisted the housekeeper, "if ye wad hae the gudeness to look ower the lad's misconduct. He's that dour ye might tear him to pieces and ye wad ne'er get a

word out o' him; and it wad do ye little gude, I'm sure, to burn his bonny finger-ends."

"Why," said Bothwell, hesitating, "I don't know. Most of my cloth would have the money, and take off the prisoner too; but I bear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into a bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test-oath, I do not know but——"

"O ay, ay, sir," cried Mrs. Wilson, "ony test, ony oaths ye please!" And then aside to her master, "Haste ye away, sir, and get the siller, or they will burn the house about our lugs."

Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off like a piece of Dutch clockwork to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his Majesty's custom-house.

"You—what's your name, woman?"

"Alison Wilson, sir."

"You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare that you judge it unlawful for subjects, under pretext of reformation or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants——"

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

"Oh, whisht, mither, whisht! they're upon a communing. Oh! whisht, and they'll agree weel enough e'enow."

"I will not whisht, Cuddie," replied his mother; "I will uplift my voice and spare not. I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr. Henry be freed from the net of the fowler."

"She has her leg ower the harrows now," said Cuddie, "stop her wha can. I see her cocked up behint a dragoon on her way to the tolbooth. I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly. Ay, she has just mustered up her sermon, and there, wi' that grane, out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot!"

"And div ye think to come here," said Mause, her withered hand shaking in concert with her keen though wrinkled visage, animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated, by the very mention of the test, from the restraints of her own prudence and Cuddie's admonition—"div ye think to come here

wi' your soul-killing, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths and tests and bands, your snares and your traps and your gins? Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird."

"Eh! what, good dame?" said the soldier. "Here's a Whig miracle, egad! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn. Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot."

"Whae do I talk to! Eh, sirs, ower weel may the sorrowing land ken what ye are. Malignant adherents ye are to the prelates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey and burdens to the earth."

"Upon my soul," said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff dog might be should a hen-partridge fly at him in defence of her young, "this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?"

"Gie ye some mair o't?" said Mause, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough. "I will take up my testimony against you ance and again. Philistines ye are, and Edomites; leopards are ye, and foxes; evening wolves that gnaw not the bones till the morrow; wicked dogs that compass about the chosen; thrusting kine, and pushing bulls of Bashan; piercing serpents ye are, and allied baith in name and nature with the great Red Dragon—Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses."

Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack of breath than of matter.

"Curse the old hag!" said one of the dragoons; "gag her and take her to headquarters."

"For shame, Andrews!" said Bothwell; "remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privilege of her tongue. But hark ye, good woman, every bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the meantime I must necessarily carry off this young man to headquarters. I cannot answer to my commanding officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanaticism."

"See now, mither, what ye hae dune," whispered Cuddie; "there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gaun to whirry awa' Mr. Henry, and a' wi' your nash-gab, deil be on't!"

"Haud yere tongue, ye cowardly loon," said the mother, "and layna the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons, that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover,

wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity."

While this dialogue passed the soldiers had already bound and secured their prisoner. Milnwood returned at this instant, and, alarmed at the preparations he beheld, hastened to proffer to Bothwell, though with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of indifference, weighed it in his hand, chucked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head and said, "There's many a merry night in this nest of yellow, boys, but d—n me if I dare venture for them; that old woman has spoken too loud, and before all the men too. Hark ye, old gentleman," to Milnwood, "I must take your nephew to headquarters, so I cannot in conscience keep more than is my due as civility-money;" then opening the purse he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers and took three to himself. "Now," said he, "you have the comfort to know that your kinsman, young Captain Popinjay, will be carefully looked after and civilly used; and the rest of the money I return to you."

Milnwood eagerly extended his hand.

"Only you know," said Bothwell, still playing with the purse, "that every landholder is answerable for the conformity and loyalty of his household, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermon we have had from that old Puritan in the tartan plaid there; and I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the council."

"Good sergeant! worthy captain!" exclaimed the terrified miser, "I am sure there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offence."

"Nay," answered Bothwell, "you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself. You, fellow [to Cuddie], stand back and let your mother speak her mind. I see she's primed and loaded again since her first discharge."

"Lord! noble sir," said Cuddie, "an auld wife's tongue's but a feckless matter to mak sic a fash about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muckle what our mither said."

"Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well," said Bothwell; "I promise you I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed. Come, good dame, you see your master will not believe that you can give us so bright a testimony."

Mause's zeal did not require this spur to set her again on full career. "Woe to the compilers and carnal self-seekers," she said, "that daub over and drown their consciences by complying with wicked exactions, and giving mammon of unrighteousness to the sons of Belial that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful compliance, a base confederacy with the Enemy. It is the evil that Menahan did in the sight of the Lord when he gave a thousand talents to Peel, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him—Second Kings, feifteen chapter, nineteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab when he sent money to Tiglath-Peleser—see the saame Second Kings, saxteen and aught. And if it was accounted a backsliding even in godly Hezekiah that he complied with Sennacherib, giving him money and offering to bear that which was put upon him—see the saame Second Kings, aughteen chapter, fourteen and feifteen verses—even so it is with them that in this contumacious and backsliding generation pays localities and fees, and cess and fines, to greedy and unrighteous publicans, and extortions and stipends to hireling curates—dumb dogs which bark not, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber—and gives gifts to be helps and hires to our oppressors and destroyers. They are all like the casters of a lot with them, like the preparing of a table for the troop and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number."

"There's a fine sound of doctrine for you, Mr. Morton! How like you that?" said Bothwell; "or how do you think the council will like it? I think we can carry the greatest part of it in our heads without a keelyvine pen and a pair of tablets, such as you bring to conventicles. She denies paying cess, I think, Andrews?"

"Yes, by G—," said Andrews; "and she swore it was a sin to give a trooper a pot of ale, or ask him to sit down to a table."

"You hear," said Bothwell, addressing Milnwood; "but it's your own affair;" and he proffered back the purse with its diminished contents with an air of indifference.

Milnwood, whose head seemed stunned by the accumulation of his misfortunes, extended his hand mechanically to take the purse.

"Are ye mad?" said his housekeeper, in a whisper. "Tell them to keep it; they *will* keep it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet."

"I canna do it, Ailie—I canna do it," said Milnwood, in the bitterness of his heart. "I canna part wi' the siller I hae counted sae often ower to thae blackguards."

"Then I maun do it mysell, Milnwood," said the housekeeper, "or see a' gang wrang thegither. My master, sir," she said, addressing Bothwell, "canna think o' taking back onything at the hand of an honorable gentleman like you; he implores ye to pit up the siller and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favorable in reporting our dispositions to government, and let us tak nae wrang for the daft speeches of an auld jaud [here she turned fiercely upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanor to the soldiers], a daft auld Whig randy, that ne'er was in the house, foul fa' her! till yesterday afternoon, and that sall ne'er cross the door-stane again an anes I had her out o't."

"Ay, ay," whispered Cuddie to his parent, "e'en sae! I kenn'd we wad be put to our travels again whene'er ye suld get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o't, mither."

"Whisht, my bairn," said she, "and dinna murmur at the cross. Cross their door-stane! weel I wot I'il ne'er cross their door-stane. There's nae mark on their threshold for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a backcast o' his hand yet that think sae muckle o' the creature and sae little o' the Creator; sae muckle o' warld's gear and sae little o' a broken Covenant; sae muckle about thae wheen pieces o' yellow muck and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture; sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman and sae little about the elect that are tried wi' hornings, harassings, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, headings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, forbye the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, muirs, mosses, moss-flows, and peat-hags, there to hear the Word like bread eaten in secret."

"She's at the Covenant now, sergeant, shall we not have her away?" said one of the soldiers.

"You be d—d!" said Bothwell aside to him; "cannot you see she's better where she is, so long as there is a respectable, sponsible, money-broking heritor like Mr. Morton of Milnwood, who has the means of atoning her trespasses? Let the old mother fly to raise another brood, she's too tough to be made anything of herself. Here," he cried, "one other round to Milnwood and his roof-tree, and to our next merry meeting with him, which I think will not be far distant if he keeps such a fanatical family."

He then ordered the party to take their horses, and pressed

the best in Milnwood's stable into the king's service to carry the prisoner. Mrs. Wilson, with weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of necessaries for Henry's compelled journey, and as she bustled about, took an opportunity, unseen by the party, to slip into his hand a small sum of money. Bothwell and his troopers in other respects kept their promise and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but contented themselves with leading his horse between a file of men. They then mounted and marched off with much mirth and laughter among themselves, leaving the Milnwood family in great confusion. The old Laird himself, overpowered by the loss of his nephew, and the unavailing outlay of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing the whole evening but rock himself backwards and forwards in his great leathern easy-chair, repeating the same lamentation of "Ruined on a' sides—ruined on a' sides; harried and undone—harried and undone, body and gudes—body and gudes!"

Mrs. Alison Wilson's grief was partly indulged and partly relieved by the torrent of invectives with which she accompanied Mause and Cuddie's expulsion from Milnwood. "Ill luck be in the graning corse o' thee! The prettiest lad in Clydesdale this day maun be a sufferer, and a' for you and your daft Whiggery!"

"Gae wa'," replied Mause; "I trow ye are yet in the bonds of sin and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the cause of Him that gave ye a' ye hae. I promise I hae dune as muckle for Mr. Harry as I wad do for my ain; for if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Grassmarket——"

"And there's gude hope o't," said Alison, "unless you and he change your courses."

"And if," continued Mause, disregarding the interruption, "the bloody Doegs and the flattering Ziphites were to seek to ensnare me with a proffer of his remission upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, natheless, in lifting my testimony against Popery, Prelacy, Antinomianism, Erastianism, Lapsarianism, Sublapsarianism, and the sins and snares of the times; I wad cry as a woman in labor against the Black Indulgence that has been a stumbling-block to professors; I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hout tout, mither," cried Cuddie, interfering and dragging her off forcibly, "dinna deave the gentlewoman wi' your testimony! ye hae preached eneugh for sax days. Ye preached us out o' our canny free-house and gude kale-yard, and out o' this new city o' refuge afore our hinder end was

weel hafted in it; and ye hae preached Mr. Harry awa' to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty punds out o' the Laird's pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud sae for ae wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow. Sae come awa'—come awa'; the family hae had enough o' your testimony to mind it for ae while."

So saying he dragged off Mause, the words "Testimony, Covenant, malignants, indulgence" still thrilling upon her tongue, to make preparations for instantly renewing their travels in quest of an asylum.

"Ill-faur'd, crazy, crack-brained gowk that she is!" exclaimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart, "to set up to be sae muckle better than ither folk, the auld besom, and to bring sae muckle distress on a douce quiet family! If it hadna been that I am mair than half a gentlewoman by my station, I wad hae tried my ten nails in the wizen'd hide o' her!"

CHAPTER IX

> I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
> And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
> This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
> When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
>
> BURNS.

"DON'T be too much cast down," said Sergeant Bothwell to his prisoner as they journeyed on towards the headquarters; "you are a smart pretty lad, and well connected; the worst that will happen will be strapping up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I tell you fairly your life's within the compass of the law, unless you make submission and get off by a round fine upon your uncle's estate; he can well afford it."

"That vexes me more than the rest," said Henry. "He parts with his money with regret; and, as he had no concern whatever with my having given this person shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I escape a capital punishment, that the penalty may be of a kind I could bear in my own person."

"Why, perhaps," said Bothwell, "they will propose to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments that are serving abroad. It's no bad line of service; if your friends are active, and there are any knocks going, you may soon get a commission."

"I am by no means sure," answered Morton, "that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me."

"Why, then, you are no real Whig after all?" said the sergeant.

"I have hitherto meddled with no party in the state," said Henry, "but have remained quietly at home; and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining one of our foreign regiments."

"Have you?" replied Bothwell. "Why, I honor you for it; I have served in the Scotch French guards myself many a long day; it's the place for learning discipline, d—n me. They never mind what you do when you are off duty; but miss you the roll-call, and see how they'll arrange you. D—n me, if old Captain Montgomery didn't make me mount guard upon the arsenal in my steel back and breast, plate-sleeves and

head-piece, for six hours at once, under so burning a sun that gad I was baked like a turtle at Port Royal. I swore never to miss answering to Francis Stewart again, though I should leave my hand of cards upon the drum-head. Ah! discipline is a capital thing."

"In other respects you liked the service?" said Morton.

"*Par excellence*," said Bothwell; "women, wine, and wassail, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find it in your conscience to let a fat priest think he has some chance to convert you, gad he'll help you to these comforts himself, just to gain a little ground in your good affection. Where will you find a crop-eared Whig parson will be so civil?"

"Why, nowhere, I agree with you," said Henry; "but what was your chief duty?"

"To guard the king's person," said Bothwell, "to look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my boy, and now and then to take a turn among the Huguenots—Protestants, that is. And there we had fine scope; it brought my hand pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, as you are to be a *bon camerado*, as the Spaniards say, I must put you in cash with some of your old uncle's broad-pieces. This is cutter's law: we must not see a pretty fellow want if we have cash ourselves."

Thus speaking, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the contents, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favor; and not judging it prudent to acquaint the sergeant, notwithstanding his apparent generosity, that he was actually in possession of some money, he assured him he should have no difficulty in getting a supply from his uncle.

"Well," said Bothwell, "in that case these yellow rascals must serve to ballast my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tavern—unless ordered on duty—while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the sign-post.* When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, boot and saddle, we must fall on some way of replenishing. But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank out of the woods that surround it on every side?"

"It is the Tower of Tillietudlem," said one of the soldiers. "Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there. She's one of the best affected women in the country, and one that's a soldier's friend. When I was hurt by one of the d—d Whig

* See Throwing the Purse over the Gate. Note 14.

dogs that shot at me from behind a fauld-dike, I lay a month there, and would stand such another wound to be in as good quarters again."

"If that be the case," said Bothwell, "I will pay my respects to her as we pass, and request some refreshment for men and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drunk nothing at Milnwood. But it is a good thing in these times," he continued, addressing himself to Henry, "that the King's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment. In such houses as Tillie—— what d've call it? you are served for love; in the houses of the avowed fanatics you help yourself by force: and among the moderate Presbyterians and other suspicious persons you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other."

"And you propose," said Henry, anxiously, "to go upon that errand up to the Tower yonder?"

"To be sure I do," answered Bothwell. "How should I be able to report favorably to my officers of the worthy lady's sound principles unless I know the taste of her sack, for sack she will produce, that I take for granted: it is the favorite consoler of your old dowager of quality, as small claret is the potation of your country laird."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," said Henry, "if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be muffled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloaks, and only mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge."

"With all my heart," said Bothwell; "I promised to use you civilly, and I scorn to break my word. Here, Andrews, wrap a cloak round the prisoner, and do not mention his name nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trot on a horse of wood." *

They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with turrets, one whereof was totally ruinous, excepting the lower story, which served as a cow-house to the peasant whose family inhabited the turret that remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk's soldiers during the Civil War, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Bothwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and causewayed with large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now showing, now hiding, a view of the tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads. The frag-

* See Wooden Mare. Note 15.

ments of Gothic defences which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength as induced Bothwell to exclaim, "It's well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Egad, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old Whigamore wives with their distaffs might keep it against a troop of dragoons, at least if they had half the spunk of the old girl we left at Milnwood. Upon my life," he continued, as they came in front of the large double tower and its surrounding defences and flankers, "it is a superb place, founded, says the worn inscription over the gate—unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip—by Sir Ralph de Bellenden in 1350, a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honor, though it should put me to the labor of recalling some of the compliments that I used to dabble in when I was wont to keep that sort of company."

As he thus communed with himself, the butler, who had reconnoitred the soldiers from an arrow-slit in the wall, announced to his lady that a commanded party of dragoons, or, as he thought, Life Guardsmen, waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

"I am certain," said Gudyill, "and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner; for his horse is led, and the two dragoons that are before have their carabines out of their budgets, and rested upon their thighs. It was aye the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the Great Marquis."

"King's soldiers!" said the lady; "probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyill, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated with what provision and forage the Tower can afford. And stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and manteau. I will go down myself to receive them; one cannot show the King's Life Guards too much respect in times when they are doing so much for royal authority. And d'ye hear, Gudyill, let Jenny Dennison slip on her pearlings to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly."

Fully accoutred, and attended according to her directions, Lady Margaret now sailed out into the courtyard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Sergeant Bothwell saluted the grave and reverend lady of the manor with an assurance which had something of the light and careless address of the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savor of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commissioned officer of dragoons. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the truth was that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous

and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his ancestry than to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them he answered, with a suitable bow, "That as they had to march some miles farther that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Lady Margaret; "and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor men want suitable refreshment."

"We are well aware, madam," continued Bothwell, "that such has always been the reception, within the walls of Tillietudlem, of those who served the king."

"We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions, sir," answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, "both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful soldiers. It is not long ago, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of his sacred Majesty now on the throne, since he himself honored my poor house with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle, Mr. Sergeant, which my waiting-gentlewoman shall show you; we still call it the King's room."

Bothwell had by this time dismounted his party and committed the horses to the charge of one file and the prisoner to that of another; so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so condescendingly opened.

"Since the King, my master, had the honor to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that it is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his Majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate."

"Indeed, sir? Probably," said Lady Margaret, "you have belonged to his household?"

"Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his *house;* a connection through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scotland, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tillietudlem."

"Sir!" said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at hearing what she conceived an impertinent jest, "I do not understand you."

"It's but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of, madam," answered the trooper; "but you must have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather Francis Stewart, to whom James I., his cousin-german, gave

the title of Bothwell, as my comrades give me the nickname. It was not in the long-run more advantageous to him than it is to me."

"Indeed!" said Lady Margaret, with much sympathy and surprise. "I have indeed always understood that the grandson of the last earl was in necessitous circumstances, but I should never have expected to see him so low in the service. With such connections, what ill fortune could have reduced you——"

"Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam," said Bothwell, interrupting and anticipating the question. "I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbors, have drunk my bottle with Rochester, thrown a merry main with Buckingham, and fought at Tangiers side by side with Sheffield. But my luck never lasted; I could not make useful friends out of my jolly companions. Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware," he continued, with some bitterness, "how much the descendant of the Scottish Stewarts was honored by being admitted into the convivialities of Wilmot and Villiers."

"But your Scottish friends, Mr. Stewart, your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?"

"Why, ay, my lady," replied the sergeant, "I believe some of them might have made me their gamekeeper, for I am a tolerable shot; some of them would have entertained me as their bravo, for I can use my sword well; and here and there was one who, when better company was not to be had, would have made me his companion, since I can drink my three bottles of wine. But I don't know how it is, between service and service among my kinsmen, I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most creditable of them all, although the pay is but poor and the livery far from splendid."

"It is a shame, it is a burning scandal!" said Lady Margaret. "Why do you not apply to his most sacred Majesty? He cannot but be surprised to hear that a scion of his august family——"

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted the sergeant, "I am but a blunt soldier, and I trust you will excuse me when I say, his most sacred Majesty is more busy in grafting scions of his own than with nourishing those which were planted by his grandfather's grandfather."

"Well, Mr. Stewart," said Lady Margaret, "one thing you must promise me, remain at Tillietudlem to-night; tomorrow I expect your commanding officer, the gallant Claverhouse, to whom king and country are so much obliged for his

exertions against those who would turn the world upside down. I will speak to him on the subject of your speedy promotion; and I am certain he feels too much both what is due to the blood which is in your veins, and to the request of a lady so highly distinguished as myself by his most sacred Majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner since you request it, especially as it will be the earliest way of presenting him to Colonel Grahame and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark."

"Who is your prisoner, pray you?" said Lady Margaret.

"A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighborhood, who has been so incautious as to give countenance to one of the murderers of the primate, and to facilitate the dog's escape."

"O, fie upon him!" said Lady Margaret; "I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rogues, though some of them, Mr. Stewart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the Archbishop's sacred profession—O, fie upon him! If you wish to make him secure with little trouble to your people, I will cause Harrison or Gudyill look for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. It has not been open since the week after the victory of Kilsyth, when my poor Sir Arthur Bellenden put twenty Whigs into it; but it is not more than two stories beneath ground, so it cannot be unwholesome, especially as I rather believe there is somewhere an opening to the outer air."

"I beg your pardon, madam," answered the sergeant; "I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one; but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched so as to render escape impossible. I'll set those to look after him shall keep him as fast as if his legs were in the boots, or his fingers in the thumbikins."

"Well, Mr. Stewart," rejoined the lady, "you best know your own duty. I heartily wish you good evening, and commit you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep ourselves company, but a—a—a——"

"O, madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the coarse red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to annihilate the privileges of the red blood of King James V."

"Not with me, I do assure you, Mr. Stewart; you do me

injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; and I trust you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall be no anomalies to be reconciled."

"I believe, madam," said Bothwell, "your goodness will find itself deceived: but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr. Harrison."

Lady Margaret took a ceremonious leave, with all the respect which she owed to royal blood, even when flowing in the veins of a sergeant of the Life Guards, again assuring Mr. Stewart that whatever was in the Tower of Tillietudlem was heartily at his service and that of his attendants.

Sergeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended in a joyous carousal, during which Mr. Harrison exerted himself to produce the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be merry by that seducing example which, in matters of conviviality, goes further than precept. Old Gudyill associated himself with a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Davy, in the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, mingles in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking his neck to ransack some private catacomb known, as he boasted, only to himself, and which never either had or should, during his superintendence, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king's friend.

"When the Duke dined here," said the butler, seating himself at a distance from the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell's genealogy, but yet hitching his seat half a yard nearer at every clause of his speech, "my leddy was importunate to have a bottle of that Burgundy [here he advanced his seat a little]; but I dinna ken how it was, Mr. Stewart, I misdoubted him. I jaloused him, sir, no to be the friend to government he pretends: the family are not to lippen to. That auld Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head; and the Worcester man was but wersh parritch, neither gude to fry, boil, nor sup cauld." With this witty observation, he completed his first parallel, and commenced a zigzag after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table. "Sae, sir, the faster my leddy cried, 'Burgundy to his Grace—the auld Burgundy—the choice Burgundy—the Burgundy that came ower in the thirty-nine,' the mair did I say to mysell, 'Deil a drap gangs down his hause unless I was mair sensible o' his principles: sack and claret may serve him.' Na, na, gentlemen, as lang as I hae the trust o' butler in this house

o' Tillietudlem, I'll tak it upon me to see that nae disloyal or doubtfu' person is the better o' our binns. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate episcopacy; when I find a man, as I say, that will stand by Church and Crown as I did mysell in my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, I think there's naething in the cellar ower gude to be spared on him."

By this time he had completed a lodgement in the body of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

"And now, Mr. Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I have the honor to drink your gude health and a commission t'ye, and much luck may ye have in raking this country clear o' Whigs and Roundheads, fanatics and Covenanters."

Bothwell, who, it may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily answered the butler's pledge, acknowledging, at the same time, the excellence of the wine; and Mr. Gudyill, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

CHAPTER X

> Did I but purpose to embark with thee
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> And would forsake the skiff and make the shore
> When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?
>
> PRIOR.

WHILE Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended sergeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her granddaughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were sprung of the blood royal, did not honor Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall powerful person and a set of hardy weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gayety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person—"I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking sae mysell, Miss Edith," said the waiting woman; "but it canna be Cuddie Headrigg, because he's taller and no sae stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Bellenden, "it may be some poor neighbor for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can sune learn wha he is," said the enterprising Jenny, "if the sodgers were anes settled and at leisure, for I ken ane o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them."

"I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"Na, Miss Edith, I am no sae free o' my acquaintance as that," answered the *fille-de-chambre*. "To be sure, folk canna help kenning the folk by head-mark that they see aye glowring and looking at them at kirk and market; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three

Steinsons, and Tam Rand, and the young miller, and the five Howisons in Nethersheils, and lang Tam Gilry, and——"

"Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Bellenden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday, Trooper Tam, as they ca' him, that was wounded by the hill-folk at the conventicle at Outerside Muir, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him onything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be caution for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Edith, anxiously; "does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Cuddie, Miss Edith! Na! na! it's nae Cuddie," blubbered out the faithful *fille-de-chambre*, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear, Miss Edith, it's young Milnwood himsell!"

"Young Milnwood!" exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn; "it is impossible—totally impossible! His uncle attends the clergyman indulged by law, and has no connection whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy dissension. He must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right."

"O, my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "these are not days to ask what's right or what's wrang; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty if they liked; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting ane o' the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld carle of an archbishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and tremulous accent; "they cannot, they shall not; I will speak for him; they shall not hurt him!"

"O, my dear young leddy, think on your grandmother; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the morning, and if he doesna gie him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief wark wi' him. Kneel down—mak ready—present—fire—just as they did wi' auld

deaf John Macbriar that never understood a single question they pat till him, and sae lost his life for lack o' hearing."

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die I will die with him. There is no time to talk of danger or difficulty; I will put on a plaid and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him; I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved——"

"Eh, guide us!" interrupted the maid, "our young leddy at the feet o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the puir chield hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it! That will never do; but what maun be maun be, and I'll never desert a true-love cause. And sae if ye maun see young Milnwood, though I ken nae gude it will do but to make baith your hearts the sairer, I'll e'en tak the risk o't, and try to manage Tam Halliday. But ye maun let me hae my ain gate and no speak ae word; he's keeping guard o'er Milnwood in the easter round of the Tower."

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger. Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have good at my hands."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith muffled herself so as completely to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the ladies of that century and the earlier part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable sages of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed more than one act of Assembly against this use of the mantle. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaids continued to be worn, women of all ranks occasionally employed them as a sort of muffler or veil.* Her face and figure thus concealed, Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet in one of the turrets, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was pacing to and fro; for Sergeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and genteel demeanor, had waived the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Halliday, therefore, with his carabine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing him-

* See Concealing the Face. Note 16.

self with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon the table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air—

> "Between Saint Johnstone and Bonny Dundee,
> I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

"I can manage the trooper weel eneugh," she said, "for as rough as he is; I ken their nature weel; but ye maunna say a single word."

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic raillery—

> "If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
> My friends wad be angry, my minnie be mad;
> A laird, or a lord, they were fitter for me,
> Sae I'll never be fain to follow thee."

"A fair challenge, by Jove," cried the sentinel, turning round, "and from two at once. But it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandoleers;" then taking up the song where the damsel had stopped—

> "To follow me ye weel may be glad,
> A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
> To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
> I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

Come, my pretty lass, and kiss me for my song."

"I should not have thought of that, Mr. Halliday," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, "and I'se assure ye, ye'll hae but little o' my company unless ye show gentler havings. It wasna to hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here wi' my friend, and ye should think shame o' yoursell, 'at should ye."

"Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here, then, Mrs. Dennison?"

"My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr. Harry Morton, and I am come wi' her to speak till him."

"The devil you are!" answered the sentinel; "and pray, Mrs. Dennison, how do your kinswoman and you propose to

get in? You are rather too plump to whisk through a key-hole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoke of."

"It's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be dune," replied the persevering damsel.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny;" and the soldier resumed his march, humming as he walked to and fro along the gallery—

"Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet,
Then ye'll see your bonny sell,
My jo Janet."

"So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr. Halliday? Weel, weel; gude e'en to you; ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonny die too," said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a splendid silver dollar.

"Give him gold, give him gold," whispered the agitated young lady.

"Silver's e'en ower gude for the like o' him," replied Jenny, "that disna care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's ee; and what's waur, he wad think there was something mair in't than a kinswoman o' mine. My certy! siller's no sae plenty wi' us, let alane gowd." Having addressed this advice aside to her mistress, she raised her voice, and said, "My cousin winna stay ony langer, Mr. Halliday; sae, if ye please, gude e'en t'ye."

"Halt a bit—halt a bit," said the trooper; "rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll all be well pleased, you know."

"The fiend be in my feet, then," said Jenny; "d'ye think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose our gude name wi' cracking clavers wi' the like o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Hegh, hegh, sirs, to see sic a difference between folks' promises and performance! Ye were aye willing to slight puir Cuddie; but an I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna hae stude twice about it."

"D—n Cuddie!" retorted the dragoon, "he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Milnwood with his old Puritanical b—— of a mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail; we had law enough to bear us out."

"Very weel—very weel. See if Cuddie winna hae a lang shot at you ane o' thae days, if ye gar him tak the muir wi'

sae many honest folk. He can hit a mark brawly; he was third at the popinjay; and he's as true of his promise as of ee and hand, though he disna mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours. But it's a' ane to me. Come, cousin, we'll awa'."

"Stay, Jenny; d—n me if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing," said the soldier, in a hesitating tone. "Where is the sergeant?"

"Drinking and driving ower," quoth Jenny, "wi' the steward and John Gudyill."

"So, so, he's safe enough; and where are my comrades?" asked Halliday.

"Birling the brown bowl wi' the fowler and the falconer and some o' the serving folk."

"Have they plenty of ale?"

"Sax gallons as gude as e'er was masked," said the maid.

"Well, then, my pretty Jenny," said the relenting sentinel, "they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so if you will promise to come alone the next time——"

"Maybe I will and maybe I winna," said Jenny: "but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel."

"I'll be d—d if I do," said Halliday, taking the money, however; "but it's always something for my risk, for if Claverhouse hears what I have done he will build me a horse as high as the Tower of Tillietudlem. But every one in the regiment takes what they can come by; I am sure Bothwell and his blood royal shows us a good example. And if I were trusting to you, you little jilting devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow," looking at the piece, "will be good as far as he goes. So, come, there is the door open for you; do not stay groaning and praying with the young Whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start as if they were sounding 'Horse and away.'"

So speaking, Halliday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, locked it behind them, and hastily reassumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a sentinel upon his regular duty.

The door, which slowly opened, discovered Morton with both arms reclined upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and perceiving the female figures which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Edith, as if modesty had quelled the courage which despair had bestowed, stood about a yard from the door without having either the power

to speak or to advance. All the plans of aid, relief, or comfort which she had proposed to lay before her lover seemed at once to have vanished from her recollection, and left only a painful chaos of ideas, with which was mingled a fear that she had degraded herself in the eyes of Morton by a step which might appear precipitate and unfeminine. She hung motionless and almost powerless upon the arm of her attendant, who in vain endeavored to reassure and inspire her with courage by whispering, "We are in now, madam, and we maun mak the best o' our time; for doubtless the corporal or the sergeant will gang the rounds, and it wad be a pity to hae the poor lad Halliday punished for his civility."

Morton in the meantime was timidly advancing, suspecting the truth; for what other female in the house excepting Edith herself was likely to take an interest in his misfortunes? and yet afraid, owing to the doubtful twilight and the muffled dress, of making some mistake which might be prejudicial to the object of his affections.

Jenny, whose ready wit and forward manners well qualified her for such an office, hastened to break the ice. "Mr. Morton, Miss Edith's very sorry for your present situation, and——"

It was needless to say more; he was at her side, almost at her feet, pressing her unresisting hands and loading her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which would be hardly intelligible from the mere broken words, unless we could describe the tone, the gesture, the impassioned and hurried indications of deep and tumultuous feeling with which they were accompanied.

For two or three minutes Edith stood as motionless as the statue of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw her hands from Henry's grasp she could at first only faintly articulate, "I have taken a strange step, Mr. Morton—a step," she continued, with more coherence, as her ideas arranged themselves in consequence of a strong effort, "that perhaps may expose me to censure in your eyes. But I have long permitted you to use the language of friendship—perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the world seems to have left you. How or why is this imprisonment? what can be done? Can my uncle, who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinsman, Milnwood, be of no use? are there no means? and what is likely to be the event?"

"Be what it will," answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from him, but

which was now again abandoned to his clasp—"be what it will, it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, I should have said Miss Bellenden, but misfortune claims strange privileges—to you I have owed the few happy moments which have gilded a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, the recollection of this honor will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering."

"But is it even thus, Mr. Morton?" said Miss Bellenden. "Have you, who used to mix so little in these unhappy feuds, become so suddenly and deeply implicated that nothing short of——" She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

"Nothing short of my life, you would say?" replied Morton, in a calm but melancholy tone; "I believe that will be entirely in the bosoms of my judges. My guards spoke of a possibility of exchanging the penalty for entry into foreign service. I thought I could have embraced the alternative; and yet, Miss Bellenden, since I have seen you once more I feel that exile would be more galling than death."

"And it is then true," said Edith, "that you have been so desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the primate?"

"I knew not even that such a crime had been committed," replied Morton, "when I gave unhappily a night's lodging and concealment to one of those rash and cruel men, the ancient friend and comrade of my father. But my ignorance will avail me little; for who, Miss Bellenden, save you will believe it? And what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive."

"And by whom," said Edith, anxiously, "or under what authority will the investigation of your conduct take place?"

"Under that of Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, I am given to understand," said Morton; "one of the military commission, to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament, that used to be more tenacious of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives."

"To Claverhouse?" said Edith, faintly; "merciful Heaven, you are lost ere you are tried! He wrote to my grandmother that he was to be here to-morrow morning on his road to the head of the county, where some desperate man, animated by the presence of two or three of the actors

in the primate's murder, are said to have assembled for the purpose of making a stand against the government. His expressions made me shudder even when I could not guess that —that—a friend——"

"Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith," said Henry, as he supported her in his arms; "Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honorable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favorably to a blunt and unvarnished defence than a truckling and time-serving judge might do. And, indeed, in a time when justice is in all its branches so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence than be conjured out of it by the hocus-pocus of some arbitrary lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes, made for our protection, to wrest them to our destruction."

"You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse!" sighed Edith; "root and branch-work is the mildest of his expressions. The unhappy primate was his intimate friend and early patron. 'No excuse, no subterfuge,' said his letter, 'shall save either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter, from the ample and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder as the old man had gray hairs upon his venerable head.' There is neither ruth nor favor to be found with him."

Jenny Dennison, who had hitherto remained silent, now ventured, in the extremity of distress which the lovers felt, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

"Wi' your leddyship's pardon, Miss Edith, and young Mr. Morton's, we maunna waste time. Let Milnwood take my plaid and gown; I'll slip them aff in the dark corner if he'll promise no to look about, and he may walk past Tam Halliday, who is half blind with his ale, and I can tell him a canny way to get out o' the Tower, and your leddyship will gang quietly to your ain room, and I'll row mysell in his gray cloak and put on his hat, and play the prisoner till the coast's clear, and then I'll cry in Tam Halliday and gar him let me out."

"Let you out!" said Morton; "they'll make your life answer it."

"Ne'er a bit," replied Jenny. "Tam daurna tell he let onybody in, for his ain sake; and I'll gar him find some other gate to account for the escape."

"Will you, by G—?" said the sentinel, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; "if I am half blind I am not deaf, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Mrs. Janet—march, troop—quick time—trot, d—n me! And you, madam kinswoman; I won't ask your real name, though you were going to play me so rascally a trick, but I must make a clear garrison; so beat a retreat, unless you would have me turn out the guard."

"I hope," said Morton, very anxiously, "you will not mention this circumstance, my good friend, and trust to my honor to acknowledge your civility in keeping the secret. If you overheard our conversation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl."

"Oh, devilish good-natured to be sure," said Halliday. "As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I scorn to bear malice or tell tales as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil Jenny Dennison, who deserves a tight skelping for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was so silly as to like her good-for-little chit face."

Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology to which her sex trust, and usually not in vain: she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either wept or managed, as Halliday might have said, to go through the motions wonderfully well.

"And now," continued the soldier, somewhat mollified, "if you have anything to say, say it in two minutes, and let me see your backs turned; for, if Bothwell take it into his drunken head to make the rounds half an hour too soon, it will be a black business to us all."

"Farewell, Edith," whispered Morton, assuming a firmness he was far from possessing; "do not remain here; leave me to my fate; it cannot be beyond endurance since you are interested in it. Good-night—good-night! Do not remain here till you are discovered."

Thus saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by whom she was partly led and partly supported out of the apartment.

"Every one has his taste, to be sure," said Halliday; "but d—n me if I would have vexed so sweet a girl as that is for all the Whigs that ever swore the Covenant."

When Edith had regained her apartment she gave way to a burst of grief which alarmed Jenny Dennison, who hastened to administer such scraps of consolation as occurred to her.

"Dinna vex yoursell sae muckle, Miss Edith," said that faithful attendant; "wha kens what may happen to help young Milnwood? He's a brave lad and a bonny, and a gentleman of a good fortune, and they winna string the like o' him up as they do the puir Whig bodies that they catch in the muirs like straps o' onions. Maybe his uncle will bring him aff, or maybe your ain grand-uncle will speak a gude word for him; he's weel acquent wi' a' the redcoat gentlemen."

"You are right, Jenny—you are right," said Edith, recovering herself from the stupor into which she had sunk; "this is no time for despair, but for exertion. You must find some one to ride this very night to my uncle's with a letter."

"To Charnwood, madam? It's unco late, and it's sax miles an' a bittock doun the water; I doubt if we can find man and horse the night, mair especially as they hae mounted a sentinel before the gate. Puir Cuddie! he's gane, puir fallow, that wad hae dune aught in the warld I bade him, and ne'er asked a reason; an' I've had nae time to draw up wi' the new pleugh-lad yet; forbye that, they say he's gaun to be married to Meg Murdieson, ill-faur'd cuttie as she is."

"You *must* find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it."

"I wad gang mysell, my leddy, for I could creep out at the window o' the pantry, and speel down by the auld yew-tree weel enough; I hae played that trick ere now. But the road's unco wild, and sae mony redcoats about, forbye the Whigs, that are no muckle better—the young lads o' them—if they meet a fraim body their lane in the muirs. I wadna stand for the walk; I can walk ten miles by moonlight weel enough."

"Is there no one you can think of that, for money or favor, would serve me so far?" asked Edith, in great anxiety.

"I dinna ken," said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, "unless it be Guse Gibbie; and he'll maybe no ken the way, though it's no sae difficult to hit if he keep the horse-road and mind the turn at the Cappercleugh, and dinna drown himsell in the Whomlekirn pule, or fa' ower the scaur at the Deil's Loaning, or miss ony o' the kittle steps at the Pass o' Walkwary, or be carried to the hills by the Whigs, or be taen to the tolbooth by the redcoats."

"All ventures must be run," said Edith, cutting short the list of chances against Goose Gibbie's safe arrival at the end of his pilgrimage—"all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger. Go, bid the boy get ready, and get him out of the Tower as secretly as you can. If he meets

any one, let him say he is carrying a letter to Major Bellenden of Charnwood, but without mentioning any names."

"I understand, madam," said Jenny Dennison. "I warrant the callant will do weel eneugh, and Tib the hen-wife will tak care o' the geese for a word o' my mouth; and I'll tell Gibbie your leddyship will mak his peace wi' Lady Margaret, and we'll gie him a dollar."

"Two if he does his errand well," said Edith.

Jenny departed to rouse Goose Gibbie out of his slumbers, to which he was usually consigned at sundown or shortly after, he keeping the hours of the birds under his charge. During her absence Edith took her writing materials and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed—

For the hands of Major Bellenden of Charnwood, my much honored uncle, These:

"My dear Uncle—This will serve to inform you I am desirous to know how your gout is, as we did not see you at the wappenschaw, which made both my grandmother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we shall be happy to see you at our poor house to-morrow at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who probably will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs. Carefor't, your housekeeper, send me my double-trimmed paduasoy with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the walnut press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the *Grand Cyrus*, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philidaspes upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all, I entreat you to come to us to-morrow before eight of the clock, which, as your pacing nag is so good, you may well do without rising before your usual hour. So praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

"Edith Bellenden.

"*Postscriptum.*—A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, and, therefore, let you know this in case

you may think of speaking to Colonel Grahame in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family."

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jenny, that faithful confidante hastened to put the same in the charge of Goose Gibbie, whom she found in readiness to start from the castle. She then gave him various instructions touching the road, which she apprehended he was likely to mistake, not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she smuggled him out of the garrison through the pantry window into the branchy yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young mistress to go to bed, and to lull her to rest, if possible, with assurances of Gibbie's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Cuddie, with whom the commission might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbie's good hap rather than his good management which, after he had gone astray not oftener than nine times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each bog, brook, and slough between Tillietudlem and Charnwood, placed him about daybreak before the gate of Major Bellenden's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles—for the bittock, as usual, amounted to four—in little more than the same number of hours.

CHAPTER XI

At last comes the troop, by the word of command
Drawn up in our court, where the Captain cries, Stand!
SWIFT.

MAJOR BELLENDEN'S ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bedside, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tillietudlem.

"From Tillietudlem?" said the old gentleman, rising hastily in his bed and sitting bolt upright. "Open the shutters, Pike. I hope my sister-in-law is well; furl up the bed-curtain. What have we all here? [glancing at Edith's note]. The gout! why, she knows I have not had a fit since Candlemas. The wappenschaw! I told her a month since I was not to be there. Paduasoy and hanging sleeves! why, hang the gypsy herself! *Grand Cyrus* and Philipdastus! Philip Devil! is the wench gone crazy all at once? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash? But what says her postscriptum? Mercy on us!" he exclaimed, on perusing it. "Pike, saddle old Kilsyth instantly, and another horse for yourself."

"I hope nae ill news frae the Tower, sir?" said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

"Yes—no—yes—that is, I must meet Claverhouse there on some express business; so boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can. O Lord! what times are these! The poor lad, my old cronie's son! and the silly wench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old gowns and new romances!"

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped; and, having mounted upon his arm-gaunt charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he paced forth his way to the Tower of Tillietudlem.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady (whose dislike to Presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate) of the quality and rank of the prisoner

detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morton's liberation.

"Being so loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a Cavalier as I am," said the veteran to himself; "and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws—though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe—may be a thousand times better intrusted with them than with peddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen."

Such were the ruminations of Major Miles Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudyill (not more than half drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to dismount in the rough-paved court of Tillietudlem.

"Why, John," said the veteran, "what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Geneva print* this morning already."

"I have been reading the Litany," said John, shaking his head with a look of drunken gravity, and having only caught one word of the Major's address to him. "Life is short, sir; we are flowers of the field, sir—hiccup—and lilies of the valley."

"Flowers and lilies! Why, man, such carles as thou and I can hardly be called better than old hemlocks, decayed nettles, or withered ragweed; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering."

"I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven—hiccup——"

"An old skinker, you mean, John. But come, never mind, show me the way to your mistress, old lad."

John Gudyill led the way to the stone hall, where Lady Margaret was fidgeting about, superintending, arranging, and re-forming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whom one party honored and extolled as a hero, and another execrated as a bloodthirsty oppressor.

"Did I not tell you," said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant—"did I not tell you, Mysie, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have everything in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred Majesty partook of his disjune at Tillietudlem?"

"Doubtless such were your leddyship's commands, and to the best of my remembrance——" was Mysie answering, when her ladyship broke in with, "Then wherefore is the

* The Geneva *Book of Discipline*, adopted by the Scottish Presbyterians (*Laing*).

venison pasty placed on the left side of the throne, and the stoup of claret upon the right, when ye may right weel remember, Mysie, that his most sacred Majesty with his ain hand shifted the pasty to the same side with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted?"

"I mind that weel, madam," said Mysie; "and if I had forgot, I have heard your leddyship often speak about that grand morning sin' syne; but I thought everything was to be placed just as it was when his Majesty, God bless him! came into this room, looking mair like an angel than a man if he hadna been sae black-a-vised."

"Then ye thought nonsense, Mysie; for in whatever way his most sacred Majesty ordered the position of the trenchers and flagons, that, as weel as his royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tillietudlem."

"Weel, madam," said Mysie, making the alterations required, "it's easy mending the error; but if everything is just to be as his Majesty left it there should be an unco hole in the venison pasty."

At this moment the door opened.

"Who is that, John Gudyill?" exclaimed the old lady. "I can speak to no one just now. Is it you, my dear brother?" she continued, in some surprise, as the Major entered; "this is a right early visit."

"Not more early than welcome, I hope," replied Major Bellenden, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother; "but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charnwood about some of her equipage and books that you were to have Claver'se here this morning, so I thought, like an old firelock as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kilsyth, and here we both are."

"And most kindly welcome you are," said the old lady; "it is just what I should have prayed you to do if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when——"

"The King breakfasted at Tillietudlem," said the Major, who, like all Lady Margaret's friends, dreaded the commencement of that narrative, and was desirous to cut it short. "I remember it well, you know I was waiting on his Majesty."

"You were, brother," said Lady Margaret; "and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment."

"Nay, good sooth," said the Major, "the damnable dinner that Nol gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards drove

all your good cheer out of my memory. But how's this? you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair with the tapestry cushions placed in state."

"The throne, brother, if you please," said Lady Margaret, gravely.

"Well, the throne be it, then," continued the Major. "Is that to be Claver'se's post in the attack upon the pasty?"

"No, brother," said the lady; "as these cushions have been once honored by accommodating the person of our most sacred monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my lifetime, be pressed by any less dignified weight."

"You should not, then," said the old soldier, "put them in the way of an honest old Cavalier who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confess the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?"

"On the battlements of the warder's turret," answered the old lady, "looking out for the approach of our guests."

"Why, I'll go there too; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment as ladies were wont to make in Holyrood House before the year 1642, which, for one while, drove both courtesies and courts out of fashion.

Upon the bartizan of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and uncouth staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who watches with fluttering curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast, and evincing by her countenance that sleep had not during the preceding night been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was hurt at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

"What is come over you, you silly girl?" he said; "why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the news-letter after an action and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason: you will persist in reading these nonsensical romances day and night, and whimpering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamnes, or what d'ye call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew anybody that cared to take that except old Corporal Raddlebanes

But these d—d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I dare say you would think very little of Raddlebanes if he were alongside of Artamines. I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making." *

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the perusal of romances, took up the cudgels.

"Monsieur Scuderi," she said, "is a soldier, brother; and, as I have heard, a complete one, and so is the Sieur d'Urfé."

"More shame for them; they should have known better what they were writing about. For my part, I have not read a book these twenty years, except my Bible, *The Whole Duty of Man*, and of late days, Turner's *Pallas Armata, or Treatise on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise*,† and I don't like *his* discipline much neither. He wants to draw up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Sure am I, if we had done so at Kilsyth, instead of having our handful of horse on the flanks, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders. But I hear the kettle-drums."

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde.‡ There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been in times of war a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedgerow trees and copses, the enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies in unbroken masses the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in color a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and

* See Romances of the Seventeenth Century. Note 17.
† See Sir James Turner. Note 18.
‡ See Tillietudlem Castle. Note 19.

partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few and limited to the neighborhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high-road which winded up the vale and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of those chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

"It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger," said the old cavalier; "and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was employed on the Continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish dialect. It's a hard thing to hear a hamely Scotch tongue cry 'Quarter,' and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out '*Miséricorde.*' So there they come through the Netherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows and capitally mounted. He that is

galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver'se himself ; ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes."

At the bridge beneath the tower the cavalry divided, and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm-offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colors and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and to welcome their guests, with a retinue of domestics in as good order as the orgies of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse, with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard, amid the fanfare of the trumpets, in homage to the rank of Lady Margaret and the charms of her granddaughter, and the old walls echoed to the flourish of the instruments and the stamp and neigh of the chargers.

Claverhouse * himself alighted from a black horse, the most beautiful, perhaps, in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body, a circumstance which, joined to his spirit and fleetness, and to his being so frequently employed in pursuit of the Presbyterian recusants, caused an opinion to prevail among them that the steed had been presented to his rider by the great Enemy of Mankind in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had apologized for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding assurances that she could not think anything an inconvenience which brought within the walls of Tillietudlem so distinguished a soldier and so loyal a servant of his sacred Majesty , when, in short, all forms of hospitable and polite ritual had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bothwell, who was now in

* See John Grahame of Claverhouse. Note 20.

attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, "What a trifling foolish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about books and gowns, and to slide the only thing I cared a marvedi about into the postscript!"

"I did not know," said Edith, hesitating very much, "whether it would be quite—quite proper for me to——"

"I know what you would say—whether it would be right to take any interest in a Presbyterian. But I knew this lad's father well. He was a brave soldier; and if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must commend your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandmother; you may rely on it I shall not. I will take an opportunity to speak to Claver'se. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast. Let us follow them."

CHAPTER XII

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.

PRIOR.

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellenden no more resembled a modern dejeune than the great stone hall at Tillietudlem could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands—the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, the princely venison pasty; while silver flagons, saved with difficulty from the claws of the Covenanters, now mantled, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation—no piddling, no boy's play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours and by occasional hard commons.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the cates which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honored guests, and had little occasion to exercise, with respect to any of the company, saving Claverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as to the *peine forte et dure*, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellenden, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith heard without reply many courtly speeches addressed to her in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could alike melt in the low tones of interesting conversation and rise amid the din of battle "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound." The sense that she was in the presence of the dreadful chief upon whose fiat the fate of Henry Morton must depend, the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of the commander, deprived her for some time, not only of the courage

to answer, but even of the power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on whom she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes in which her apprehensions had arrayed him.

Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same color, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valor, which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gayety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed at first sight rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of facing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavoring to reply to the polite trifles with which Claverhouse accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

"Edith Bellenden," said the old lady, "has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers.

A soldier is so rare a sight with us, Colonel Grahame, that, unless it be my young Lord Evandale, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And now I talk of that excellent young nobleman, may I inquire if I was not to have had the honor of seeing him this morning with the regiment?"

"Lord Evandale, madam, was on his march with us," answered the leader, "but I was obliged to detach him with a small party to disperse a conventicle of those troublesome scoundrels, who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my headquarters."

"Indeed!" said the old lady; "that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious fanatics would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Grahame, that excites the vassals of persons of rank to rebel against the very house that holds and feeds them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappenschaw at my bidding. Is there no law for such recusancy, Colonel Grahame?"

"I think I could find one," said Claverhouse, with great composure, "if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit."

"His name," said Lady Margaret, "is Cuthbert Headrigg; I can say nothing of his domicile, for ye may weel believe, Colonel Grahame, he did not dwell long in Tillietudlem, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no severe bodily injury; but incarceration, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighborhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy; although," continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of her husband and her sons, with which the wall was hung, and heaving at the same time a deep sigh, "I, Colonel Grahame, have in my ain person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred Sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me of lands and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-mail may mount to well-nigh a hundred merks, have already refused to pay either cess or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant."

"I will take a course with them—that is, with your lady-

ship's permission," answered Claverhouse; "it would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as those of Lady Margaret Bellenden. But I must needs say, this country grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the recusants that are much more consonant with my duty than with my inclinations. And speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner charged with having resetted the murdering villain, Balfour of Burley."

"The house of Tillietudlem," answered the lady, "hath ever been open to the servants of his Majesty, and I hope that the stones of it will no longer rest on each other when it surceases to be as much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Grahame, that the gentleman who commands the party can hardly be said to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that anything would be granted to my request, I would presume to entreat that he might be promoted on some favorable opportunity."

"Your ladyship means Sergeant Francis Stewart, whom we call Bothwell?" said Claverhouse, smiling. "The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Bellenden is to lay down the law to me. Bothwell," he continued, addressing the sergeant, who just then appeared at the door, "go kiss Lady Margaret Bellenden's hand, who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy."

Bothwell went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of haughty reluctance, and when he had done so, said aloud, "To kiss a lady's hand can never disgrace a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's, save the king's, to be made a general."

"You hear him," said Claverhouse, smiling, "there's the rock he splits upon: he cannot forget his pedigree."

"I know, my noble colonel," said Bothwell, in the same tone, "that *you* will not forget your promise; and then perhaps you may permit *Cornet* Stewart to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *Sergeant* must forget him."

"Enough of this, sir," said Claverhouse, in the tone of

command which was familiar to him, "and let me know what you came to report to me just now."

"My Lord Evandale and his party have halted on the high-road with some prisoners," said Bothwell.

"My Lord Evandale?" said Lady Margaret. "Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to honor me with his society, and to take his poor disjune here, especially considering that even his most sacred Majesty did not pass the Tower of Tillietudlem without halting to partake of some refreshment."

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had adverted to this distinguished event, Colonel Grahame, as speedily as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the further progress of the narrative, by saying, "We are already too numerous a party of guests; but as I know what Lord Evandale will suffer [looking towards Edith] if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship's hospitality. Bothwell, let Lord Evandale know that Lady Margaret Bellenden requests the honor of his company."

"And let Harrison take care," added Lady Margaret, "that the people and their horses are suitably seen to."

Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conversation; for it instantly occurred to her that, through her influence over Lord Evandale, she might find some means of releasing Morton from his present state of danger, in case her uncle's intercession with Claverhouse should prove ineffectual. At any other time she would have been much averse to exert this influence; for, however inexperienced in the world, her native delicacy taught her the advantage which a beautiful young woman gives to a young man when she permits him to lay her under an obligation. And she would have been the further disinclined to request any favor of Lord Evandale, because the voice of the gossips in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be made known, assigned him to her as a suitor, and because she could not disguise from herself that very little encouragement was necessary to realize conjectures which had hitherto no foundation. This was the more to be dreaded that, in the case of Lord Evandale's making a formal declaration, he had every chance of being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret and her other friends, and that she would have nothing to oppose to their solicitations and authority, except a predilection, to avow which she knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing. She determined, therefore, to wait the issue of her uncle's intercession, and should it fail, which she conjectured she

should soon learn, either from the looks or language of the open-hearted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make use in Morton's favor of her interest with Lord Evandale. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on the subject of her uncle's application.

Major Bellenden, who had done the honors of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from his niece, at the same time, the honor of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard; and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess from the pantomimic gestures which accompanied the conversation the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing courtesy which, ere it requires to know the nature of the favor asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to confer an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and inexorable character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience, now curled slightly upward, as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Bellenden. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Grahame, who soon changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request solicited. This movement brought them so near Edith that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, "It cannot be, Major Bellenden; lenity, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in anything else I am heartily desirous to oblige you. And here

comes Evandale with news, as I think. What tidings do you bring us, Evandale?" he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered and his boots spattered, as if by riding hard.

"Unpleasant news, sir," was his reply. "A large body of Whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established episcopacy, that for observing the martyrdom of Charles I., and some others, and have declared their intention to remain together in arms for furthering the covenanted work of reformation."

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and painful surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

"Unpleasant news call you them?" replied Colonel Grahame, his dark eyes flashing fire; "they are the best I have heard these six months. Now that the scoundrels are drawn into a body, we will make short work with them. When the adder crawls into daylight," he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of crushing a noxious reptile, "I can trample him to death; he is only safe when he remains lurking in his den or morass. Where are these knaves?" he continued, addressing Lord Evandale.

"About ten miles off among the mountains, at a place called Loudon Hill," was the young nobleman's reply. "I dispersed the conventicle against which you sent me, and made prisoner an old trumpeter of rebellion—an intercommuned minister, that is to say—who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause, as well as one or two of his hearers who seemed to be particularly insolent; and from some country people and scouts I learned what I now tell you."

"What may be their strength?" asked his commander.

"Probably a thousand men; but accounts differ widely."

"Then," said Claverhouse, "it is time for us to be up and be doing also. Bothwell, bid them sound to horse."

Bothwell, who, like the war-horse of Scripture, snuffed the battle afar off, hastened to give orders to six negroes in white dresses richly laced, and having massive silver collars and armlets. These sable functionaries acted as trumpeters, and speedily made the castle and the woods around it ring with their summons.

"Must you then leave us?" said Lady Margaret, her heart sinking under recollection of former unhappy times; "had ye not better send to learn the force of the rebels?

O, how many a fair face hae I heard these fearfu' sounds call away frae the Tower of Tillietudlem that my auld een were ne'er to see return to it!"

"It is impossible for me to stop," said Claverhouse; "there are rogues enough in this country to make the rebels five times their strength if they are not checked at once."

"Many," said Evandale, "are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the indulged Presbyterians, headed by young Milnwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old Roundhead, Colonel Silas Morton."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sunk from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Bellenden, which seemed to imply, "You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for."

"It's a lie—it's a d—d lie of these rascally fanatics," said the Major, hastily. "I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church principles as any gentleman in the Life Guards. I mean no offence to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Bellenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read on the same Prayer Book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the curate himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself."

"There can be no harm in that," said Claverhouse, "whether he be innocent or guilty. Major Allan," he said, turning to the officer next in command, "take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to Loudon Hill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not let the men blow the horses; Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners."

Allan bowed and left the apartment with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young nobleman. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the castle. The sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavored to soothe the terrors of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that conscious shyness which renders an ingenuous youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss

Bellenden and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

"We are to leave you," he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion—"to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Bellenden; let me say for the first and perhaps the last time, dear Edith! We part in circumstances so singular as may excuse some solemnity in bidding farewell to one whom I have known so long and whom I—respect so highly."

The manner, differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to be utterly insensible to his modest and deep-felt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortunes and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

"I hope—I sincerely trust," she said, "there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremonial; that these hasty insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Evandale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle."

"Of *all?*" he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the word. "But be it so; whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the impetuosity of our Colonel is hurrying us against them rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have."

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence of the lover whose heart was as open before her as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honor engage Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, with-

out affording ground for hopes which she could never realize? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

"I will but dispose of this young fellow," said Claverhouse from the other side of the hall, "and then, Lord Evandale—I am sorry to interrupt again your conversation—but then we must mount. Bothwell, why do not you bring up the prisoner? and, hark ye, let two files load their carabines."

In these words Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly broke through the restraint which had hitherto kept her silent.

"My Lord Evandale," she said, "this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's; your interest must be great with your Colonel; let me request your intercession in his favor: it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation."

"You overrate my interest, Miss Bellenden," said Lord Evandale; "I have been often unsuccessful in such applications when I have made them on the mere score of humanity."

"Yet try once again for my uncle's sake."

"And why not for your own?" said Lord Evandale. "Will you not allow me to think I am obliging *you* personally in this matter? Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?"

"Surely, surely," replied Edith; "you will oblige me infinitely. I am interested in the young gentleman on my uncle's account. Lose no time for God's sake!"

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

"By heaven! then," said Evandale, "he shall not die if I should die in his place! But will not you," he said, resuming the hand which in the hurry of her spirits she had not courage to withdraw—"will not you grant me one suit in return for my zeal in your service?"

"Anything you can ask, my Lord Evandale, that sisterly affection can give."

"And is this all," he continued—"all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith, "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard—providing—but——"

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly ere she had

well uttered the last word; and as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard and altogether misinterpreted the conversation which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden revulsion to her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Evandale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his own attachment some singular and uncommon connection. He resigned the hand of Miss Bellenden, again surveyed the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

"This," he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, "is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting match."

"I am not sure," hesitated Edith; "yet—I rather think not," scarce knowing what she replied.

"It *is* he," said Evandale, decidedly; "I know him well. A victor," he continued, somewhat haughtily, "ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his sheathed broadsword, a silent, but not an unconcerned, spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII

O, my Lord, beware of jealousy!
Othello.

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his acquaintance with Edith.

Henry Morton was one of those gifted characters which possess a force of talent unsuspected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatic zeal and unleavened by the sourness of the Puritanical spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base parsimony of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by a sense of dependence, of poverty, above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve which effectually concealed from all but very intimate friends the extent of talent and the firmness of character which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of indecision and of indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for dull, insensible, and uninfluenced by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had root in very different and most praiseworthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties

with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent exercises, and the envenomed rancor of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the government, the misrule, license, and brutality of the soldiery, the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free quarters and exactions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with Asiatic slaves. Condemning, therefore, each party as its excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and hearing alternate complaints and exultations with which he could not sympathize, he would long ere this have left Scotland had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meetings of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company without entertaining any apprehension of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her [grand] mother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring accidents she often met young Morton in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it somehow happened that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these *rencontres* ought naturally to have excited, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more delicate character, and their meetings began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling commission given or executed gave rise to a new correspondence. Love indeed was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which possessed such charms for both, yet trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, when fate appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so su-

perior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some suitor more favored than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he durst hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affections. Common rumor had raised up such a rival in Lord Evandale, whom birth, fortune, connections, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tillietudlem, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favor. It frequently and inevitably happened that engagements to which Lord Evandale was a party interfered with the meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which in fact arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by his diffident temper, and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the occasional observations of Jenny Dennison. This true-bred serving-damsel was, in her own person, a complete country coquette, and when she had no opportunity of teasing her own lovers, used to take some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill-will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own handsome form and countenance, stood high in her esteem. But then Lord Evandale was also handsome; he was liberal far beyond what Morton's means could afford, and he was a lord, moreover, and if Miss Edith Bellenden should accept his hand she would become a baron's lady, and, what was more, little Jenny Dennison, whom the awful housekeeper at Tillietudlem huffed about at her pleasure, would be then Mrs. Dennison, Lady Evandale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting. The impartiality of Jenny Dennison, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs. Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome suitors could wed her young lady; for it must be owned that the scale of her regard was depressed in favor of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in his favor took many shapes extremely tormenting to Morton; being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an article of intelligence, and anon as a merry jest, but always tending to confirm the idea that sooner or later his romantic intercourse with her young mistress must have a close, and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite of summer walks beneath

the greenwood tree, exchange of verses, of drawings, and of books, end in becoming Lady Evandale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very point of his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but to which those are most liable whose love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or some other envious impediment of fortune. Edith herself unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiery on an occasion when it was said (inaccurately, however) that the party was commanded by Lord Evandale. Edith, as true in friendship, as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which escaped from Morton on this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Evandale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Dennison, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavored to remedy it; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to form that resolution of going abroad which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confinement, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious friendship, or at most to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to circumstances, the entreaties of her friends, the authority of Lady Margaret, and the assiduities of Lord Evandale.

"And to what do I owe it," he said, "that I cannot stand up like a man and plead my interest in her ere I am thus cheated out of it? to what but to the all-pervading and accursed tyranny which afflicts at once our bodies, souls, estates, and affections? And is it to one of the pensioned cutthroats of this oppressive government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Bellenden? I will not, by Heaven! It is a just punishment on me for being dead to public wrongs that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne."

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of insult and injury which he

had sustained in his own cause and in that of his country, Bothwell entered the tower, followed by two dragoons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

"You must follow me, young man," said he, "but first we must put you in trim."

"In trim!" said Morton. "What do you mean?"

"Why, we must put on these rough bracelets. I durst not —nay, d—n it, I *durst* do anything—but I *would* not for three hours' plunder of a stormed town bring a Whig before my Colonel without his being ironed. Come, come, young man, don't look sulky about it."

He advanced to put on the irons; but, seizing the oaken seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

"I could manage you in a moment, my youngster," said Bothwell, "but I had rather you would strike sail quietly."

Here indeed he spoke the truth, not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

"You had better be prudent," he continued, in a tone which he meant to be conciliatory, "and don't spoil your own sports. They say here in the castle that Lady Margaret's niece is immediately to marry our young captain, Lord Evandale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him that on my soul—— But what the devil's the matter with you? You are as pale as a sheet. Will you have some brandy?"

"Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Evandale!" said the prisoner, faintly.

"Ay, ay; there's no friend like the women; their interest carries all in court and camp. Come, you are reasonable now. Ay, I thought you would come round."

Here he employed himself in putting on the fetters, against which Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

"My life begged of him, and by her! Ay, ay, put on the irons; my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul. My life begged by Edith, and begged of Evandale!"

"Ay, and he has power to grant it too," said Bothwell. "He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment."

And as he spoke he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Evandale to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and instantaneous revolution in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortunes were reduced, the peril in which his life appeared to stand, the transference of Edith's affections, her intercession in his favor, which rendered her fickleness yet more galling, seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but at the same time awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passions more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country insulted in his person. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a villa which, from being the abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell forever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Grahame was seated.

"By what right is it, sir," said he, firmly, and without waiting till he was questioned—"by what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?"

"By my commands," answered Claverhouse; "and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions."

"I will not," replied Morton, in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. "I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person."

"A pretty springald this, upon my honor!" said Claverhouse.

"Are you mad?" said Major Bellenden to his young friend. "For God's sake, Henry Morton," he continued, in a tone between rebuke and entreaty, "remember you are speaking to one of his Majesty's officers high in the service."

"It is for that very reason, sir," returned Henry, firmly, "that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission."

"Your friend here," said Claverhouse to the veteran,

coolly, "is one of those scrupulous gentlemen who, like the madman in the play, will not tie his cravat without the warrant of Mr. Justice Overdo; but I will let him see before we part that my shoulder-knot is as legal a badge of authority as the mace of the Justiciary. So, waving this discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly when you saw Balfour of Burley."

"As I know no right you have to ask such a question," replied Morton, "I decline replying to it."

"You confessed to my sergeant," said Claverhouse, "that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be an intercommuned traitor; why are you not so frank with me?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I presume you are from education taught to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample; and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland."

"And these supposed rights you would vindicate with your sword, I presume?" said Colonel Grahame.

"Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hillside, you should not ask me the question twice."

"It is quite enough," answered Claverhouse, calmly; "your language corresponds with all I have heard of you; but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not die the death of a dog; I will save you that indignity."

"Die in what manner I may," replied Morton, "I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood."

"Make your peace, then, with Heaven in five minutes' space. Bothwell, lead him down to the courtyard and draw up your party."

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of its result, struck the silence of horror into all but the speakers. But now those who stood round broke forth into clamor and expostulation. Old Lady Margaret, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession.

"O, Colonel Grahame," she exclaimed, "spare his young blood! Leave him to the law; do not repay my hospitality by shedding men's blood on the threshold of my doors!"

"Colonel Grahame," said Major Bellenden, "you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feckless, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my

eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it."

"Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, I *will* answer it," replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved; "and you, madam, might spare me the pain of resisting this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is."

"Colonel Grahame," answered the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, "I leave vengeance to God, who calls it His own. The shedding of this young man's blood will not call back the lives that were dear to me; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like mysell, by a deed done at my very door-stane!"

"This is stark madness," said Claverhouse; "I *must* do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand villains hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be. Remove him, Bothwell."

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision had twice strove to speak, but her voice had totally failed her; her mind refused to suggest words, and her tongue to utter them. She now sprang up and attempted to rush forward; but her strength gave way and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant.

"Help!" cried Jenny—"help, for God's sake! my young lady is dying."

At this exclamation, Evandale, who, during the preceding part of the scene, had stood motionless, leaning upon his sword, now stepped forward, and said to his commanding officer, "Colonel Grahame, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?"

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a recess, where the following brief dialogue passed between them:

"I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that, when our family interest was of service to you last year in that affair in the privy council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?"

"Certainly, my dear Evandale," answered Claverhouse, "I am not a man who forgets such debts; you will delight me by showing how I can evince my gratitude."

"I will hold the debt cancelled," said Lord Evandale, "if you will spare this young man's life."

"Evandale," replied Grahame, in great surprise, "you are mad—absolutely mad; what interest can you have in this young spawn of an old Roundhead? His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland—cool, resolute, soldierly, and inflexible in his cursed principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do. I know mankind, Evandale; were he an insignificant, fanatical, country booby, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a lad of fire, zeal, and education; and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardiness. I mention this, not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences. I will never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation; if you ask his life he shall have it."

"Keep him close prisoner," answered Evandale, "but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask."

"Be it so, then," replied Grahame; "but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest and to the discharge of your duty your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of graybeards or the tears of silly women the measures of salutary severity which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that, if I now yield this point in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped forward to the table and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, would produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness which nothing but a mind that had nothing left upon earth to love or to hope could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him?" said Claverhouse, in a half whisper, to Lord Evandale. "He is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblanched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale. If that man shall ever come to head an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work." He then said aloud, "Young man, your life is

for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends. Remove him, Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, stung with the idea that he owed his respite to the intercession of a favored rival—"if my life be granted at Lord Evandale's request——"

"Take the prisoner away, Bothwell," said Colonel Grahame, interrupting him; "I have neither time to make nor to hear fine speeches."

Bothwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the courtyard, "Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way; for, egad, you will not be five minutes with him before the next tree or the next ditch will be the word. So come along to your companions in bondage."

Thus speaking, the sergeant, who in his rude manner did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the courtyard, where three other prisoners, two men and a woman, who had been taken by Lord Evandale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Meantime Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Margaret. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgive his neglect of her intercession.

"I have thought till now," she said, "that the Tower of Tillietudlem might have been a place of succor to those that are ready to perish, even if they werena sae deserving as they should have been; but I see auld fruit has little savor; our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date."

"They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your ladyship," said Claverhouse. "Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favor requested by you and the Major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and as I return to-night I will bring a drove of two hundred Whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake."

"I shall be happy to hear of your success, Colonel," said Major Bellenden; "but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over; and once more let me request to enter bail for young Morton."

"We will settle that when I return," said Claverhouse. "Meanwhile, be assured his life shall be safe."

During this conversation Evandale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the precaution of Jenny Dennison had

occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse, who, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the courtyard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in little more than two hours.

CHAPTER XIV

My hounds may a' rin masterless,
  My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
  For there again maun I never be!

Old Ballad.

We left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers, who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Sergeant Bothwell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent Presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not prosecuted their march a quarter of a mile ere Claverhouse and Evandale galloped past them, followed by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past than Bothwell halted the body which he commanded, and disencumbered Morton of his irons.

"King's blood must keep word," said the dragoon. "I promised you should be civilly treated as far as rested with me. Here, Corporal Inglis, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carabines. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out. You cannot call that using you uncivilly," he continued, addressing himself to Morton; "it's the rules of war, you know. And, Inglis, couple up the parson and the old woman; they are fittest company for each other, d—n me; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of cant or fanatical nonsense, let them have a strapping with a shoulder-bolt. There's some hope of choking a silenced parson; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own treason will burst him."

Having made this arrangement, Bothwell placed himself at the head of the party, and Inglis, with six dragoons, brought

up the rear. The whole then set forward at a trot, with the purpose of overtaking the main body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Claverhouse, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed love. The eminence which they now ascended was that from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it; and it is needless to add that there he was wont to pause and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements which, rising at a distance out of the lofty wood, indicated the dwelling of her whom he either hoped soon to meet or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perchance, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy on the part of the captive was uttered in a tone more coarse than sentimental; it was, however, the expression of a grieved spirit, and so far corresponded with the sigh of Morton. In turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton recognized the stolid countenance of Cuddie Headrigg, bearing a rueful expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed with sympathy for the situation of his companion.

"Hegh, sirs!" was the expression of the *ci-devant* ploughman of the mains of Tillietudlem; "it's an unco thing that decent folk should be harled through the country this gate as if they were a warld's wonder."

"I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie," said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not lose feeling for that of others.

"And sae am I, Mr. Henry," answered Cuddie, "baith for mysell and you; but neither of our sorrows will do muckle gude that I can see. To be sure, for me," continued the captive agriculturist, relieving his heart by talking, though he well knew it was to little purpose—"to be sure, for my part, I hae nae right to be here ava', for I never did nor said a word against either king or curate; but my mither, puir

body, couldna hand the auld tongue o' her, and we maun baith pay for't, it's like."

"Your mother is their prisoner likewise?" said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.

"In troth is she, riding ahint ye there like a bride, wi' that auld carle o' a minister that they ca' Gabriel Kettledrummle. Deil that he had been in the inside of a drum or a kettle either, for my share o' him! Ye see, we were nae sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper banging them to and barring them ahint us as if we had had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mither, 'What are we to do neist? for every hole and bore in the country will be steekit against us, now that ye hae affronted my auld leddy, and gar't the troopers tak up young Milnwood.' Sae she says to me, 'Binna cast doun, but gird yoursell up to the great task o' the day, and gie your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Covenant.'"

"And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?" said Morton.

"Ye sall hear," continued Cuddie. "Aweel, I kendna muckle better what to do, sae I e'en gaed wi' her to an auld daft carline like hersell, and we got some water-broo and bannocks; and mony a weary grace they said, and mony a psalm they sang, or they wad let me win to, for I was amaist famished wi' vexation. Aweel, they had me up in the gray o' the morning, and I behoved to whig awa' wi' them, reason or nane, to a great gathering o' their folk at the Miry Sikes; and there this chield, Gabriel Kettledrummle, was blasting awa' to them on the hillside about lifting up their testimony, nae doubt, and ganging down to the battle of Roman Gilead, or some sic place. Eh, Mr. Henry, but the carle gae them a screed o' doctrine! Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind. He routed like a cow in a fremd loaning. 'Weel,' thinks I, 'there's nae place in this country they ca' Roman Gilead; it will be some gate in the west muirlands; and or we win there I'll see to slip awa' wi' this mither o' mine, for I winna rin my neck into a tether for ony Kettledrummle in the country-side.' Aweel," continued Cuddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, "just as I was wearying for the tail of the preaching, cam word that the dragoons were upon us. Some ran, and some cried, 'Stand!' and some cried, 'Down wi' the Philistines!' I was at my mither to get her awa' sting and ling or the redcoats cam up, but I might as weel

hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-hand ox without the goad—deil a step wad she budge. Weel, after a', the cleugh we were in was strait, and the mist cam thick, and there was good hope the dragoons wad hae missed us if we could hae held our tongues; but, as if auld Kettledrummle himsell hadna made din eneugh to waken the very dead, they behoved a' to skirl up a psalm that ye wad hae heard as far as Lanrick! Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Evandale, skelping as fast as his horse could trot, and twenty redcoats at his back. Twa or three chields wad needs fight wi' the pistol and the whinger in the tae hand and the Bible in the tother, and they got their crouns weel cloured; but there wasna muckle skaith dune, for Evandale aye cried to scatter us, but to spare life."

"And did you not resist?" said Morton, who probably felt that at that moment he himself would have encountered Lord Evandale on much slighter grounds.

"Na, truly," answered Cuddie, "I keepit aye before the auld woman, and cried for mercy to life and limb; but twa o' the redcoats cam up, and ane o' them was gaun to strike my mither wi' the side o' his broadsword. So I got up my kebbie at them, and said I wad gie them as gude. Weel, they turned on me, and clinked at me wi' their swords, and I garr'd my hand keep my head as weel as I could till Lord Evandale came up, and then I cried out I was a servant at Tillietudlem—ye ken yoursell he was aye judged to hae a look after the young leddy—and he bade me fling down my kent; and sae me and my mither yielded oursells prisoners. I'm thinking we wad hae been letten slip awa'; but Kettledrummle was taen near us, for Andrew Wilson's naig that he was riding on had been a dragooner lang syne, and the sairer Kettledrummle spurred to win awa', the readier the dour beast ran to the dragoons when he saw them draw up. Aweel, when my mither and him forgathered they set till the sodgers, and I think they gae them their kale through the reek! Bastards o' the hure o' Babylon was the best words in their wame. Sae then the kiln was in a bleeze again, and they brought us a' three on wi' them to mak us an example, as they ca't."

"It is most infamous and intolerable oppression!" said Morton, half speaking to himself. "Here is a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the conventicle was a sense of filial piety, and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and likely to die the death of one, but without the privilege of a formal trial, which our laws indulge to the worst malefactor. Even to witness such tyranny, and still

more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the tamest slave boil within him."

"To be sure," said Cuddie, hearing, and partly understanding, what had broken from Morton in resentment of his injuries, "it is no right to speak evil o' dignities. My auld leddy aye said that, as nae doubt she had a gude right to do, being in a place o' dignity hersell; and troth I listened to her very patiently, for she aye ordered a dram, or a soup-kale, or something to us, after she had gien us a hearing on our duties. But diel a dram, or kale, or onything else, no sae muckle as a cup o' cauld water, do thae lords at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are heading and hanging amang us, and trailing us after thae blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were outlaws. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands."

"It would be very strange if you did," answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

"And what I like warst o' a'," continued poor Cuddie, "is thae ranting redcoats coming amang the lasses and taking awa' our joes. I had a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the mains down at Tillietudlem this morning about parritch-time, and saw the reek comin' out at my ain lum-head, and kenn'd there was some ither body than my auld mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en sairer when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dennison afore my face. I wonder women can hae the impudence to do sic things; but they are a' for the redcoats. Whiles I hae thought o' being a trooper mysell, when I thought naething else wad gae down wi' Jenny; and yet I'll no blame her ower muckle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loot Tam touzle her tap-knots that gate."

"For your sake?" said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

"E'en sae, Milnwood," replied Cuddie; "for the puir quean gat leave to come near me wi' speaking the loon fair—d—n him, that I suld say sae!—and sae she bade me Godspeed, and she wanted to stap siller into my hand; I'se warrant it was the tae half o' her fee and bountith, for she wared the ither half on pinners and pearlings to gang to see us shoot yon day at the popinjay."

"And did you take it, Cuddie?" said Morton.

"Troth did I no, Milnwood; I was sic a fule as to fling it back to her; my heart was ower grit to be behadden to her when I had seen that loon slavering and kissing at her. But

I was a great fule for my pains; it wad hae dune my mither and me some gude, and she'll ware't a' on duds and nonsense."

There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's bounty, and Henry Morton in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evandale in his favor.

Was it not possible, suggested his awakening hopes, that he had construed her influence over Lord Evandale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely if, submitting to dissimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realize? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Evandale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honor to protect the person of a favored rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred ever and anon to his remembrance with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

"Nothing that she could refuse him! Was it possible to make a more unlimited declaration of predilection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of maidenly delicacy, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly and forever, and nothing remains for me now but vengeance for my own wrongs and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country."

Apparently Cuddie, though with less refinement, was following out a similar train of ideas, for he suddenly asked Morton in a low whisper, "Wad there be ony ill in getting out o' thae chields' hands an ane could compass it?"

"None in the world," said Morton; "and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip."

"I'm blithe to hear ye say sae," answered Cuddie. "I'm but a puir silly fallow, but I canna think there wad be muckle ill in breaking out by strength o' hand if ye could mak it onything feasible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our auld leddy wad hae ca'd that a resisting o' the king's authority."

"I will resist any authority on earth," said Morton, "that invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged to a jail, or perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force."

"Weel, that's just my mind too, aye supposing we hae a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now these are things that only belang to the like o'

you that are a gentleman, and it mightna bear me through that am but a husbandman."

"The charter that I speak of," said Morton, "is common to the meanest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free born is called upon to defend for his own sake and that of his countrymen."

"Hegh, sirs!" replied Cuddie, "it wad hae been lang or my Leddy Margaret, or my mither either, wad hae fund out sic a wise-like doctrine in the Bible! The tane was aye graning about giving tribute to Cæsar, and the tither is as daft wi' her Whiggery. I hae been clean spoilt, just wi' listening to twa blethering auld wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servant, I am confident I wad be a clean contrary creature; and I hope your honor will think on what I am saying if ye were ance fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just take me to be your ain wally-de-shamble."

"My valet, Cuddie!" answered Morton. "Alas! that would be sorry preferment, even if we were at liberty."

"I ken what ye're thinking—that because I am landward-bred I wad be bringing ye to disgrace afore folk; but ye maun ken I'm gay gleg at the uptak: there was never onything dune wi' hand but I learned gay readily, 'septing reading, writing, and ciphering; but there's no the like o' me at the fitba', and I can play wi' the broadsword as weel as Corporal Inglis there. I hae broken his head or now, for as massy as he's riding ahint us. And then ye'll no be gaun to stay in this country?" said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Weel, I carena a boddle. Ye see I wad get my mither bestowed wi' her auld graning tittie, Auntie Meg, in the Gallowgate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fail for fau't o' fude, or hang her up for an auld Whig wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardfu' o' sic puir bodies. And then you and me wad gang and pouss our fortunes like the folk i' the daft auld tales about Jock the Giant-killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stilts again, and turn sic furs on the bonny rigs o' Milnwood holmes that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"I fear," said Morton, "there is very little chance, my

good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to our old occupation."

"Hout, stir—hout, stir," replied Cuddie, "it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart, as broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear? Never stir, if my auld mither isna at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the spence; and there's Kettledrummle setting to wark too. Lordsake, if the sodgers anes get angry they'll murder them baith, and us for company!"

Their further conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which rose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tones like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaking of a cracked fiddle. At first the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle. "Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!"

"Ay, ay; a black cast to a' their ill-faur'd faces, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day!" echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell you," continued the divine, "that your rankings and your ridings, your neighings and your prancings, your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties, your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the conscience of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have arisen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come——hugh! hugh! hugh!"

"And I say," cried Mause, in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, "that wi' this auld breath o' mine, and it's sair taen down wi' the asthmatics and this rough trot——"

"Deil gin they would gallop," said Cuddie, "wad it but gar her haud her tongue!"

"—Wi' this auld and brief breath," continued Mause, "will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalca-

tions, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath!"

"Peace, I pr'ythee—peace, good woman," said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause's better wind—"peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar. I say, I uplift my voice and tell you, that before the play is played out—ay, before this very sun gaes down—ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharp that's gane to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Sergeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain: neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, surcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you!"

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mause. "Castaways are they ilk ane o' them; besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple; whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the deil's brogues."

"Fiend hae me," said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister! But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too. Deil an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and then he wad hae't a' to answer for himsell. It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi' the rattling o' the horses' feet; but an we were anes on saft grund we'll hear news o' a' this."

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of horses' hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorlands, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and greensward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, "Also, I uplift my voice like that of a pelican in the wilderness——"

"And I mine," had issued from Mause, "like a sparrow on the housetops——"

When "Hollo, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear; "rein up your tongues; the devil blister them, or I'll clap a martingale on them."

"I will not peace at the commands of the profane," said Gabriel.

"Nor I neither," said Mause, "for the bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick from the Tower of Babel, and ca' itsell a corporal."

"Halliday," cried the corporal, "hast got never a gag about thee, man? We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead."

Ere any answer could be made, or any measure taken in consequence of the corporal's motion, a dragoon galloped towards Sergeant Bothwell, who was considerably ahead of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to mend their pace, and to move with silence and precaution, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

CHAPTER XV

Quantum in nobis, we've thought good
To save the expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody duel without blows.

BUTLER.

THE increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zealous captives the breath, if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had for some time accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillietudlem. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing, and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into bare hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies, being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and during summer the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their puny way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury, like so many spendthrifts dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend further than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favored spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation and fitted for the support of man, and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers, so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a car-

avan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness, unknown to the individual traveller whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged creeping up a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially and at different points among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the columns of horses and men, which, showing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.

"Surely," said Morton to himself, "a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, providing that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm."

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverhouse's column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending, Bothwell, with his rearguard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body in many instances poached up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path and find safer passage where they could.

On these occasions the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle and of Mause Headrigg were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers by whom they were guarded compelled them, at all risks which such inexperienced riders were likely to incur, to leap their horses over drains and gullies, or to push them through morasses and swamps.

"Through the help of the Lord I have luppen ower a wall," cried poor Mause, as her horse was by her rude attendants brought up to leap the turf enclosure of a deserted fold,

in which feat her curch flew off, leaving her gray hairs uncovered.

"I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me!" exclaimed Kettledrummle, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a "well-head," as the springs are called which supply the marshes, the sable streams beneath spouting over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants; but events soon occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading files of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned when two or three horsemen, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced guard who had acted as a patrol, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much blown and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill on observing the approach of the Life Guards. One or two who had carabines dismounted, and taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently showed that, on the one hand, they were undismayed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident occasioned a halt through the whole body of cavalry; and while Claverhouse himself received the report of his advanced guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Evandale advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemy's horsemen had retired, and Major Allan, Cornet Grahame, and the other officers employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground and drawing them up on the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance; and in a few minutes the first lines stood on the brow and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear-guard with the prisoners; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could in like manner see the form of opposition which was now offered to the further progress of their captors.

The brow of the hill, on which the Royal Life Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavorable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moistness so well that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with firearms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were in general but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the Royalists might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless as the gray stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the ardor of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill that rose above the array of battle which they had adopted were seen the women, and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The Wanderers, in answer, united their voices and sent forth in solemn modulation the two first verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk—

> In Judah's land God is well known,
> His name's in Isr'el great:
> In Salem is his tabernacle,
> In Sion is his seat.
> There arrows of the bow he brake,
> The shield, the sword, the war.
> More glorious thou than hills of prev
> More excellent art far.

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and after a dead pause the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetical of the issue of their own impending contest—

Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.
When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a deep sleep cast.

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were prolonged among the waste hills, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground and on the order of battle which the Wanderers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the assault.

"The churls," he said, "must have some old soldiers with them; it was no rustic that made choice of that ground."

"Burley is said to be with them for certain," answered Lord Evandale, "and also Hackston of Rathillet, Paton of Meadowhead, Cleland, and some other men of military skill."

"I judged as much," said Claverhouse, "from the style in which these detached horsemen leaped their horses over the ditch as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few Roundhead troopers among them, the true spawn of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter warily as well as boldly. Evandale, let the officers come to this knoll."

He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the call of "Officers to the front" soon brought them around their commander.

"I do not call you around me, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own. What say you, Cornet Grahame? Shall we attack these fellows who are bellowing yonder? You are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no."

"Then," said Cornet Grahame, "while I have the honor to carry the standard of the Life Guards it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the king's!"

"And what say you, Allan?" continued Claverhouse,

"for Evandale is so modest we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say."

"These fellows," said Major Allan, an old Cavalier officer of experience, "are three or four to one; I should not mind that much upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and show no inclination to quit it. I therefore think, with deference to Cornet Grahame's opinion, that we should draw back to Tillietudlem, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their stronghold and give us battle on fair terms, or if they remain here we will attack them so soon as our infantry has joined us and enabled us to act with effect among these ditches, bogs, and quagmires."

"Pshaw!" said the young Cornet, "what signifies strong ground when it is only held by a crew of canting, psalm-singing old women?"

"A man may fight never the worse," retorted Major Allan, "for honoring both his Bible and Psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old."

"Their nasal psalmody," said the Cornet, "reminds our Major of the race of Dunbar."

"Had you been at that race, young man," retorted Allan, "you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you have to live."

"Hush, hush, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "these are untimely repartees. I should like your advice well, Major Allan, had our rascally patrols—whom I will see duly punished—brought us timely notice of the enemy's numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life Guards would argue gross timidity and be the general signal for insurrection throughout the west; in which case, so far from obtaining any assistance from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we can join him, or he us. A retreat would have quite the same fatal effect upon the king's cause as the loss of a battle; and as to the difference of risk or of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gorges or passes in the morass through which we can force our way; and were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life Guards who supposes our squadrons, though so weak in numbers, are unable to trample into dust

twice the number of these unpractised clowns. What say you, my Lord Evandale ?"

"I humbly think," said Lord Evandale, "that go the day how it will it must be a bloody one ; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great number of these misguided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles as well as we are."

"Rebels ! rebels ! and undeserving the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects," said Claverhouse ; "but come, my lord, what does your opinion point at ?"

"To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men," said the young nobleman.

"A treaty ! and with rebels having arms in their hands ! Never while I live," answered his commander.

"At least send a trumpet and flag of truce summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse," said Lord Evandale, "upon promise of a free pardon. I have always heard that had that been done before the battle of Pentland Hills much blood might have been saved."

"Well," said Claverhouse, "and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these headstrong and desperate fanatics ? They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messenger, were it but to dip their followers in loyal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves."

"I will go myself," said Evandale, "if you will permit me. I have often risked my blood to spill that of others ; let me do so now in order to save human lives."

"You shall not go on such an errand, my lord," said Claverhouse ; "your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare. Here's my brother's son, Dick Grahame, who fears shot or steel as little as if the devil had given him armor of proof against it, as the fanatics say he has given to his uncle. He shall take a flag of truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disperse."

"With all my soul, Colonel," answered the Cornet ; "and I'll tie my cravat on a pike to serve for a white flag ; the rascals never saw such a pennon of Flanders lace in their lives before."

"Colonel Grahame," said Evandale, while the young officer prepared for his expedition, "this young gentleman is

your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk."

"Were he my only son," said Claverhouse, "this is no cause and no time to spare him. I hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Dick Grahame falls, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the king and country would be the sufferers. Come, gentlemen, each to his post. If our summons is unfavorably received we will instantly attack; and, as the old Scottish blazon has it, 'God shaw the right!'"

CHAPTER XVI

With many a stout thwack and many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.

Hudibras.

CORNET RICHARD GRAHAME descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extempore flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the Presbyterian army, and meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of attention to both armies; and, without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaguer.

"To summon you in the king's name and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honorable Privy Council of Scotland," answered the Cornet, "to lay down your arms and dismiss the followers whom ye have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the king, and of the country."

"Return to them that sent thee," said the insurgent leader, "and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted Kirk; tell them that we renounce the licentious and perjured Charles Stewart, whom you call king, even as he renounced the Covenant after hav-

ing once and again sworn to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends. Whereas, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his incoming into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty by that hideous Act of Supremacy, together with his expulsing, without summons, libel, or process of law, hundreds of famous, faithful preachers, thereby wringing the bread of life out of the mouth of hungry, poor creatures, and forcibly cramming their throats with the lifeless, saltless, foisonless, lukewarm drammock of the fourteen false prelates and their sycophantic, formal, carnal, scandalous creature-curates."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the officer, "but to know in one word if you will disperse yourselves, on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews, or whether you will abide the attack of his Majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you."

"In one word, then," answered the spokesman, "we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!"

"Is not your name," said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, "John Balfour of Burley?"

"And if it be," said the spokesman, "hast thou aught to say against it?"

"Only," said the Cornet, "that, as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the king and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people, and not to you, that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat."

"Thou art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, "and scant well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army, but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise, he forfeits his safe-conduct."

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carabine and held it in readiness.

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said Cornet Grahame,

"Hear me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the king and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting——"

"I give thee fair warning," said Burley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but——"

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul. Amen!" said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour, firmly. "Is it not written, 'Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying?' Let those who dare now venture to speak of truce or pardon!" *

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion disturbed for a second's space the serenity of his features, and briefly said, "You see the event."

"I will avenge him, or die!" exclaimed Evandale; and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop and that of the deceased Cornet, which broke down without orders; and, each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the Royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse exclaimed, "Halt! halt! this rashness will undo us." It was all that he could accomplish by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

"Allan," he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, "lead them slowly down the hill to support Lord Evandale, who is about to need it very much. Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow——"

"Ay," muttered Bothwell, "you can remember that in a moment like this."

"Lead ten file up the hollow to the right," continued his commanding officer, "and try every means to get through the

* See Cornet Grahame. Note 21.

bog; then form and charge the rebels in flank and rear while they are engaged with us in front."

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Meantime the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers who, with Lord Evandale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favorable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Evandale in the meantime, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with the utmost fury, crying, "Woe, woe to the uncircumcised Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!"

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of carabines which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy that both horse and foot for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Evandale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the morass. But, notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs that, if they could but persist in making a brief but resolute defence, the Life Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horse were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points and renew the battle on firm ground and

fiercer terms. But the close fire of the insurgents, joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, foiled his attempts in every point.

"We must retreat," he said to Evandale, "unless Bothwell can effect a diversion in our favor. In the meantime draw the men out of fire and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alder-bushes to keep the enemy in check."

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

"Follow me, my lads!" he called to his men; "never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting Roundheads!"

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, "Bothwell! Bothwell!" and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers on either side instantly paused and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"You are the murdering villain, Burley," said Bothwell, griping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close; "you escaped me once, but [he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down] thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it

shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me."

"Yes," replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, "I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou shouldst never lift it again; and God do so unto me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word!"

"Then a bed of heather or a thousand merks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming with the inveteracy of thoroughbred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the *mêlée* without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left griped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle, and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling; it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no further defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed, "Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!"

"Die, wretch! die!" said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword. "Die, bloodthirsty dog! die as thou hast lived! die like the beasts that perish, hoping nothing, believing nothing——"

"And FEARING nothing!" said Bothwell, collecting the

last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the bridle, throw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was with Burley the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Bothwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his comrades, the issue of this partial contest did not remain long undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the morass and dispersed, and the victorious Burley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manœuvre which he had instructed Bothwell to execute. He now put his troop in order with the view of attacking the right wing of the Royalists; and, sending news of his success to the main body, exhorted them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile Claverhouse, who had in some degree remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and unsuccessful attack, and reduced the combat in front to a distant skirmish with firearms, chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers whom he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby copses of alders, which in some places covered the edge of the morass, and whose close, cool, and well-aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed their own deficiency of numbers—Claverhouse, while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was accosted by one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded horse bore witness he was come from hard service.

"What is the matter, Halliday?" said Claverhouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name. "Where is Bothwell?"

"Bothwell is down," replied Halliday, "and many a pretty fellow with him."

"Then the king," said Claverhouse, with his usual composure, "has lost a stout soldier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?"

"With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil incarnate that killed Bothwell," answered the terrified soldier.

"Hush! hush!" said Claverhouse, putting his finger on his lips, "not a word to any one but me. Lord Evandale, we must retreat. The fates will have it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in the skirmishing work. Let Allan form the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two

bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I'll keep the rogues in check with the rear-guard, making a stand and facing from time to time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole line in motion and preparing to cross; therefore lose no time."

"Where is Bothwell with his party?" said Lord Evandale, astonished at the coolness of his commander.

"Fairly disposed of," said Claverhouse, in his ear; "the king has lost a servant and the devil has got one. But away to business, Evandale; ply your spurs and get the men together. Allan and you must keep them steady. This retreating is new work for us all; but our turn will come round another day."

Evandale and Allan betook themselves to their task: but ere they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Claverhouse, who had retained immediately around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged those who had crossed in person while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the morass, and checked the whole so as to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheartened by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van, being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops. Never did man, however, better maintain the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous by his black horse and white feather, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favorable opportunity to arrest the progress of the pursuers and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he were impassive to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, averred that they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and buff-coat like hailstones from a rock of granite, as he galloped to and fro amid the storm of the battle. Many a Whig that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

"Try him with the cold steel," was the cry at every renewed charge; "powder is wasted on him. Ye might as weel shoot at the Auld Enemy himself." *

* See Proof against Shot given by Satan. Note 22.

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the awe on the insurgents' minds was such that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became unsteady; and at every successive movement Major Allan and Lord Evandale found it more and more difficult to bring them to halt and form line regularly; while, on the other hand, their motions in the act of retreating became by degrees much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As the retiring soldiers approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in so luckless an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill between him and the continued fire of the pursuers; nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

Amid this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of unintermitted musketry, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper showed to have been successfully aimed—amid all the terrors and disorders of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited soldiery, Evandale could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his demeanor more composed. He had closed up to Evandale for the purpose of giving some orders and picking out a few men to reinforce his rear-guard.

"If this bout lasts five minutes longer," he said in a whisper, "our rogues will leave you, my lord, old Allan, and myself the honor of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the musketeers who annoy them so hard, or we shall be all shamed. Don't attempt to succor me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can, in God's name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty!"

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to

follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Burley, and, desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him so severe a blow on the head as cut through his steel headpiece and threw him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing, it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man to appearance so slightly made as Claverhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid the effect of that energy which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm. Claverhouse had in this last charge, however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

Lord Evandale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and extricate their Colonel. Some advanced with him, most halted and stood uncertain, many ran away. With those who followed Evandale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance just came in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Evandale cut him down. As they got out of the press they looked round them. Allan's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Evandale's troop was scattered and in total confusion.

"What is to be done, Colonel?" said Lord Evandale.

"We are the last men in the field, I think," said Claverhouse; "and when men fight as long as they can there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, 'Devil take the hindmost,' when there are but twenty against a thousand. Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can. Come, my lord, we must e'en ride for it."

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded horse; and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed unabated either by pain or loss of blood.* A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and tumultuary manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers who yet offered desultory resistance to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

* See Claverhouse's Charger. Note 23.

CHAPTER XVII

> But see! through the fast-flashing lightnings of war,
> What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
>
> CAMPBELL.

DURING the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother and the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cairn or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council of war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Inglis and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle than in attending to what passed among the prisoners.

"If yon lads stand to their tackle," said Cuddie, "we'll hae some chance o' getting our necks out o' the brecham again; but I misdoubt them; they hae little skeel o' arms."

"Much is not necessary, Cuddie," answered Morton; "they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it forever."

"O, sirs," exclaimed Mause, "here's a goodly spectacle, indeed! My spirit is like that of the blessed Elihu: it burns within me; my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent, they are ready to burst like new bottles. O that He may look after His ain people in this day of judgment and deliverance! And now, what ailest thou, precious Mr. Gabriel Kettledrummle? I say, what ailest thou that wert a Nazarite purer than snow, whiter than milk, more ruddy than sulphur [meaning, perhaps, sapphires]—I say, what ails thee now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness withered like a dry potsherd? Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly and to spare not, and to wrestle for the puir lads that are yonder testifying with their ain bluid and that of their enemies."

This expostulation implied a reproach on Mr. Kettle-

drummle, who, though an absolute Boanerges or son of thunder in the pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts, and shrieks which now arose from the valley, and—as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly—was too much dismayed to take so favorable an opportunity to preach the terrors of Presbytery, as the courageous Mause had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the Word.

"Hold your peace, woman!" he said, "and do not perturb my inward meditations and the wrestlings wherewith I wrestle. But of a verity the shooting of the foemen doth begin to increase; peradventure some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will ensconce me behind the cairn, as behind a strong wall of defence."

"He's but a coward body after a'," said Cuddie, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in insensibility to danger; "he's but a daidling coward body. He'll never fill Rumbleberry's bonnet. Odd! Rumbleberry fought and flyted like a fleeing dragon. It was a great pity, puir man, he couldna cheat the woodie. But they say he gaed singing and rejoicing till't, just as I wad gang to a bicker o' brose, supposing me hungry, as I stand a gude chance to be. Eh, sirs! yon's an awfu' sight, and yet ane canna keep their een aff frae it!"

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Cuddie, together with the heated enthusiasm of old Mause, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettledrummle to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the Presbyterians defended themselves stoutly was evident from the heavy smoke, which, illumined by frequent flashes of fire, now eddied along the valley and hid the contending parties in its sulphureous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing from the nearest side of the morass indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack, that the affair was fiercely disputed, and that everything was to be apprehended from a continued contest in which undisciplined rustics had

to repel the assaults of regular troops, so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict and straggling over the side of the hill in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hillside, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Evandale's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

"They hae dune the job for anes," said Cuddie, "an they ne'er do't again."

"They flee! they flee!" exclaimed Mause, in ecstasy. "O, the truculent tyrants! they are riding now as they never rode before. O, the false Egyptians, the proud Assyrians, the Philistines, the Moabites, the Edomites, the Ishmaelites! The Lord has brought sharp swords upon them to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll and the fire flashes ahint them, and goes forth before the chosen of the Covenant, e'en like the pillar o' cloud and the pillar o' flame that led the people of Israel out o' the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly!"

"Lord save us, mither," said Cuddie, "haud the clavering tongue o' ye, and lie down ahint the cairn, like Kettledrummle, honest man! The Whigamore bullets ken unco little discretion, and will just as sune knock out the harns o' a psalm-singing auld wife as a swearing dragoon."

"Fear naething for me, Cuddie," said the old dame, transported to ecstasy by the success of her party; "fear naething for me! I will stand, like Deborah, on the tap o' the cairn, and tak up my sang o' reproach against these men of Harosheth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancing."

The enthusiastic old woman would, in fact, have accomplished her purpose of mounting on the cairn and becoming, as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Cuddie, with more filial tenderness than respect, detained her by such force as his shackled arms would permit him to exert.

"Eh, sirs!" he said, having accomplished this task, "look

out yonder, Milnwood; saw ye ever mortal fight like the deevil Claver'se? Yonder he's been thrice doun amang them, and thrice cam free aff. But I think we'll soon be free oursells, Milnwood. Inglis and his troopers look ower their shouthers very aften, as if they liked the road ahint them better than the road afore."

Cuddie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carabines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, abandoning all charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman, whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in undoing the bonds of Cuddie and of the clergyman, both of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock or rising ground which was surmounted by the cairn already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Evandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they surmounted the hill.

Mause's zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle, while she stood on the heath with her head uncovered and her gray hairs streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a superannuated bacchante, or Thessalian witch in the agonies of incantation. She soon discovered Claverhouse at the head of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, "Tarry, tarry, ye wha were aye sae blithe to be at the meetings of the saints, and wad ride every muir in Scotland to find a conventicle. Wilt thou not tarry now thou hast found ane? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching? Wae betide ye!" she said, suddenly changing her tone, "and cut the houghs of the creature whase fleetness ye trust in! Sheugh, sheugh! awa' wi' ye that hae spilled sae muckle bluid, and now wad save your ain—awa' wi' ye for a railing Rabshakeh, a cursing Shimei, a bloodthirsty Doeg! The sword's drawn now that winna be lang o' o'ertaking ye, ride as fast as ye will."

Claverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to at-

tend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode over the ridge a shot struck Lord Evandale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the Whig horsemen who were the foremost in the pursuit hastened up with the purpose of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evandale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him wince so acutely. Just as he had assisted Evandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them, exclaiming, "Have at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Burley himself, "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake—for the sake," he added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognize him, "of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you."

"Henry Morton!" replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloodier hand; "did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham? Thou art a brand snatched out of the burning. But for this booted apostle of Prelacy, he shall die the death! We must smite them hip and thigh, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our commission to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant nor suckling; therefore hinder me not," he continued, endeavoring again to cut down Lord Evandale, "for this work must not be wrought negligently."

"You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while incapable of defence," said Morton, planting himself before Lord Evandale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him. "I owed my life to him this morning—my life, which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you; and to shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me."

Burley paused. "Thou art yet," he said, "in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and grinding dispensation under which I draw my sword for

those whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is as filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom He hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance. Thou art unarmed. Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Havilah unto Shur."

So saying, he set spurs to his horse and continued to pursue the chase.

"Cuddie," said Morton, "for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Evandale's life with these obdurate men. You are wounded, my lord. Are you able to continue your retreat?" he continued, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

"I think so," replied Lord Evandale. "But is it possible? Do I owe my life to Mr. Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton; "to your lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude."

Cuddie at this instant returned with a horse.

"God-sake, munt—munt and ride like a fleeing hawk, my lord," said the good-natured fellow, "for ne'er be in me if they arena killing every ane o' the wounded and prisoners!"

Lord Evandale mounted the horse, while Cuddie officiously held the stirrup.

"Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life. Mr. Morton," he continued, addressing Henry, "this makes us more than even; rely on it, I will never forget your generosity. Farewell."

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Evandale had just rode off, when several of the insurgents, who were in the front of the pursuit, came up denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cuddie for having aided the escape of a Philistine, as they called the young nobleman.

"What wad ye hae had us to do!" cried Cuddie. "Had we aught to stop a man wi' that had twa pistols and a sword? Sudna ye hae come faster up yoursells, instead of flyting at huz?"

This excuse would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummle, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and reverenced by, most of the Wanderers, together with Mause, who possessed their appropriate language as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

"Touch them not, harm them not," exclaimed Kettledrummle, in his very best double-bass tones; "this is the son of the famous Silas Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of the reformation from Prelacy, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of those blessed days when there was power and efficacy, and convincing and converting of sinners, and heart-exercises, and fellowships of saints, and a plentiful flowing forth of the spices of the garden of Eden."

"And this is my son Cuddie," exclaimed Mause, in her turn, "the son of his father, Judden Headrigg, wha was a douce honest man, and of me, Mause Middlemas, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and ane o' your ain folk. Is it not written, 'Cut ye not off the tribe of the families of the Kohathites from among the Levites?' Numbers fourth and aughteenth. O, sirs! dinna be standing here prattling wi' honest folk when ye suld be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye."

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kettledrummle, whose fear was much dissipated since the firing had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor, and grown bold, as he felt his good word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to no small share of the merit of the victory, appealing to Morton and Cuddie whether the tide of battle had not turned while he prayed on the Mount of Jehovah-Nissi, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amalek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they waxed heavy, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Hur. It seems probable that Kettledrummle allotted this part in the success to his companions in adversity lest they should be tempted to disclose his carnal self-seeking and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety.

These strong testimonies in favor of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad, with many exaggerations, among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various; but it was universally agreed that young Morton of Milnwood,

the son of the stout soldier of the Covenant, Silas Morton, together with the precious Gabriel Kettledrummle, and a singular devout Christian woman, whom many thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine or a use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good old cause, with a reinforcement of a hundred well-armed men from the Middle Ward.*

* See Skirmish at Drumclog. Note 24.

CHAPTER XVIII

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fists instead of a stick.
Hudibras.

In the meantime, the insurgent cavalry returned from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their unwonted efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they durst have ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such commanders as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed from this state of disorganization that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some favorers and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways; and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new successor to the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the meanwhile, a clamor arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessaries; and while all complained of hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment

of success, seemed about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigencies, he proposed that one hundred of the freshest men should be drawn out for duty; that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen; and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrummle should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained by a word in season addressed to the army. He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself and two or three of their leaders held a private council of war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions or senseless clamor of the general body.

Kettledrummle more than answered the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a breathing: and certainly no lungs or doctrine excepting his own could have kept up, for so long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he possessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been fastidiously rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a cake of the right leaven for the palates of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children. And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine: and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob."

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions; and took occasion to speak a few words in praise of young Milnwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he augured great things. The second part he applied to the punishments which were about to fall upon

the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial; now he was loud, energetic, and boisterous; some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish Presbytery as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erastians assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers; all of whom Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He next handled very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing that, instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncourtly an orator, who conferred on him the hard names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture, "Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the KING it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."

Kettledrummle had no sooner ended his sermon and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The Reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation, Ephraim Macbriar by name, was hardly twenty years old; yet his thin features already indicated that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigor of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle; and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were colored with a transient and

hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect; and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which in their mouths was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colors. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed, but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood," he exclaimed, "but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savor of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs that is steaming in your nostrils: but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those who held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle; they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliver-

ance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar with censers and with torches; but ye hold in your hands the sword and the bow and the weapons of death. And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow; turn not back from the path in which you have entered like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of His name and the deliverance of His afflicted people: halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field; but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters; for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives, from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high

places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arles at the hand of His servant—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, forever and ever! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was not yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervor which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply in broken accents, "God bless you, my brethren—it is His cause. Stand strongly up and play the men; the worst that can befall us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven."

Balfour and the other leaders had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, sentinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages. The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had despatched parties to spread the news of their victory, and to obtain, either by force or favor, supplies of what they stood most in need of. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammunition which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but such hopes for the

future, that, whereas formerly some of their number had begun to slacken in their zeal, they now unanimously resolved to abide together in arms, and commit themselves and their cause to the event of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER XIX

Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.
Henry IV., Part II.

We must now return to the Tower of Tillietudlem, which the march of the Life Guards on the morning of this eventful day had left to silence and anxiety. The assurances of Lord Evandale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generous, and faithful to his word; but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intercession to be a successful rival; and was it not expecting from him an effort above human nature to suppose that he was to watch over Morton's safety, and rescue him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resigned herself to the most heartrending apprehensions, without admitting, and indeed almost without listening to, the multifarious grounds of consolation which Jenny Dennison brought forward, one after another, like a skilful general who charges with the several divisions of his troops in regular succession.

First, Jenny was morally positive that young Milnwood would come to no harm; then, if he did, there was consolation in the reflection that Lord Evandale was the better and more appropriate match of the two; then, there was every chance of a battle in which the said Lord Evandale might be killed, and there wad be nae mair fash about that job; then, if the Whigs gat the better, Milnwood and Cuddie might come to the Castle, and carry off the beloved of their hearts by the strong hand. "For I forgot to teil ye, madam," continued the damsel, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "that puir Cuddie's in the hands of the Philistines as weel as young Milnwood, and he was brought here a prisoner this morning, and I was fain to speak Tam Halliday fair, and fleech him, to let me near the puir creature; but Cuddie wasna sae thankfu' as he needed till hae been neither," she added, and at the same time changed her tone, and briskly withdrew the handkerchief from her face; "so I will ne'er waste my een wi' greet-

ing about the matter. There wad be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang the tae half o' them."

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Grahame, in commanding an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached on her seigniorial rights.

"The Colonel," she said, "ought to have remembered, brother, that the barony of Tillietudlem has the baronial privilege of pit and gallows; and therefore, if the lad was to be executed on my estate—which I consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it is in the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot be acceptable—he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my bailie, and justified at his sight."

"Martial law, sister," answered Major Bellenden, "supersedes every other. But I must own I think Colonel Grahame rather deficient in attention to you; and I am not over and above pre-eminently flattered by his granting to young Evandale—I suppose because he is a lord, and has interest with the privy council—a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself with the fag-end of a ditty as old as myself." And therewithal he hummed a stanza:

> "And what though winter will pinch severe
> Through locks of gray and a cloak that's old?
> Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
> For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the issue of this gathering on Loudon Hill, though I cannot conceive their standing a body of horse appointed like our guests this morning. Woe's me, the time has been that I would have liked ill to have sat in biggit wa's waiting for the news of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me! But, as the old song goes,

> "For time will rust the brightest blade,
> And years will break the strongest bow;
> Was ever wight so starkly made,
> But time and years would overthrow?"

"We are well pleased you will stay, brother," said Lady Margaret; "I will take my old privilege to look after my

household, whom this collation has thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil to leave you alone."

"O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse," replied the Major. "Besides, your person would be with me, and your mind with the cold meat and reversionary pasties. Where is Edith?"

"Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a gliff," said her grandmother; "as soon as she wakes, she shall take some drops."

"Pooh! pooh! she's only sick of the soldiers," answered Major Bellenden. "She's not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service, with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the Civil War were to break out again."

"God forbid, brother!" said Lady Margaret.

"Ay, Heaven forbid, as you say; and, in the meantime, I'll take a hit at trick track with Harrison."

"He has ridden out, sir," said Gudyill, "to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle."

"D—n the battle," said the Major; "it puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing in the country before; and yet there was such a place as Kilsyth, John."

"Ay, and as Tippermuir, your honor," replied Gudyill, "where I was his honor my late master's rear-rank man."

"And Alford, John," pursued the Major, "where I commanded the horse; and Innerlochy, where I was the Great Marquis's aide-de-camp; and Auld Earn, and Brig o' Dee."

"And Philiphaugh, your honor," said John.

"Umph!" replied the Major; "the less, John, we say about that matter, the better."

However, being once fairly embarked on the subject of Montrose's campaigns, the Major and John Gudyill carried on the war so stoutly as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credibility, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumors anticipate the reality, not unlike to the "shadows of coming events," which occupy the imagination of the Highland seer. Harri-

son, in his ride, encountered some such report concerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tillietudlem in great dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a prolix account of the siege and storm of Dundee with the ejaculation, "Heaven send, Major, that we do not see a siege of Tillietudlem before we are many days older!"

"How is that, Harrison? what the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"Troth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Claver'se is clean broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed; and that the rebels are hastening this way, threatening death and devastation to a' that will not take the Covenant."

"I will never believe that," said the Major, starting on his feet—"I will never believe that the Life Guards would retreat before rebels; and yet why need I say that," he continued, checking himself, "when I have seen such sights myself? Send out Pike and one or two of the servants for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted take up arms. This old tower may hold them play a bit if it were but victualled and garrisoned, and it commands the pass between the high and low countries. It's lucky I chanced to be here. Go, muster men, Harrison. You, Gudyill, look what provisions you have, or can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bullocks as you have salt for. The well never goes dry. There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements; if we had but ammunition we should do well enough."

"The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to bide their return," said Harrison.

"Hasten, then," said the Major, "and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun that is within our reach; don't leave so much as a bodkin. Lucky that I was here! I will speak to my sister instantly."

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astounded at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the imposing force which had that morning left her walls was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and now her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops. "Woe's me! woe's me!" said she; "what will all that we can do avail us, brother? What will resistance do but bring

sure destruction on the house and on the bairn Edith! for, God knows, I thinkna on my ain auld life."

"Come, sister," said the Major, "you must not be cast down. The place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill provided; my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old gray hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence. What news, Pike? Another Philiphaugh job, eh?"

"Ay, ay," said Pike, composedly; "a total scattering. I thought this morning little gude would come of their new-fangled gate of slinging their carabines."

"Whom did you see? Who gave you the news?" asked the Major.

"O, mair than half a dozen dragoon fellows that are a' on the spur whilk to get first to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle wha like."

"Continue your preparations, Harrison," said the alert veteran; "get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meal you can gather. We must not lose an instant. Had not Edith and you, sister, better return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there?"

"No, brother," said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure; "since the auld house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it. I have fled twice from it in my days, and I have aye found it desolate of its bravest and its bonniest when I returned; sae that I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage in it."

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you," said the Major; "for the Whigs will rise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe."

"So be it, then," said Lady Margaret; "and, dear brother, as the nearest blood relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you by this symbol [here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torwood] the keeping and government and seneschalship of my Tower of Tillietudlem, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it as becomes a house in which his most sacred Majesty has not disdained——"

"Pshaw! sister," interrupted the Major, "we have no time to speak about the king and his breakfast just now."

And hastily leaving the room he hurried, with all the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillietudlem, having very thick walls and very narrow windows, having also a very strong courtyard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against anything but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets. These the Major, with the assistance of John Gudyill, caused to be scaled and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill, by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed barricades to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower along the high-road, taking care that each should command the other. The large gate of the courtyard he barricaded yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of passage. What he had most to apprehend was the slenderness of his garrison; for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than nine men under arms, himself and Gudyill included, so much more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the government. Major Bellenden and his trusty servant Pike made the garrison eleven in number, of whom one-half were old men. The round dozen might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Goose Gibbie should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gudyill, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier that she declared she would rather the Castle were lost than that he were to be enrolled in the defence of it. With eleven men, however, himself included, Major Bellenden determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked, cattle bellowed, dogs howled, men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission; the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements, the courts resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers who went and

returned upon errands of importance, and the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sound of female laments.

Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the Castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no pigeon to dismiss in pursuit of information when her raven messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overflowed the rest of the Castle. Six voices speaking at once informed her, in reply to her first inquiry, that Claverse and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand Whigs were marching to besiege the Castle, headed by John Balfour of Burley, young Milnwood, and Cuddie Headrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falsehood of the whole story, and yet the general bustle in the Castle intimated that danger was certainly apprehended.

"Where is Lady Margaret?" was Edith's second question.

"In her oratory," was the reply—a cell adjoining to the chapel, in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observances, as also the anniversaries of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for by national or domestic calamity.

"Where, then," said Edith, much alarmed, "is Major Bellenden?"

"On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon," was the reply.

To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

"In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?" exclaimed Edith.

"The matter, my love!" answered the Major, coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun. "The matter! Why—raise her breech a thought more, John

Gudyill—the matter! Why, Claver'se is routed, my dear, and the Whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter."

"Gracious powers!" said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river, "and yonder they come!"

"Yonder! where?" said the veteran; and, his eyes taking the same direction, he beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. "Stand to your guns, my lads!" was the first exclamation; "we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh. But stay, stay, these are certainly the Life Guards."

"O no, uncle, no," replied Edith; "see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks; these cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning."

"Ah, my dear girl!" answered the Major, "you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life Guards it is, for I see the red and blue and the king's colors. I am glad they have brought them off, however."

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

"It is Claverhouse, sure enough," said the Major; "I am glad he has escaped, but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news."

CHAPTER XX

With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rade he north the plain,
His seem in thrang of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same.

Hardyknute.

COLONEL GRAHAME of Claverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had graced his manners in the morning. He had even had the composure to rectify in part the derangement of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior than if returned from a morning ride.

"I am grieved, Colonel Grahame," said the reverend old lady, the tears trickling down her face—"deeply grieved."

"And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret," replied Claverhouse, "that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tillietudlem dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the king's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort—if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway—to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dumbarton Castle, as you shall think best."

"I am much obliged to you, Colonel Grahame," replied Lady Margaret; "but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her ain hearth-stane while there's a brave man that says he can defend it."

"And will Major Bellenden undertake this?" said Claverhouse, hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran. "Yet why should I question it? it is of a piece with the rest of his life. But have you the means, Major?"

"All but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied," answered the Major.

"As for men," said Claverhouse, "I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved."

"I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, "with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should gnaw the soles of our shoes for hunger; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country."

"And, Colonel Grahame, if I might presume a request," said Lady Margaret, "I would entreat that Sergeant Francis Stewart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favor of his noble birth."

"The sergeant's wars are ended, madam," said Grahame, in an unaltered tone, "and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give."

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "but I am anxious for my friends; I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard."

"You are right, Major Bellenden," answered Claverhouse, firmly; "my nephew is no more. He has died in his duty, as became him."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Major, "how unhappy! The handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!"

"He was indeed all you say," answered Claverhouse; "poor Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he died in his duty, and I—I—Major Bellenden [he wrung the Major's hand hard as he spoke], I live to avenge him."

"Colonel Grahame," said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, "I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude."

"I am not a selfish man," replied Claverhouse, "though the world will tell you otherwise—I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country are what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others."

"I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair," pursued the Major.

"Yes," replied Claverhouse, "my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge; I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign; I can repel their charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight; I shall find a time to show them that they exult too early. This youth that has fallen stood betwixt a grasping kinsman and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; yet, peace be with him! the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Evandale, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen."

"What a fatal day!" ejaculated the Major. "I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted; it was added that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field."

"Not so, Major," said Grahame; "let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any; and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Evandale's death as certain; but killed or prisoner I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men; the rest of the regiment were almost dispersed."

"They have rallied again soon," said the Major, looking from the window on the dragoons, who were feeding their horses and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

"Yes," answered Claverhouse, "my blackguards had little temptation either to desert or to straggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the boors of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the scoundrels are driven back to their colors by a wholesome terror of spits, pike-staves, hay-forks, and broomsticks. But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the western counties."

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillietudlem.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them that though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his character as a good knight and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expressions and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Claverhouse farewell, and thanking him for the succors which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to inquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed ; for the old Cavalier was so deeply immersed in the duties of his own office that he had scarce said a single word to Claverhouse, excepting upon military matters, and most probably would have been equally forgetful had the fate of his own son, instead of his friend's, lain in the balance.

Claverhouse now descended the bank on which the Castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the tower.

"I shall leave Inglis with you," said Claverhouse, "for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank ; it is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the men together. But should any of our missing officers make their appearance I authorize you to detain them ; for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority."

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Inglis, whom he promoted to the rank of sergeant on the spot.

"And hark ye, gentlemen," was his concluding harangue, "I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant to the king. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice, neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the provost-marshal and cord ; you know I keep my word for good and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them farewell, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

"Adieu," he said, "my stout-hearted old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both."

The horsemen whom he commanded had been once more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allan; and, though shorn of their splendor, and with their gilding all besmirched, made a much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for the second time, the Tower of Tillietudlem than when they returned to it after their rout.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several videttes, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meal, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they also had abroad their detachments and advanced guards to collect supplies, and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary orders, in the name of the king and in that of the kirk; the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the Castle of Tillietudlem, and the other enjoining them to forward supplies to the camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of covenanted reformation, presently pitched at Drumclog, nigh to Loudon Hill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected; for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to; and, to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

"Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft," said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; "but I'se aye keep a calm sough. Jenny, what meal is in the girnel?"

"Four bows o' aitmeal, twa bows o' bear, and twa bows o' pease," was Jenny's reply.

"Aweel, hinny," continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, "let Bauldy drive the pease and bear meal to the camp at Drumclog; he's a Whig, and was the auld gudewife's pleughman; the mashlum bannocks will suit their muirland stamachs weel. He maun say it's the last unce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie—as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house—he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutifu' service to my Leddy and the Major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and if Dun-

can manage right, I'll gie him a tass o' whiskey shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth."

"And what are we to eat oursells, then, father," asked Jenny, "when we hae sent awa' the haill meal in the ark and the girnel?"

"We maun gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink," said Niel, in a tone of resignation; "it's no that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stamach as the curney aitmeal is. The Englishers live amaist upon't; but to be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better."

While the prudent and peaceful endeavored, like Neil Blane, to make fair weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit began to take arms on all sides. The Royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brothers, cousins, and dependants to the ninth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia capable of defending their own peel-houses against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demand of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the Presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tillietudlem was to be defended against the insurgents afforded great courage and support to these feudal volunteers, who considered it as a stronghold to which they might retreat, in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the desultory war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of the small heritors, sent forth numerous recruits to the Presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation by the various exactions and cruelties to which they had been subjected; and although by no means united among themselves either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most of them considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms; and, in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to cast in their lot with the victors of Loudon Hill.

CHAPTER XXI

Ananias. I do not like the man. He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.
Tribulation. You must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him.
The Alchemist.

We return to Henry Morton, whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating by one of the watch-fires his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when Burley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister, whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

"Henry Morton," said Balfour, abruptly, "the council of the army of the Covenant, confiding that the son of Silas Morton can never prove a lukewarm Laodicean, or an indifferent Gallio in this great day, have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men."

"Mr. Balfour," replied Morton, without hesitation, "I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the injuries of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw my sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will own to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause ere I can agree to take a command among you."

"And can you doubt of our principles," answered Burley, "since we have stated them to be the reformation both of church and state, the rebuilding of the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?"

"I will own frankly, Mr. Balfour," replied Morton, "much of this sort of language, which I observe is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware of this before we commune further together." The young clergyman here groaned deeply. "I distress you, sir," said

Morton; "but perhaps it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."

The young divine seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

"Hush, Ephraim!" said Burley, "remember he is but as a babe in swaddling-clothes. Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that carnal reason which is for the present thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the persons, exhausting the estates, and trampling upon the consciences of men at their own wicked pleasure?"

"Most certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Macbriar, "ye handle this matter too tenderly; nor will my conscience permit me to fard or daub over the causes of divine wrath——"

"Peace, Ephraim Macbriar!" again interrupted Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it not the cause of my Master who hath sent me? Is it not a profane and Erastian destroying of His authority, usurpation of His power, denial of His name, to place either King or Parliament in His place as the master and governor of His household, the adulterous husband of His spouse?"

"You speak well," said Burley, dragging him aside, "but not wisely; your own ears have heard this night in council how this scattered remnant are broken and divided, and would ye now make a veil of separation between them? Would ye build a wall with unslaked mortar? If a fox go up, it will breach it."

"I know," said the young clergyman, in reply, "that thou art faithful, honest, and zealous, even unto slaying; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this temporizing with sin and with infirmity, is in itself a falling away; and I fear me Heaven

will not honor us to do much more for His glory, when we seek to carnal cunning and to a fleshly arm. The sanctified end must be wrought by sanctified means."

"I tell thee," answered Balfour, "thy zeal is too rigid in this matter; we cannot yet do without the help of the Laodiceans and the Erastians; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the council; the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us."

"I tell thee I like it not," said Macbriar; "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of the faithful that was broken upon Pentland Hills paid but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the carnal interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stewart."

"Well, then," said Balfour, "thou knowest the healing resolution that the council have adopted—to make a comprehending declaration that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds; but abide not here to hinder my gaining over this youth, whom my soul travails for; his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banners."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Macbriar; "but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will insure his eternal reward."

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispense with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he had for interesting himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley, for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period, was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upwards. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid aside open profligacy and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnine, and enterprising spirit than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the

most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the Presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the Whigs, he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland as the author of the sufferings of the Presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, occasioned the insurrection which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody skirmish of Loudon Hill.

But Burley, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharp. The more violent among them did indeed approve of this act as a deed of justice executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the Presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, although they admitted that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant fanatics condemned, as guilty of a pusillanimous abandonment of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the permission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree better than Prelacy or Popery. Again, the more moderate party were content to allow the king's title to the throne, and in secular affairs to acknowledge his authority, so long as it was exercised with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws of the realm. But the tenets of the wilder sect, called, from their leader, Richard Cameron, by the name of Cameronians, went the length of disowning the reigning monarch, and every one of his successors who should not acknowledge the Solemn

League and Covenant. The seeds of disunion were therefore thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and Balfour, however enthusiastic, and however much attached to the most violent of those tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence. Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the honest, downright, and ardent zeal of Macbriar, and was extremely desirous to receive the assistance of the moderate party of Presbyterians in the immediate overthrow of the government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was on this account particularly anxious to secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the Presbyterians; and as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost insured his being chosen a leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Burley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately perhaps ingratiate himself so far with them as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, exalted to the council the talents and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful rank of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfour pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten rid of his less wary and uncompromising companion, Macbriar, were sufficiently artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or to disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church government went as far as those of the preacher who had just left them; but he argued that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who, in general, wished well to their oppressed country from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of division, as, for example, that concerning the Indulgence itself, arose, he observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the Presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no such compromise with the government, and, consequently, with the abolition of the In-

dulgence all discussion of its legality would be at once ended. He insisted much and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favorable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the force of the whole western shires, and upon the gross guilt which those would incur who, seeing the distress of the country and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their active aid from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection which might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to insure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow-subjects, meditating also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the government, he conceived himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of Presbyterians already in arms.

But while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

"I am willing," he said, "to contribute everything within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated; and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced."

Burley's blood rushed to his face, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his swarthy brow.

"You mean," he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion—"you mean the death of James Sharp?"

"Frankly," answered Morton, "such is my meaning."

"You imagine, then," said Burley, "that the Almighty in times of difficulty does not raise up instruments to deliver His church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution consists, not in the extent of the sufferer's crime, or in his having merited punishment, or in the wholesome and salutary effect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in

the robe of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the doomster? Is not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the moor? And where constituted judges, from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places and dye their garments in the blood of the saints, is it not well done in any brave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?"

"I have no wish to judge this individual action," replied Morton, "further than is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in His mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody does not vindicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance."

"And were we not so?" said Burley, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. "Were not we—was not every one who owned the interest of the Covenanted Church of Scotland—bound by that covenant to cut off the Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand merks a year? Had we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men faithful to our cause and to our oaths recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands when we looked out but for one of His inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be resolved how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a diamond, 'Ye shall surely take him and slay him?' Was not the tragedy full half an hour in acting ere the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open heath, and within the patrols of their garrisons; and yet who interrupted the great work? What dog so much as bayed us during the pursuit, the taking, the slaying, and the dispersing? Then, who will say—who dare say, that a mightier arm than ours was not herein revealed?"

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Balfour," said Morton; "such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes. But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former liberation of Scotland by an act of violence which no man can justify—the slaughter

of Cumming by the hand of Robert Bruce; and therefore condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives vindicating it in your own eyes, though not in mine or in those of sober reason. I only now mention it because I desire you to understand that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without in any respect approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it."

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived with disappointment that, upon points of principle, his young brother-in-arms possessed a clearness of judgment and a firmness of mind which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, "My conduct is open to men and angels. The deed was not done in a corner; I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where or by whom I am called on to do so, whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the other side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting to arrange the future march of the army and the means of improving our victory."

Morton arose and followed him in silence, not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused than either with the measures or the motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

CHAPTER XXII

And look how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain—so many hollow factions.
Troilus and Cressida.

In a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut—a miserable cottage, which, as the only enclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders of the Presbyterian army had chosen for their council-house. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and anxious gravity which it might be supposed would have presided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord, wild and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an evil augury of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open, indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of countrymen, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of whose character maintained a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and introducing Morton into the cottage, secured the door behind them against impertinent curiosity. At a less agitating moment the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a clouded canopy as opaque as their metaphysical theology, through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky

light showed many a countenance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious, wandering, and uncertain looks showed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to Loudon Hill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had in various ways given desperate and unpardonable offence to the government.

With them were mingled their preachers, men who had spurned at the Indulgence offered by government, and preferred assembling their flocks in the wilderness to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter should be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the kirk. The other class of counsellors were such gentlemen of small fortune, and substantial farmers, as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them; and such divines, having many of them taken advantage of the Indulgence, were prepared to resist the measures of their more violent brethren, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence as sinful and unlawful acts. This delicate question had been passed over in silence in the first draught of the manifestoes which they intended to publish of the reasons of their gathering in arms; but it had been stirred anew during Balfour's absence, and to his great vexation he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry, Macbriar, Kettledrummle, and other teachers of the Wanderers being at the very spring-tide of polemical discussion with Peter Poundtext, the indulged pastor of Milnwood's parish, who, it seems, had e'en girded himself with a broadsword, but, ere he was called upon to fight for the good cause of Presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own dogmata in the council. It was the din of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Poundtext and Kettledrummle, together with the clamor of their adherents, which had saluted Morton's ears upon approaching the cottage. Indeed, as both the divines were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intolerant in defence of his own doctrine, prompt in the recollection of texts wherewith they battered each

other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of discussion, the noise of the debate betwixt them fell little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Burley, scandalized at the disunion implied in this virulent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unseasonableness of discord, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the exertion of the authority which his services in that day's victory entitled him to assume, at length succeeded in prevailing upon them to adjourn further discussion of the controversy. But although Kettledrummle and Poundtext were thus for the time silenced, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glance of the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company to fly once more at each other's throats.

Balfour took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to peril goods and life in the precious cause for which his father, the renowned Silas Morton, had given in his time a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Poundtext, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Erastianism, and reminded each other in whispers that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the Resolutioners had led the way in owning the authority of Charles Stewart, thereby making a gap whereat the present tyrant was afterwards brought in to the oppression both of kirk and country. They added, however, that on this great day of calling they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough; and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and counsellor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Burley's motion, to divide among themselves the command of the men who had assembled, and whose numbers were daily increasing. In this partition the insurgents of Poundtext's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an

arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence as well by his personal qualities as his having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's heart throbbed high when he heard the Tower of Tillietudlem named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the more wild and the more fertile country, and must furnish, it was plausibly urged, a stronghold and place of rendezvous to the Cavaliers and Malignants of the district, supposing the insurgents were to march onward and leave it uninvested. This measure was particularly urged as necessary by Poundtext and those of his immediate followers whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severities if this strong place were permitted to remain in possession of the Royalists.

"I opine," said Poundtext, for, like the other divines of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters, of which he was profoundly ignorant—"I opine that we should take in and raze that stronghold of the woman Lady Margaret Bellenden, even though we should build a fort and raise a mount against it; for the race is a rebellious and a bloody race, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Covenant, both in the former and the latter times. Their hook hath been in our noses, and their bridle betwixt our jaws."

"What are their means and men of defence?" said Burley. "The place is strong; but I cannot conceive that two women can make it good against a host."

"There is also," said Poundtext, "Harrison the steward, and John Gudyill, even the lady's chief butler, who boasteth himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Belial, James Grahame of Montrose."

"Pshaw!" returned Burley, scornfully, "a butler!"

"Also, there is that ancient Malignant," replied Poundtext, "Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints."

"If that," said Burley, "be Miles Bellenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years."

"There was word in the country as I rode along," said another of the council, "that so soon as they heard of the victory which has been given to us, they caused shut the gates

of the Tower, and called in men, and collected ammunition. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house."

"We will not, with my consent," said Burley, "engage in a siege which may consume time. We must rush forward and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming."

"Howbeit," said Poundtext, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place into our mercy though they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their stronghold—that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her granddaughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe-conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they in times by-past have done to the martyred saints."

"Who talks of safe-conduct and of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Habakkuk," said Macbriar, in a soothing tone to the speaker.

"I will not hold my peace," reiterated the strange and unnatural voice; "is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, gray, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean

hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"In the name of Heaven! who is he?" said Morton, in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Habakkuk Mucklewrath," answered Poundtext, in the same tone, "whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil demon hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth."

Here he was interrupted by Mucklewrath, who cried in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver—"Who talks of peace and safe-conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody house of the Malignants? I say take the infants and dash them against the stones; take the daughters and the mothers of the house and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Jezabel, the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcasses may be dung to the face of the field even in the portion of their fathers!"

"He speaks right," said more than one sullen voice from behind; "we will be honored with little service in the great cause if we already make fair weather with Heaven's enemies."

"This is utter abomination and daring impiety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation. "What blessing can you expect in a cause in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kettledrummle, "and reserve thy censure for that for which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured."

"We judge of the tree by the fruit," said Poundtext, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws."

"You forget, brother Poundtext," said Macbriar, "that these are the latter days when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Poundtext stood forward to reply; but ere he could articulate a word, the insane preacher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition. "Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is

changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me? I heard it. When did I hear it? Was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide wild sea? And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it. Where did I see it? Was it not from the high peaks of Dunbarton, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host? What did I see? Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood. What heard I? The voice that cried, 'Slay, slay, smite, slay utterly, let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is gray. Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain!'"

"We receive the command," exclaimed more than one of the company. "Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed. We receive the command; as he hath said, so will we do."

Astonished, disgusted, and horror-struck at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Burley, who had his eye on his motions.

"Whither are you going?" said the latter, taking him by the arm.

"Anywhere, I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer."

"Art thou so soon weary, young man?" answered Burley. "Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already abandon it? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father?"

"No cause," replied Morton, indignantly—"no cause can prosper so conducted. One party declares for the ravings of a bloodthirsty madman; another leader is an old scholastic pedant; a third"—he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence—"Is a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Burley? I can bear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the armies of England during her Parlia-

ment of 1640, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts wilder than the Anabaptists of Munster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberties of the land."

"But their affairs," replied Morton, "were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in their exhortations and sermons, without bringing divisions into their counsels, or cruelty into their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest that he wondered at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But *our* councils seem all one wild chaos of confusion."

"Thou must have patience, Henry Morton," answered Balfour; "thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for one wild word or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends that the counsellors are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Midianites shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together; and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war and protecting those to whom mercy should be shown. Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, doubtless," answered Morton, "to be the means of softening the horrors of civil war; and I will not leave the post I have taken unless I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to no bloody executions after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely, if attempted by our own followers, as when they are the work of the enemy."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

"Thou wilt find," he said, "that the stubborn and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal must be chastised with scorpions ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, 'I will bring a sword upon you that shall avenge the quarrel of my Covenant.' But what is done shall be done gravely, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton."

"I own to you," replied Morton, "that I feel still more abhorrent at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and resentment."

"Thou art yet but a youth," replied Balfour, "and hast not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. But be not afraid; thyself shall vote and judge in these matters; it may be we shall see little cause to strive together anent them."

With this concession Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present; and Burley left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably move in the morning.

"And you," answered Morton, "do not you go to rest also?"

"No," said Burley; "my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly; I have yet to perfect the choosing of the committee of leaders, and I will call you by times in the morning to be present at their consultation."

He turned away, and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss with which the ground was overspread made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered so much hardship and anxiety. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country, and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the army slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the fields as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held wakeful conference with Burley on the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exercises of the more gifted of their number.

CHAPTER XXIII

Got with much ease—now merrily to horse.
Henry IV., Part I.

WITH the first peep of day Henry awoke and found the faithful Cuddie standing beside him with a portmanteau in his hand.

"I hae been just putting your honor's things in readiness again ye were waking," said Cuddie, "as is my duty, seeing ye hae been sae gude as to tak me into your service."

"I take you into my service, Cuddie?" said Morton; "you must be dreaming."

"Na, na, stir," answered Cuddie; "didna I say when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye gat loose I would be your servant, and ye didna say no? and if that isna hiring, I kenna what is. Ye gae me nae arles, indeed, but ye had gien me eneugh before at Milnwood."

"Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes——"

"Ou, ay, I'se warrant us a' prosper weel eneugh," answered Cuddie, cheeringly, "an anes my auld mither was weel putten up. I hae begun the campaigning trade at an end that is easy eneugh to learn."

"Pillaging, I suppose?" said Morton, "for how else could you come by that portmanteau?"

"I wotna if it's pillaging, or how ye ca't," said Cuddie, "but it comes natural to a body, and it's a profitable trade. Our folk had tirled the dead dragoons as bare as bawbees before we were loose amaist. But when I saw the Whigs a' weel yokit by the lugs to Kettledrummle and the other chield, I set off at the lang trot on my ain errand and your honor's. Sae I took up the syke a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o' mony a horse-foot; and sure eneugh I cam to a place where there had been some clean leatherin', and a' the puir chields were lying there buskit wi' their claes just as they had put them on that morning—naebody had found out that pose o' carcages; and wha suld be in the midst thereof, as my mither says, but our auld acquaintance, Sergeant Bothwell?"

"Ay, has that man fallen?" said Morton.

"Troth has he," answered Cuddie; "and his een were open and his brow brent, and his teeth clinched thegither, like the jaws of a trap for foumarts when the spring's doun. I was amaist feared to look at him; however, I thought to hae turn about wi' him, and sae I e'en riped his pouches, as he had dune mony an honester man's; and here's your ain siller again—or your uncle's, which is the same—that he got at Milnwood that unlucky night that made us a' sodgers thegither."

"There can be no harm, Cuddie," said Morton, "in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me."

"Bide a wee—bide a wee," said Cuddie. "Weel, and there's a bit ring he had hinging in a black ribbon doun on his breast—I am thinking it has been a love-token, puir fallow, there's naebody sae rough but they hae aye a kind heart to the lasses—and there's a book wi' a wheen papers, and I got twa or three odd things, that I'll keep to mysell, forbye."

"Upon my word, you have made a very successful foray for a beginner," said his new master.

"Haena I e'en now?" said Cuddie, with great exultation. "I tauld ye I wasna that dooms stupid, if it cam to lifting things. And forbye, I hae gotten twa gude horse. A feckless loon of a Straven weaver, that has left his loom and his bien house to sit skirling on a cauld hillside, had catched twa dragoon naigs, and he could neither gar them hup nor wind, sae he took a gowd noble for them baith. I suld hae tried him wi' half the siller, but it's an unco ill place to get change in. Ye'll find the siller's missing out o' Bothwell's purse."

"You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Cuddie; but what is that portmanteau?"

"The pockmantle?" answered Cuddie. "It was Lord Evandale's yesterday, and it's yours the day. I fand it ahint the bush o' broom yonder; ilka dog has its day. Ye ken what the auld sang says,

"Take turn about, mither, quo' Tam o' the Linn.

And speaking o' that, I maun gang and see about my mither, puir auld body, if your honor hasna ony immediate commands."

"But, Cuddie," said Morton, "I really cannot take these things from you without some recompense."

"Hout fie, stir," answered Cuddie, "ye suld aye be taking; for recompense, ye may think about that some other

time; I hae seen gay weel to mysell wi' some things that fit me better. What could I do wi' Lord Evandale's braw claes? Sergeant Bothwell's will serve me weel enough."

Not being able to prevail on the self-constituted and disinterested follower to accept of anything for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evandale's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and in the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself of Cuddie's prize, so far as to appropriate some changes of linen and other trifling articles among those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Bothwell's pocketbook. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandums of tavern bills, and lists of delinquents who might be made subjects of fine and persecution, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the privy council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. In another pocket of the book were one or two commissions which Bothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised. But the most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity; subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the forfeited Earls of Bothwell, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility by whose descendants they were at present actually possessed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, *Haud Immemor*, F. S. E. B., the initials probably intimating Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of their deceased proprietor, were added some which showed him in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented him to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were subscribed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond expressions of female affection directed towards an object whose jealousy they endeavored to soothe, and of whose hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper the writer seemed

gently to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, and, notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed so as to be illegible.

"It matters not," these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most, "I have them by heart."

With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period:

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember'd night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.
  Since then, how often hast thou press'd
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell;
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion!
O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wander'd wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me.
  Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting-scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase,
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,
Then from the carcass turn away;
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed;—
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me!

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not forbear reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who, it appeared, while in the lowest state of degradation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections continually fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him; and, while plunged in gross licentiousness, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had nourished a virtuous, though unfortunate, attachment.

"Alas! what are we," said Morton, "that our best and most praiseworthy feelings can be thus debased and depraved; that honorable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blighted affection inhabit the same bosom which license, revenge, and rapine have chosen for their citadel? But it is the same throughout; the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and unfeeling indifference, the religious zeal of another hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions, our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its tides, 'Thus far shall ye come, and no farther.'"

While he thus moralized, he raised his eyes, and observed that Burley stood before him.

"Already awake?" said that leader. "It is well, and shows zeal to tread the path before you. What papers are these?" he continued.

Morton gave him some brief account of Cuddie's successful marauding party, and handed him the pocketbook of Bothwell, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs or public business; but when he came to the verses he threw them from him with contempt.

"I little thought," he said, "when, by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times through the body of that arch tool of cruelty and persecution, that a character so desperate and so dangerous could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can blend the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction can touch a tinkling lute or a gittern, to soothe the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair."

"Your ideas of duty, then," said Morton, "exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind?"

"To me, young man," answered Burley, "and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power are a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is to build up the temple of the Lord."

"I have heard my father observe," replied Morton, "that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven were as severe in its exercise, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition,—

but of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated ?"

"I have," answered Burley. "The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations."

Morton accompanied him to a sequestered grass-plot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronians were Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle ; and on that of the Moderate party Poundtext, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor, called the Laird of Langcale. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforcements to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tillietudlem, and summon that stronghold, as they expressed it, of Malignancy. If it was not surrendered to their summons, they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault ; and should that miscarry, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management ; and thus Morton's first enterprise in active life was likely to be the attack of a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations ! He felt fully the embarrassment of his situation, yet consoled himself with the reflection that his newly acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillietudlem a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them ; and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such an accommodation betwixt them and the Presbyterian army as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER XXIV

There came a knight from the field of slain,
His steed was drench'd in blood and rain.

FINLAY.

WE must now return to the fortress of Tillietudlem and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of London Hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labors by which they proposed to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret, called the Warder's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life Guards; and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly showed that he was sick or wounded. The wicket was instantly opened to receive him, and Lord Evandale rode into the courtyard, so reduced by loss of blood that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his regimentals soiled and torn, and his hair matted and disordered, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next exclamation was that of joy at his escape.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Lady Margaret, "that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the bloodthirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king's loyal servants!"

"Thank God!" added Edith, "that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst. But you are wounded, and I fear we have little the means of assisting you."

"My wounds are only sword-cuts," answered the young nobleman, as he reposed himself on a seat; "the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood. But it was not my purpose to bring my weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you? Permit me," he added, addressing Lady Margaret—"permit me to think and act as your son, my dear madam—as your brother, Edith!"

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a suitor might render his proffered services unacceptable to Miss Bellenden. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for exchange of sentiments.

"We are preparing for our defence," said the old lady, with great dignity; "my brother has taken charge of our garrison, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve."

"How gladly," said Evandale, "would I share in the defence of the Castle! But in my present state I should be but a burden to you; nay, something worse, for the knowledge that an officer of the Life Guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make these rogues more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault."

"And can you think so meanly of us, my lord," said Edith, with the generous burst of feeling which woman so often evinces, and which becomes her so well, her voice faltering through eagerness, and her brow coloring with the noble warmth which dictated her language—"can you think so meanly of your friends, as that they would permit such considerations to interfere with their sheltering and protecting you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself, and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? Is there a cottage in Scotland whose owners would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances? And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we hold to be strong enough for our own defence?"

"Lord Evandale need never think of it," said Lady Margaret. "I will dress his wounds myself; it is all an old wife is fit for in war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillietudlem when the sword of the enemy is drawn to slay him—the meanest trooper that ever wore the king's coat on his back should not do so, much less my young Lord Evandale. Ours is not a house that ought to brook such dishonor. The Tower of Tillietudlem has been too much distinguished by the visit of his most sacred——"

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

"We have taken a prisoner, my dear uncle," said Edith—"a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force."

"Lord Evandale!" exclaimed the veteran. "I am as

much pleased as when I got my first commission. Claverhouse reported you were killed, or missing at least."

"I should have been slain but for a friend of yours," said Lord Evandale, speaking with some emotion, and bending his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the impression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Bellenden. "I was unhorsed and defenceless, and the sword raised to despatch me, when young Mr. Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, interposed in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping."

As he ended the sentence, a painful curiosity overcame his first resolution; he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and imagined he could read, in the glow of her cheek and the sparkle of her eye, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left last in the race of generosity. Such, indeed, were her feelings; but they were also mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Evandale had hastened to bear witness to the merit of a favored rival, and to acknowledge an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Bellenden, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying, "Since Henry Morton has influence with these rascals, I am glad he has so exerted it; but I hope he will get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their cant and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pedantry of that old Presbyterian scoundrel, Poundtext, who, after enjoying the Indulgence of the government for so many years, has now, upon the very first ruffle, shown himself in his own proper colors, and set off, with three parts of his crop-eared congregation, to join the host of the fanatics. But how did you escape after leaving the field, my lord?"

"I rode for my life, as a recreant knight must," answered Lord Evandale, smiling. "I took the route where I thought I had least chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and I found shelter for several hours—you will hardly guess where."

"At Castle Bracklan, perhaps," said Lady Margaret, "or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?"

"No, madam. I was repulsed, under one mean pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in

the cottage of a poor widow whose husband had been shot within these three months by a party of our corps, and whose two sons are at this very moment with the insurgents."

"Indeed!" said Lady Margaret Bellenden; "and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity? But she disapproved, I suppose, of the tenets of her family?"

"Far from it, madam," continued the young nobleman; "she was in principle a rigid recusant, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a Cavalier and a soldier. She bound my wounds, and permitted me to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she had learned that I had every chance of getting to this tower without danger."

"It was nobly done," said Miss Bellenden; "and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity."

"I am running up an arrear of obligation on all sides, Miss Bellenden, during these unfortunate occurrences," replied Lord Evandale; "but when I can attain the means of showing my gratitude, the will shall not be wanting."

All now joined in pressing Lord Evandale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Bellenden proved the most effectual.

"Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the fellows whom Claverhouse has left in garrison here, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of inmates; and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his regiment who might pass this way."

"That," said Lord Evandale, "is an unanswerable argument, since it shows me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state."

"For your wounds, my lord," said the Major, "if my sister, Lady Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if such should appear, I will answer that my old campaigner, Gideon Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the incorporation of barber-surgeons. He had enough of practice in Montrose's time, for we had few regularly bred army chirurgeons, as you may well suppose. You agree to stay with us, then?"

"My reasons for leaving the Castle," said Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, "though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of

serving you. May I presume, Major, to inquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?"

It did not escape Miss Bellenden that Lord Evandale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. "I think, sir," she said, addressing the Major, "that since Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions."

"Edith is right," said the old lady; "you must go instantly to bed, my lord, and take some febrifuge, which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall make some friar's chicken, or something very light. I would not advise wine. John Gudyill, let the housekeeper make ready the chamber of dais. Lord Evandale must lie down instantly. Pike will take off the dressings and examine the state of the wounds."

"These are melancholy preparations, madam," said Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall; "but I must submit to your ladyship's directions, and I trust that your skill will soon make me a more able defender of your castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Major Bellenden."

With these words he left the apartment.

"An excellent young man, and a modest," said the Major.

"None of that conceit," said Lady Margaret, "that often makes young folk suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience."

"And so generous and handsome a young nobleman," said Jenny Dennison, who had entered during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall, the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were merited by the person on whom they were bestowed.

Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow. "After a', it's true that my leddy says, there's nae trusting a Presbyterian; they are a' faithless man sworn louns. Wha wad hae thought that young Milnwood and Cuddie Headrigg wad hae taen on wi' thae rebel blackguards?"

"What do you mean by such improbable nonsense, Jenny?" said her young mistress, very much displeased.

"I ken it's no pleasing for you to hear, madam," answered Jenny, hardily, "and it's as little pleasant for me to tell; but as gude ye suld ken a' about it sune as syne, for the haill Castle's ringing wi't."

"Ringing with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?" answered Edith, impatiently.

"Just that Henry Morton of Milnwood is out wi' the rebels, and ane o' their chief leaders."

"It is a falsehood!" said Edith—"a most base calumny! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country, such cruelty to me—to—to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean—who must suffer in a civil war; I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense."

"Dear! dear! Miss Edith," replied Jenny, still constant to her text, "they maun be better acquainted wi' young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell preceesely what they're capable or no capable o'. But there has been Trooper Tam and another chield out in bonnets and gray plaids, like countrymen, to recon—reconnoitre, I think John Gudyill ca'd it; and they hae been amang the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milnwood mounted on ane o' the dragoon horses that was taen at Loudon Hill, armed wi' swords and pistols, like wha but him, and hand and glove wi' the foremost o' them, and dreeling and commanding the men; and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in ane o' Sergeant Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat with a bab o' blue ribbands at it for the auld cause o' the Covenant—but Cuddie aye liked a blue ribband—and a ruffled sark, like ony lord o' the land; it sets the like o' him, indeed!"

"Jenny," said her young mistress, hastily, "it is impossible these men's report can be true; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant."

"Because Tam Halliday," answered the handmaiden, "came in just five minutes after Lord Evandale; and when he heard his lordship was in the Castle, he swore—the profane loon!—he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he ca'd it, of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an officer of his ain regiment in the garrison. Sae he wad have said naething till Lord Evandale wakened the next morning; only he tauld me about it [here Jenny looked a little down], just to vex me about Cuddie."

"Poh, you silly girl," said Edith, assuming some courage, "it is all a trick of that fellow to teaze you."

"Na, madam, it canna be that, for John Gudyill took the other dragoon—he's an auld hard-favored man, I wotna his name—into the cellar, and gae him a tass o' brandy to get the news out o' him, and he said just the same as Tam Halliday, word for word; and Mr. Gudyill was in sic a rage that he tauld it a' ower again to us, and says the haill rebellion is owing to the nonsense o' my leddy and the Major, and Lord Evandale, that begged off young Milnwood and Cuddie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country wad hae been quiet; and troth I am muckle o' that opinion mysell."

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her news produced upon her young lady, an effect rendered doubly violent by the High Church principles and prejudices in which Miss Bellenden had been educated. Her complexion became as pale as a corpse, her respiration so difficult that it was on the point of altogether failing her, and her limbs so incapable of supporting her that she sunk, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of laces, and all other remedies usual in hysterical cases, but without any immediate effect.

"God forgie me! what hae I done?" said the repentant *fille-de-chambre*. "I wish my tongue had been cuttit out! Wha wad hae thought o' her taking on that way, and a' for a young lad? O, Miss Edith—dear Miss Edith, haud your heart up about it; it's maybe no true for a' that I hae said. O, I wish my mouth had been blistered! A'body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. What if my leddy comes? or the Major? and she's sitting in the throne, too, that naebody has sat in since that weary morning the King was here! O, what will I do? O, what will become o' us?"

While Jenny Dennison thus lamented herself and her mistress, Edith slowly returned from the paroxysm into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.

"If he had been unfortunate," she said, "I never would have deserted him. I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him; if he had been unfaithful, I would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his king, a traitor to his country, the associate and colleague of cutthroats and

common stabbers, the persecutor of all that is noble, the professed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred,—I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should ebb in the effort!"

She wiped her eyes and rose hastily from the great chair (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it), while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushion, and efface the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair, would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall apparently in deep meditation.

"Tak my arm, madam—better just tak my arm; sorrow maun hae its vent, and doubtless——"

"No, Jenny," said Edith, with firmness, "you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength."

"But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were sae sair grieved."

"Misplaced and erring affection may require support, Jenny; duty can support itself,—yet I will do nothing rashly. I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct, and then—cast him off forever," was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overawed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive nor estimate the merit, Jenny muttered between her teeth, "Odd, when the first flight's ower, Miss Edith taks it as easy as I do, and muckle easier, and I'm sure I ne'er cared half sae muckle about Cuddie Headrigg as she did about young Milnwood. Forbye that, it's maybe as weel to hae a friend on baith sides; for, if the Whigs suld come to tak the Castle, as it's like they may, when there's sae little victual, and the dragoons wasting what's o't, ou, in that case, Milnwood and Cuddie wad hae the upper hand, and their freendship wad be worth siller; I was thinking sae this morning or I heard the news."

With this consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual occupations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for eradicating the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

CHAPTER XXV

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more!
Henry V.

On the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tillietudlem. Lord Evandale's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence; and the loss of blood, as much perhaps as the boasted specific of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep about with the assistance of a stick. In these circumstances, he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare. Lord Evandale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made; and, excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

With the peep of day, Lord Evandale and Major Bellenden were on the battlements again, viewing and re-viewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the spies had now been regularly made and received; but the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the government with the most scornful incredulity.

"I know the lad better," was the only reply he deigned to make; "the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been deceived by some fanciful resemblance, or have picked up some story."

"I differ from you, Major," answered Lord Evandale; "I

think you will see that young gentleman at the head of the insurgents; and, though I shall be heartily sorry for it, I shall not be greatly surprised."

"You are as bad as Claverhouse," said the Major, "who contended yesterday morning down my very throat that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentlemanlike a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels."

"And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lies," said Lord Evandale, "what other course is open to him? For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity."

"Blame, my lord! pity?" echoed the Major, astonished at hearing such sentiments. "He would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure. Blame, indeed! But your lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak?"

"I give you my honor, Major Bellenden, that I have been for some time of opinion that our politicians and prelates have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and have alienated, by violence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, but all those in the upper ranks whom strong party feeling or a desire of court interest does not attach to their standard."

"I am no politician," answered the Major, "and I do not understand nice distinctions. My sword is the king's, and when he commands, I draw it in his cause."

"I trust," replied the young lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for yonder they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Evandale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently so to deepen and concentrate themselves that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their force appeared very considerable. There was a pause of anxiety on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Covenanters were agitated, as if by pressure behind or uncertainty as to their next

movement, their arms, picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battle-axes. The armed mass occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied the height a little nearer to the Castle. John Gudyill, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

"I'll flee the falcon [so the small cannon was called]—I'll flee the falcon whene'er your honor gies command; my certie, she'll ruffle their feathers for them!"

The Major looked at Lord Evandale.

"Stay a moment," said the young nobleman, "they send us a flag of truce."

In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved forward towards the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale, descending from the battlement of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barricade, judging it unwise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time that the ambassador set forth, the group of horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gudyill for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The envoy of the Covenanters, to judge by his mien and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous primness, and his half-shut eyes seemed to scorn to look upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they trod.

Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure. "Did you ever," said he to Major Bellenden, "see such an absurd automaton? One would swear it moves upon springs. Can it speak, think you?"

"O, ay," said the Major; "that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine Puritan of the right pharisaical leaven. Stay, he coughs and hems; he is about to summon the Castle with the butt-end of a sermon instead of a parley on the trumpet."

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religionists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture; only that instead of

a prose exordium, the Laird of Langcale—for it was no less a personage—uplifted, with a stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

> "Ye gates lift up your heads! ye doors,
> Doors that do last for aye,
> Be lifted up——"

"I told you so," said the Major to Evandale, and then presented himself at the entrance of the barricade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a hog in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

"I come," replied the ambassador, in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences —"I come from the godly army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two carnal Malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood."

"And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden and Lord Evandale?" answered the Major.

"Are you the parties?" said the Laird of Langcale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.

"Even so, for fault of better," said the Major.

"Then there is the public summons," said the envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale's hand, "and there is a private letter for Miles Bellenden from a godly youth, who is honored with leading a part of our host. Read them quickly, and God give you grace to fructify by the contents, though it is muckle to be doubted."

The summons ran thus: "We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tillietudlem, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and license to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend His own good cause!"

This summons was signed by John Balfour of Burley, as quartermaster-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Morton. It was couched in the following language:

"I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honor and good faith, and with the full approval of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilled, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the oppressed and harassed sufferers with whom I am now acting. My most earnest and anxious desire is to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy end by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may substitute the authority of equal laws for that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

"With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms before the house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the assurance that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood; that, if repulsed in the assault, we are yet strong enough to invest the place, and reduce it by hunger, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

"Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to you any terms which could compromise the high and honorable character which you have so deservedly won, and so long borne. If the regular soldiers, to whom I will insure a safe retreat, are dismissed from the place, I trust no more will be required than your parole to remain neuter during this unhappy contest; and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected, and no garrison intruded upon you. I could say much in favor of this proposal; but I fear, as I must in the present instance appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would lose their influence when coming from an unwelcome quarter. I will,

therefore, break off with assuring you that, whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erased; and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let not that prevent you from resuming the topic, if future events should render it more acceptable; for whenever, or howsoever, I can be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfaction to

"HENRY MORTON."

Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Bellenden put it into the hands of Lord Evandale.

"I would not have believed this," he said, "of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it! The ungrateful, rebellious traitor! rebellious in cold blood, and without even the pretext of enthusiasm, that warms the liver of such a crack-brained fop as our friend the envoy there. But I should have remembered he was a Presbyterian; I ought to have been aware that I was nursing a wolf-cub, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and snatch at me on the first opportunity. Were Saint Paul on earth again, and a Presbyterian, he would be a rebel in three months; it is in the very blood of them."

"Well," said Lord Evandale, "I will be the last to recommend surrender; but, if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening to get the ladies, at least, safe out of the Castle."

"They will endure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite," answered the Major, indignantly; "I would renounce them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador. My friend," he said, turning to Langcale, "tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered yonder, that, if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of Cornet Grahame."

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main body than a murmur was heard among the multitude, and

there was raised in front of their ranks an ample red flag, the borders of which were edged with blue. As the signal of war and defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, was immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and at the same time a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the brow of the hill.

"I think," said John Gudyill, while he busied himself in recharging his guns, "they hae fund the falcon's neb a bit ower hard for them. It's no for naught that the hawk whistles."

But as he uttered these words the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their firearms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, sustaining with firmness a heavy fire from the garrison, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm; and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Bellenden rendered this success unavailing; for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat; but not until they had, with their axes, destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to reoccupy it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space almost alone, with an axe in his hand, laboring like a pioneer amid the storm of balls, many of which were specially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen, many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay, under the command of

Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavored, by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barricade, while it was menaced in front by a second attack from Burley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavored to impede the approach of the marksmen by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was in a great measure to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the redcoats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush, from crag to crag, from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, profiting by the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharpshooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Burley, with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

"Kill, kill! down with the enemies of God and His people! No quarter! The Castle is ours!" were the cries by which he animated his friends, the most undaunted of whom followed him close, while the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily laboring to establish such a defensive cover in the rear of the

second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this *coup-de-main*.

Lord Evandale could no longer restrain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the courtyard of the Castle; and, although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the butt of the carabines and their broadswords. Those within the Castle endeavored to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharpshooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among the marksmen, being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered nuts with Jenny Dennison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance further, and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemy's fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Goose Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other

contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions, "There's a place I ken weel; mony a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison out o' the winnock, forbye creeping in whiles mysell to get some daffin' at e'en after the pleugh was loosed."

"And what's to hinder us to creep in just now?" said the other, who was a smart enterprising young fellow.

"There's no muckle to hinder us, an that were a'," answered Cuddie; "but what were we to do neist?"

"We'll take the Castle," cried the other; "here are five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate."

"Come awa' wi' you, then," said Cuddie; "but mind, deil a finger ye maun lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major, or, aboon a', on Jenny Dennison, or onybody but the sodgers; cut and quarter amang them as ye like, I carena."

"Ay, ay," said the other, "let us once in, and we will make our ain terms with them a'."

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favors and protection. He got up, however, into the yew-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stanchions of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavored to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up an hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burdened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, "Murder! murder!—we are a' harried and ravished—the Castle's taen—tak it amang ye!" she discharged

the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering forever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and could neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands had so lately been in the act of preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes which the lawyers call the four pleas of the crown, namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested; for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barricaded positions without the precincts of the Castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was dispiriting and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded; and though their

loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number could much worse spare it, while the desperate attacks of the opposite party plainly showed how serious the leaders were in the purpose of reducing the place, and how well seconded by the zeal of their followers. But, especially, the garrison had to fear for hunger, in case blockade should be resorted to as the means of reducing them. The Major's directions had been imperfectly obeyed in regard to laying in provisions ; and the dragoons, in spite of all warning and authority, were likely to be wasteful in using them. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that Major Bellenden gave directions for guarding the window through which the Castle had so nearly been surprised, as well as all others which offered the most remote facility for such an enterprise.

CHAPTER XXVI

The King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together.
Henry IV., Part II.

THE leaders of the Presbyterian army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tillietudlem. They could not but observe that their followers were disheartened by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared that, if they were suffered to exhaust their zeal and efforts in an object so secondary as the capture of this petty fort, their numbers would melt away by degrees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the present unprepared state of the government. Moved by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and dislodge the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Henry Morton, with others, to this last service, and appointed Burley to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to remain behind for the purpose of blockading the Tower of Tillietudlem. Morton testified the greatest repugnance to this arrangement.

"He had the strongest personal motives," he said, "for desiring to remain near Tillietudlem; and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such an accommodation as, without being rigorous to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers."

Burley readily guessed the cause of his young colleague's reluctance to move with the army; for, interested as he was in appreciating the characters with whom he had to deal, he had contrived, through the simplicity of Cuddie and the enthusiasm of old Mause, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tillietudlem. He therefore took the advantage of Poundtext's arising to speak to business, as he said, for some short space of time (which

Burley rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least), and seized that moment to withdraw Morton from the hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him:

"Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an uncircumcised Philistine, or thy lust for a Moabitish woman."

"I neither understand your meaning, Mr. Balfour, nor relish your allusions," replied Morton, indignantly; "and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge or to use such uncivil language."

"Confess, however, the truth," said Balfour, "and own that there are those within yon dark Tower over whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies."

"If you mean that I would willingly terminate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any personal fame or power, you may be," replied Morton, "perfectly right."

"And not wholly wrong," answered Burley, "in deeming that thou wouldst not exclude from so general a pacification thy friends in the garrison of Tillietudlem."

"Certainly," replied Morton; "I am too much obliged to Major Bellenden not to wish to be of service to him, as far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit. I never made a secret of my regard for him."

"I am aware of that," said Burley; "but if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle. Now, hearken to my words. This Miles Bellenden hath means to subsist his garrison for a month."

"This is not the case," answered Morton; "we know his stores are hardly equal to a week's consumption."

"Ay, but," continued Burley, "I have since had proof, of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garrison by that wily and gray-headed Malignant, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a diminution of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the sword should be whetted to smite and destroy us."

"And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?" said Morton.

"To what purpose?" said Balfour. "Why need we undeceive Kettledrummle, Macbriar, Poundtext, and Langcale upon such a point? Thyself must own, that whatever is told to them escapes to the host out of the mouth of the

preachers at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fort a week. What would be the consequence were they ordered to prepare for the leaguer of a month ?"

"But why conceal it, then, from me ? or why tell it me now ? and, above all, what proofs have you got of the fact ?" continued Morton.

"There are many proofs," replied Burley ; and he put into his hands a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back to various proprietors, for cattle, corn, meal, etc., to such an amount that the sum total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Burley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well, namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who readily sold to one man what they took from another, and abused the Major's press for stores pretty much as Sir John Falstaff did that of the king for men.

"And now," continued Balfour, observing that he had made the desired impression, "I have only to say that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from myself, for I have only received these papers this morning ; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befall thy friends in the Malignant party, since their fort is abundantly victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their sallying forth."

"And why," continued Morton, who felt an inexpressible reluctance to acquiesce in Balfour's reasoning—"why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward yourself to Glasgow ? It is the more honorable charge."

"And therefore, young man," answered Burley, "have I labored that it should be committed to the son of Silas Morton. I am waxing old, and this gray head has had enough of honor where it could be gathered by danger. I speak not of the frothy bubble which men call earthly fame, but the honor belonging to him that doth not the work negligently. But thy career is yet to run. Thou hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was dearly well-merited. At Loudon Hill thou wert a captive, and at the last assault it was thy part to fight under cover, while I led the more open and dangerous attack ; and,

shouldst thou now remain before these walls when there is active service elsewhere, trust me, that men will say that the son of Silas Morton hath fallen away from the paths of his father."

Stung by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to divest himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

"Mr. Balfour," he said, "let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments; be so good as to understand that I am as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding those feelings. Be assured that, whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude or my persevering resentment will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case."

"If there be a threat implied in that denunciation," replied Burley, coldly and haughtily, "it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise, from my soul, the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit."

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

"Our defeat will relieve the garrison," said he, internally, "ere they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the numbers of the Moderate party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Burley's in determining the use which shall be made of it."

He therefore followed Balfour to the council, where they found Kettledrummle [Poundtext] adding to his *lastly* a few words of practical application. When these were expended, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were named, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the

preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the history of the period. It is sufficient to say that Claverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, intrenched, or rather barricaded, themselves in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the west of Scotland. The Presbyterians made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the line of the college and cathedral church, while the other marched up the Gallowgate or principal access from the south-east. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of military skill and situation were too great for their undisciplined valor.

Ross and Claverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were intrenched behind breastworks which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavored to bring their antagonists to a close action; their followers shrank from them in every direction. And yet, though Henry Morton was one of the very last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to bear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, that "this came of trusting to latitudinarian boys; and that, had honest, faithful Burley led the attack, as he did that of the barricades of Tillietudlem, the issue would have been as different as might be."

It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these reflections thrown out by the very men who had soonest exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

"I have no retreat," he said to himself. "All shall allow —even Major Bellenden—even Edith—that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father."

The condition of the army after the repulse was so undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city to gain time for reducing them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Recruits, in the meanwhile, came fast in, more moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained at Loudon Hill, than deterred by the last unfortunate enterprise. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton's division. He had, however, the mortification to see that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased rapidly. The prudence beyond his years which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they termed a trusting in the arm of flesh, and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Gallio, "who cared for none of those things." What was worse than these misconceptions, the mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such as endeavor to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more zealous leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeavored to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command—for his colleagues willingly relinquished in his favor everything that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general—Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effectual.*

Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, labored so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every prospect of success.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motive to his uncommon exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes; for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack upon Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second assault from the insurgents, with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their

* See Dissensions among the Covenanters. Note 25.

first enterprise. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow without resistance and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering Claverhouse personally. But, although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army, and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organizing new regiments and squadrons, of making them acquainted with at least the most necessary points of military discipline, were labors which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw that, unless he took this ungracious but absolutely necessary labor, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the meanwhile, fortune appeared to favor the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine durst have expected. The privy council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed stupefied with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which these measures had excited. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The feudal array of the crown vassals in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the king the military service due for their fiefs. But the summons was very slackly obeyed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not unwilling themselves to have taken arms were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters to their engaging in such a cause.

Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts at once of their capacity and of the prudence of the severities they had exerted against the oppressed Presbyterians. It was, therefore, resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest, large estate, and a numerous following, as it was called, in the southern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had dis-

played on different occasions abroad was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in the field; while it was expected that his mild temper, and the favorable disposition which he showed to Presbyterians in general, might soften men's minds and tend to reconcile them to the government. The Duke was, therefore, invested with a commission, containing high powers for settling the distracted affairs of Scotland, and despatched from London with strong succors to take the principal military command in that country.

CHAPTER XXVII

I am bound to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either do or die.
Old Ballad.

THERE was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon augmenting and strengthening their forces. For this purpose they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, a central situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack by having the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and narrow bridge, near the castle and village of Bothwell.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Burley; but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tillietudlem continued to hold out. Impatient of suspense upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention—for he saw no reason why he should not assume a license which was taken by every one else in this disorderly army—to go to Milnwood for a day or two to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by no means approved of; for the military council of the insurgents were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services to fear to lose them, and felt somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him laws more rigid than they submitted to themselves, and he was suffered to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr. Poundtext took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighborhood of Milnwood, and favored Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there

the stronghold of some old Cavaliering baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Cuddie.

It was near sunset when they reached Milnwood, where Poundtext bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own manse, which was situated half a mile's march beyond Tillietudlem. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what a complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of as many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the control of a sordid and tyrannical relation, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual fate bound up in that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labors and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith; and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and disinterested, as it had become mingled and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind was immediately banished by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

"I shall fall young," he said, "if fall I must, my motives misconstrued and my actions condemned by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall meanly nor unavenged. They may expose my body and gibbet my limbs; but other days will come, when the sentence of infamy will recoil against those who may pronounce it. And that Heaven whose name is so often profaned during this unnatural war will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided."

Upon approaching Milnwood, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer intimated the conscious timidity of a stripling who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions—bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by

his old acquaintance, Mrs. Alison Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and nodding plume of the martial visitor.

"Where is my uncle, Alison?" said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

"Lordsake, Mr. Harry! is this you?" returned the old lady. "In troth, ye garr'd my heart loup to my very mouth. But it canna be your ainsell, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do."

"It is, however, my own self," said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time. "I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these times, Ailie, make men out of boys."

"Sad times indeed!" echoed the old woman; "and O that you suld been dangered wi' them! But wha can help it? ye were ill enough guided, and, as I teli your uncle, if ye tread on a worm it will turn."

"You were always my advocate, Ailie," said he, and the housekeeper no longer resented the familiar epithet, "and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that. Where is my uncle?"

"In Edinburgh," replied Alison; "the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimley when the reek rase. A vex'd man he's been and a feared—but ye ken the Laird as weel as I do."

"I hope he has suffered nothing in health?" said Henry.

"Naething to speak of," answered the housekeeper, "nor in gudes neither; we fended as weel as we could; and, though the troopers of Tillietudlem took the red cow and auld Hackie—ye'll mind them weel—yet they sauld us a gude bargain o' four they were driving to the Castle."

"Sold you a bargain?" said Morton; "how do you mean?"

"Ou, they cam out to gather marts for the garrison," answered the housekeeper; "but they just fell to their auld trade, and rade through the country couping and selling a' that they gat, like sae mony west-country drovers. My certie, Major Bellenden was laird o' the least share o' what they lifted, though it was taen in his name."

"Then," said Morton, hastily, "the garrison must be straitened for provisions?"

"Stressed enough," replied Ailie, "there's little doubt o' that."

A light instantly glanced on Morton's mind.

"Burley must have deceived me; craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed." Such was his inward thought; he

said aloud, "I cannot stay, Mrs. Wilson; I must go forward directly."

"But, oh! bide to eat a mouthfu'," entreated the affectionate housekeeper, "and I'll mak it ready for you as I used to do afore thae sad days."

"It is impossible," answered Morton. "Cuddie, get our horses ready."

"They're just eating their corn," answered the attendant.

"Cuddie!" exclaimed Ailie; "what garr'd ye bring that ill-faur'd, unlucky loon alang wi' ye? It was him and his randie mother began a' the mischief in this house."

"Tut, tut," replied Cuddie, "ye should forget and forgie, mistress. Mither's in Glasgow wi' her tittie, and sall plague ye nae mair; and I'm the Captain's wallie now, and I keep him tighter in thack and rape than ever ye did; saw ye him ever sae weel put on as he is now?"

"In troth and that's true," said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mien she thought much improved by his dress. "I'm sure ye ne'er had a laced cravat like that when ye were at Milnwood; that's nane o' my sewing."

"Na, na, mistress," replied Cuddie, "that's a cast o' my hand; that's ane o' Lord Evandale's braws."

"Lord Evandale!" answered the old lady, "that's him that the Whigs are gaun to hang the morn, as I hear say."

"The Whigs about to hang Lord Evandale?" said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

"Ay, troth are they," said the housekeeper. "Yesterday night he made a sally, as they ca't—my mother's name was Sally; I wonder they gie Christian folks' names to sic unchristian doings—but he made an outbreak to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was taen, an' the Whig Captain Balfour garr'd set up a gallows, and swore—or said upon his conscience, for they winna swear—that if the garrison was not gien ower the morn by daybreak, he would hing up the young lord, poor thing, as high as Haman. These are sair times! but folk canna help them, sae do ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better meat's made ready. Ye suldna hae kenn'd a word about it, an I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, hinny."

"Fed or unfed," exclaimed Morton, "saddle the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not rest until we get before the Castle."

And, resisting all Ailie's entreaties, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Poundtext and summon him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just resumed for an instant his pacific habits, and was perusing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts, which he called his studies, in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlor; for he entirely agreed with Morton that, whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the Presbyterians and the government irreconcilable, by putting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the Moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr. Poundtext to add that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly adverse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complacence to the probability held out by Morton of Lord Evandale's becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle of Tillietudlem, where Burley had established his headquarters.

They were challenged by the sentinel, who made his melancholy walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority in the army. Another soldier kept watch before a house, which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, for a gibbet * of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mrs. Wilson's report. Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him reading the Scriptures, with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleagues in office.

"What has brought ye hither?" said Burley, hastily. "Is there bad news from the army?"

"No," replied Morton; "but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned. Lord Evandale is your prisoner?"

"The Lord," replied Burley, "hath delivered him into our hands."

* See The Cameronians' Gibbet. Note 26.

"And you will avail yourself of that advantage, granted you by Heaven, to dishonor our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?"

"If the house of Tillietudlem be not surrendered by daybreak," replied Burley, "God do so to me and more also, if he shall not die that death to which his leader and patron, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of God's saints."

"We are in arms," replied Morton, "to put down such cruelties, and not to imitate them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the acts of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?"

"If thou art ignorant of it," replied Burley, "thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua, the son of Nun."

"But we," answered the divine, "live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us."

"That is to say," said Burley, "that thou wilt join thy gray hairs to his green youth to controvert me in this matter?"

"We are," rejoined Poundtext, "two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this host, and we will not permit thee to hurt a hair of the prisoner's head. It may please God to make him a means of healing these unhappy breaches in our Israel."

"I judged it would come to this," answered Burley, "when such as thou wert called into the council of the elders."

"Such as I!" answered Poundtext. "And who am I, that you should name me with such scorn? Have I not kept the flock of this sheepfold from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Balfour, wert fighting in the ranks of uncircumcision, a Philistine of hardened brow and bloody hand. Who am I, say'st thou?"

"I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wouldst so fain know," said Burley. "Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle; thou art one of those that follow the Gospel for the loaves and for the fishes, that love their own manse better than the church of God, and that would rather draw their stipends under Prelatists or heathens than be a partaker with those noble spirits who have cast all behind them for the sake of the Covenant."

"And I will tell thee, John Balfour," returned Poundtext, deservedly incensed—"I will tell thee what *thou* art. Thou art one of those for whose bloody and merciless disposition a

reproach is flung upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and blood-guiltiness, it is to be feared, this fair attempt to recover our civil and religious rights will never be honored by Providence with the desired success."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "cease this irritating and unavailing recrimination; and do you, Mr. Balfour, inform us whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Evandale, which appears to us a profitable measure in the present position of our affairs?"

"You are here," answered Burley, "as two voices against one, but you will not refuse to tarry until the united council shall decide upon this matter?"

"This," said Morton, "we would not decline if we could trust the hands in whom we are to leave the prisoner. But you know well," he added, looking sternly at Burley, "that you have already deceived me in this matter."

"Go to," said Burley, disdainfully, "thou art an idle, inconsiderate boy, who, for the black eyebrows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honor, and the cause of God and of thy country."

"Mr. Balfour," said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, "this language requires satisfaction."

"And thou shalt have it, stripling, when and where thou darest," said Burley; "I plight thee my good word on it."

Poundtext, in his turn, interfered to remind them of the madness of quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of sullen reconciliation.

"Concerning the prisoner," said Burley, "deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr. Morton, were playing the adjutant at drills and parades, and you, Mr. Poundtext, were warping the Scriptures into Erastianism. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet. Dingwall," he continued, calling a sort of aide-de-camp who slept in the next apartment, "let the guard posted on the Malignant Evandale give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them. The prisoner," he said, again addressing Poundtext and Morton, "is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment without bidding them good evening. His two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to in-

sure the prisoner's personal safety by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishioners. A band of them happened to be stationed in the hamlet, having been attached for the time to Burley's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and were usually called by their companions the Marksmen of Milnwood. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of sentinels, and he left with them Headrigg, on whose fidelity he could depend, with instructions to call him if anything remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleague took possession for the night of such quarters as the overcrowded and miserable hamlet could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose till they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the Moderate Presbyterians, which was summed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future, and that they should be permitted to attend Gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without oppression or molestation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of Church and State, and for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were or had been in arms for obtaining these ends should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehended all that was wanted, or wished for, by the Moderate party among the insurgents, might, when thus cleared of the violence of fanaticism, find advocates even among the Royalists, as claiming only the ordinary rights of Scottish freemen.

He had the more confidence of a favorable reception, that the Duke of Monmouth, to whom Charles had intrusted the charge of subduing this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate, and accessible disposition, well known to be favorable to the Presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quieting the disturbances in Scotland. It seemed to Morton that all that was necessary for influencing him in their favor was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Evandale. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early in the morning, in order to sound his dispositions to undertake the task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Gie ower your house, lady, he said,—
Gie ower your house to me.
Edom of Gordon.

MORTON had finished the revisal and the making out of a fair copy of the paper on which he and Poundtext had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Enter," said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. "Come in," said Morton, "and tell me what you want. Is there any alarm?"

"Na, stir; but I hae brought ane to speak wi' you."

"Who is that, Cuddie?" inquired Morton.

"Ane o' your auld acquaintance," said Cuddie; and opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid. "Come, come, ye needna be sae bashfu' before auld acquaintance, Jenny," said Cuddie, pulling down the veil, and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. "Tell his honor, now, there's a braw lass—tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistress."

"What was I wanting to say," answered Jenny, "to his honor himsell the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash? D'ye think that folk dinna want to see their friends in adversity, ye dour crowdy-eater?"

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was fluttered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as nervous and hysterical agitation.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" said Morton, kindly. "You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."

"Many thanks, Milnwood," said the weeping damsel;

"but ye were aye a kind gentleman, thoughfolk say ye hae become sair changed now."

"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.

"A'body says," replied Jenny, "that you and the Whigs hae made a vow to ding King Charles aff the throne, and that neither he, nor his posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it ony mair; and John Gudyill threeps ye're to gie a' the church organs to the pipers, and burn the Book o' Common Prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the King cam hame."

"My friends at Tillietudlem judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to show them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."

"Bless your kind heart for saying sae," said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' food."

"Good God!" replied Morton, "I have heard of scarcity, but not of famine. Is it possible? Have the ladies and the Major——"

"They hae suffered like the lave o' us," replied Jenny; "for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the Castle. I'm sure my poor een see fifty colors wi' faintness, and my head's sae dizzy wi' the mirligoes that I canna stand my lane."

The thinness of the poor girl's cheek, and the sharpness of her features, bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

"Sit down," he said, "for God's sake!" forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. "I knew not of this," he exclaimed, in broken ejaculations—"I could not know of it. Cold-blooded, iron-hearted fanatic—deceitful villain! Cuddie, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."

"Whiskey is gude eneugh for her," muttered Cuddie; "ane wadna hae thought that gude meal was sae scant amang them, when the quean threw sae muckle gude kail-brose scalding het about my lugs."

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not hear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle without bursting into a laugh, which weakness soon converted into an hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflect-

ing with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Headrigg in a peremptory manner; and when he had departed, endeavored to soothe his visitor.

"You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Evandale? Tell me what she desires; her orders shall be my law."

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, "Your honor is sae auld a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth."

"Be assured, Jenny," said Morton, observing that she hesitated, "that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me."

"Weel, then, ye maun ken we're starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gie ower the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots—and they are unco thick in the soles, as ye may weel mind, forbye being teugh in the upper-leather. The dragoons, again, they think they will be forced to gie up at last, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this while bypast; and since Lord Evandale's taen, there's nae guiding them; and Inglis says he'll gie up the garrison to the Whigs, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themsells."

"Scoundrels!" said Morton; "why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?"

"They are fear'd for denial o' quarter to themsells, having dune sae muckle mischief through the country; and Burley has hanged ane or twa o' them already; sae they want to draw their ain necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folks'."

"And you were sent," continued Morton, "to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men's mutiny?"

"Just e'en sae," said Jenny; "Tam Halliday took the rue, and tauld me a' about it, and gat me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him."

"But how can he help you?" said Morton; "he is a prisoner."

"Well-a-day, ay," answered the afflicted damsel; "but maybe he could mak fair terms for us; or maybe he could gie us some good advice; or maybe he might send his orders to the dragoons to be civil; or——"

"Or maybe," said Morton, "you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?"

"If it were sae," answered Jenny, with spirit, "it wadna be the first time I hae done my best to serve a friend in captivity."

"True, Jenny," replied Morton, "I were most ungrateful to forget it. But here comes Cuddie with refreshments: I will go and do your errand to Lord Evandale while you take some food and wine."

"It willna be amiss ye should ken," said Cuddie to his master, "that this Jenny—this Mrs. Dennison—was trying to cuittle favor wi' Tam Rand, the miller's man, to win into Lord Evandale's room without onybody kennin'. She wasna thinking, the gypsy, that I was at her elbow."

"And an unco fright ye gae me when ye cam ahint and took a grip o' me," said Jenny, giving him a sly twitch with her finger and her thumb; "if ye hadna been an auld acquaintance, ye daft gomeril——"

Cuddie, somewhat relenting, grinned a smile on his artful mistress, while Morton wrapped himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and went straight to the place of the young nobleman's confinement. He asked the sentinels if anything extraordinary had occurred."

"Nothing worth notice," they said, "excepting the lass that Cuddie took up, and two couriers that Captain Balfour had despatched, one to the Reverend Ephraim Macbriar, another to Kettledrummle," both of whom were beating the drum ecclesiastic in different towns between the position of Burley and the headquarters of the main army near Hamilton.

"The purpose, I presume," said Morton, with an affectation of indifference, "was to call them hither."

"So I understand," answered the sentinel, who had spoke with the messengers.

"He is summoning a triumphant majority of the council," thought Morton to himself, "for the purpose of sanctioning whatever action of atrocity he may determine upon, and thwarting opposition by authority. I must be speedy, or I shall lose my opportunity."

When he entered the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, he found him ironed, and reclining on a flock bed in the wretched garret of a miserable cottage. He was either in a slumber or in deep meditation when Morton entered, and turned on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have recognized in it the gallant soldier who had

behaved with so much spirit at the skirmish of Loudon Hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

"I am sorry to see you thus, my lord," said that youthful leader.

"I have heard you are an admirer of poetry," answered the prisoner; "in that case, Mr. Morton, you may remember these lines—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Or iron bars a cage;
> A free and quiet mind can take
> These for a hermitage.

But were my imprisonment less endurable, I am given to expect to-morrow a total enfranchisement."

"By death?" said Morton.

"Surely," answered Lord Evandale; "I have no other prospect. Your comrade, Burley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose meanness of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot boast such a shield from his vengeance, and I expect to meet its extremity."

"But Major Bellenden," said Morton, "may surrender in order to preserve your life."

"Never, while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one crust to eat. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved should I be if he changed it for my sake."

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the mutiny among the dragoons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and put the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Evandale seemed at first surprised and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

"What is to be done?" he said. "How is this misfortune to be averted?"

"Hear me, my lord," said Morton. "I believe you may not be unwilling to bear the olive branch between our master the King and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice but necessity."

"You construe me but justly," said Lord Evandale; "but to what does this tend?"

"Permit me, my lord——" continued Morton. "I will set you at liberty upon parole; nay, you may return to the Castle, and shall have a safe-conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who leave it, on condition of its instant surrender. In contributing to bring this about you will only

submit to circumstances; for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your lordship must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer with my head that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms."

Lord Evandale read over the paper with attention.

"Mr. Morton," he said, "in my simple judgment I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended; nay, further, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Monmouth; and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms."

"The doing so," answered Morton, "would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up; and that, for one, I will never agree to."

"Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should," said Lord Evandale; "and yet on that point I am certain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation."

"It is all we can wish or expect," replied Morton; "the issue is in God's hands, who disposes the hearts of princes. You accept, then, the safe-conduct?"

"Certainly," answered Lord Evandale; "and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less."

"And the garrison of Tillietudlem?" said Morton.

"Shall be withdrawn as you propose," answered the young nobleman. "I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the mutineers to reason; and I tremble to think of the consequences, should the ladies and the brave old man be delivered up to this bloodthirsty ruffian, Burley."

"You are in that case free," said Morton. "Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties."

Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at this unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen

men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who, while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her breach with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The tramp of their horses was soon heard under the window of Lord Evandale's prison. Two men whom he did not know entered the apartment, disencumbered him of his fetters, and, conducting him downstairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Tillietudlem.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale coloring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Evandale alone rode up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Dennison. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the courtyard a tumult which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and oaths were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and everything announced that the mutiny had broken out. At this crisis Lord Evandale arrived at the gate where Halliday was sentinel. On hearing Lord Evandale's voice he instantly and gladly admitted him, and that nobleman arrived among the mutinous troopers like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower Major Bellenden and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Evandale changed the scene. He seized Inglis by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villany, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of their officer, so boldly exerted, must be supported by some forces without the gate, induced them to submit.

"Take away those arms," said Lord Evandale to the people of the Castle; "they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are intrusted with them. And now," he continued, addressing the mutineers, "begone! Make the best use of your time, and of a truce of three hours, which the enemy are contented to allow you.

Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House of Muir. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provoke resentment for your own sakes. Let your punctuality show that you mean to atone for this morning's business."

The disarmed soldiers shrank in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Inglis, whom Evandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the culprit. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Evandale accosted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

"My dear Major, we must give up the place."

"Is it even so?" said Major Bellenden. "I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies."

"Not a man—not a pound of meal," answered Lord Evandale.

"Yet I am blithe to see you," returned the honest Major; "we were informed yesterday that these psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had mustered the scoundrelly dragoons ten minutes ago in order to beat up Burley's quarters and get you out of limbo, when the dog Inglis, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny. But what is to be done now?"

"I have myself no choice," said Lord Evandale; "I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the ladies must take the same route. I have, by the favor of a friend, a safe-conduct and horses for you and your retinue. For God's sake make haste; you cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men, and without provisions. Enough has been done for honor, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to government. More were needless, as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton. The possession of Tillietudlem by the rebels will be but temporary."

"If you think so, my lord," said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh—"I know you only advise what is honorable—if, then, you really think the case inevitable, I must submit; for, the mutiny of these scoundrels would render it impossible to man the walls. Cudyill, let the women call up their mistresses,

and all be ready to march. But if I could believe that my remaining in these old walls, till I was starved to a mummy, could do the king's cause the least service, old Miles Bellenden would not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body!"

The ladies, already alarmed by the mutiny, now heard the determination of the Major, in which they readily acquiesced, though not without some groans and sighs on the part of Lady Margaret, which referred, as usual, to the disjune of his most sacred Majesty in the halls which were now to be abandoned to rebels. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for discovering objects with precision, the ladies, with Major Bellenden, Harrison, Gudyill, and the other domestics, were mounted on the led horses, and others which had been provided in the neighborhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent horsemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Evandale from the hamlet took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully forbearing all outrage or acts of plunder. And when the sun arose the scarlet and blue colors of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillietudlem.

CHAPTER XXIX

And, to my breast, a bodkin in her hand
Were worth a thousand daggers.

MARLOW.

THE cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillietudlem halted for a few minutes at the small town of Bothwell, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered considerably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road towards Edinburgh, amid the lights of dawn which were now rising on the horizon. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Evandale would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Bellenden. Yet, after his first salutations had been exchanged, and every precaution solicitously adopted which could serve for her accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Bellenden, and seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the insurgent cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, with the large flapped hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features.

They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Bellenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice. "Miss Bellenden," he said, "must have friends wherever she is known, even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there anything that such can do to show their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?"

"Let them learn for their own sakes," replied Edith, "to venerate the laws and to spare innocent blood. Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive them all that I have suffered, were it ten times more."

"You think it impossible, then," rejoined the cavalier, "for any one to serve in our ranks, having the weal of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty?"

"It might be imprudent, while so absolutely in your power," replied Miss Bellenden, "to answer that question."

"Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier," replied the horseman.

"I have been taught candor from my birth," said Edith; "and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart; men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason, murder by the sword and by gibbet, the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of the established government and of our own property, are actions which must needs sully all that have accession to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over."

"The guilt of civil war," rejoined the horseman, "the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen."

"That is assuming the question," replied Edith, "which ought to be proved. Each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first drew the sword; as, in an affray, law holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence."

"Alas!" said the horseman, "were our vindication to rest there, how easy would it be to show that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance! But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it."

"Pardon me," answered Edith; "I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I know nothing—excepting in one solitary instance."

"And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?"

"Far from it," said Edith; "he is—at least I once thought him—one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed; he is—or he seemed—one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics or canting hypocrites, the leader of brutal clowns, the brother-in-arms to banditti and highway murderers?

Should you meet such an one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonored name than over the distresses of her own house; and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted."

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement, and the feelings which it excited, did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of—of—an early friend, say to him that sincere repentance is next to innocence; that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done."

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed and almost choked voice.

"By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilled; and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end will best deserve the thanks of this age and an honored remembrance in the next."

"And in such a peace," said her companion, with a firm voice, "Miss Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown?"

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply; "and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton, raising his face and speaking in his natural tone, "the person who has lost such a highly valued place in your esteem has yet too

much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal; and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your hard censure, were it not that he can refer to the honored testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute, confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Henry Morton!" exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

"The same," answered Morton; "who is sorry that he labors under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He commits to my Lord Evandale," he continued, turning towards the young nobleman and bowing to him, "the charge of undeceiving his friends, both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden. All happiness attend you and yours! May we meet again in happier and better times!"

"Believe me," said Lord Evandale, "your confidence, Mr. Morton, is not misplaced; I will endeavor to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden and all whose esteem you value."

"I expected no less from your generosity, my lord," said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the heath in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving and their steel caps glancing in the beams of the rising sun. Cuddie Headrigg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennison, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling tree or two obscured, rather than concealed, their *tête-à-tête*, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

"Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan. "Ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes, an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny—ye'll think o' him now and then?"

"Whiles—at brose-time," answered the malicious damsel,

unable either to suppress the repartee or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected,—caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

"Deil's in the fallow," said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress, "he has twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a'. Coming, my leddy, coming. Lord have a care o' us, I trust the auld leddy didna see us!"

"Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, "was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillietudlem on the morning Claverhouse came there?"

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's-maid, and lied.

"I dinna believe it was him, my leddy," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; "he was a little black man, that."

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major: "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man."

"I had ither thing ado than be looking at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as fair as a farthing candle for me."

"Is it not," said Lady Margaret, "a blessed escape which we have made out of the hands of so desperate and bloodthirsty a fanatic?"

"You are deceived, madam," said Lord Evandale; "Mr. Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe retreat to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real fanatical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic humanity of this young gentleman."

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.

"I were worse than ungrateful," he said, "were I silent on the merits of the man who has twice saved my life."

"I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my lord," replied Major Bellenden; "and I own he has behaved handsomely to your lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your lordship to entertain for his present courses."

"You are to consider," replied Lord Evandale, "that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as ought to command respect. Claverhouse, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities, but with prejudice and harshly concerning his principles and motives."

"You have not been long in learning all his extraordinary qualities, my lord," answered Major Bellenden. "I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents——"

"They were probably hidden, Major," replied the generous Lord Evandale, "even from himself until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now laboring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate that they shall not want my hearty recommendation."

"And have you hopes," said Lady Margaret, "to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?"

"I should have, madam, were every Whig as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism and violent irritation of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword."

It may be readily supposed that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of his noble-minded rival, such as her own affection had once spoke it.

"Civil feuds and domestic prejudices," she said, "may render it necessary for me to tear his remembrance from my heart; but it is no small relief to know assuredly that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained there."

While Edith was thus retracting her unjust resentment, her lover arrived at the camp of the insurgents near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain ad-

vices had arrived that the royal army, having been recruited from England by a large detachment of the King's Guards, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which dismayed the courage of the insurgents. What favor they might have expected from Monmouth was likely to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His lieutenant-general was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to human life and human sufferings as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valor. This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Claverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew and his defeat at Drumclog. To these accounts was added the most formidable and terrific description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field.*

Large bodies composed of the Highland clans, having in language, religion, and manners no connection with the insurgents, had been summoned to join the royal army under their various chieftains; and these Amorites, or Philistines, as the insurgents termed them, came like eagles to the slaughter. In fact, every person who could ride or run at the king's command was summoned to arms, apparently with the purpose of forfeiting and fining such men of property whom their principles might deter from joining the royal standard, though prudence prevented them from joining that of the insurgent Presbyterians. In short, every rumor tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents that the king's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavored to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfordable river in front only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than now; showed them that the ground on which they lay afforded, by its undulation and the thickets which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry,

* See Royal Army at Bothwell Bridge. Note 27.

if stoutly defended; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

But while Morton thus endeavored to keep up the courage of the army at large, he availed himself of those discouraging rumors to endeavor to impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an unbroken and numerous army. He pointed out to them that, in the present humor of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage, with advantage, the well-appointed and regular force of the Duke of Monmouth; and that if they chanced, as was most likely, to be defeated and dispersed, the insurrection in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for oppressing it more severely.

Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together or to dismiss their forces, most of the leaders readily agreed that, if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Evandale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there were still several leaders, and those men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who regarded every proposal of treaty which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1640 as utterly null and void, impious, and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little foresight and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of the dethronement of the royal family, and the declared independence of the church with respect to the state, were cowardly laborers, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable trimmers, who sought only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts or cabins which served in the place of tents. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of sufferers was rent served as too plain a presage of their future fate.

CHAPTER XXX

The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your councils!

Venice Preserved.

THE prudence of Morton found sufficient occupation in stemming the furious current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr. Poundtext, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom he left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Evandale. When the worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillietudlem after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first inquiry was, whether Macbriar and Kettledrummle had arrived, agreeably to the summons which he had despatched at midnight. Macbriar had come, and Kettledrummle, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Burley then despatched a messenger to Morton's quarters to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Poundtext was next summoned; but he thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill dealing with fractious folk, had withdrawn to his own quiet manse, preferring a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversy with Burley, whose ferocity overawed him when unsupported by the firmness of Morton. Burley's next inquiries were directed after Lord Evandale; and great was his rage when he learned that he had been conveyed away overnight by a party of the Marksmen of Milnwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

"The villain!" exclaimed Burley, addressing himself to

Macbriar, "the base, mean-spirited traitor, to curry favor for himself with the government, hath set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength which hath wrought us such trouble might now have been in our hands!"

"But is it not in our hands?" said Macbriar, looking up towards the keep of the castle; "and are not these the colors of the Covenant that float over its walls?"

"A stratagem, a mere trick," said Burley, "an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Burley was rather driven to fury than reconciled by the news of this success.

"I have watched," he said, "I have fought, I have plotted, I have striven for the reduction of this place, I have forborne to seek to head enterprises of higher command and of higher honor, I have narrowed their outgoings, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls; and when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, cometh this youth without a beard on his chin, and takes it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to rend the prey from the spoiler! Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it?"

"Nay," said Macbriar, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Balfour displayed, "chafe not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use its own instruments; and who knows but this youth——"

"Hush! hush!" said Burley; "do not discredit thine own better judgment. It was thou that first badest me beware of this painted sepulchre, this lacquered piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It fares ill, even with the elect, when they neglect the guidance of such pious pastors as thou. But our carnal affections will mislead us: this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Ephraim Macbriar, that would shake themselves clear of the clogs and chains of humanity."

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Burley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own

views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their high-strained opinions of church government.

"Let us instantly," he said, "go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in yonder fortress which, well used as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen."

"But will such be the fitting aids of the children of the Covenant?" said the preacher. "We have already among us too many who hunger after lands, and silver and gold, rather than after the Word: it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out."

"Thou errest," said Burley; "we must work by means, and these worldly men shall be our instruments. At all events, the Moabitish woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the Malignant Evandale nor the Erastian Morton shall possess yonder castle and lands, though they may seek in marriage the daughter thereof."

So saying, he led the way to Tillietudlem, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter-room and other receptacles for family papers, and treated with contempt the remonstrances of those who reminded him that the terms granted to the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Burley and Macbriar, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettledrummle in the course of the day, and also by the Laird of Langcale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Poundtext termed it, from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they sent to the said Poundtext an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tillietudlem. He remembered, however, that the door had an iron grate and the keep a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself with his incensed colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled, to Hamilton, with the tidings that Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

"And ye see," concluded Poundtext, with a deep sigh, "that they will then possess a majority in the council; for Langcale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably or preceesely termed either fish, or flesh, or gude red-herring; whoever has the stronger party has Langcale."

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Poundtext, who sighed deeply, as he considered the danger in which he

was placed betwixt unreasonable adversaries among themselves, and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indemnity through means of Lord Evandale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own parchment-bound Calvin, his evening pipe of tobacco, and his noggin of inspiring ale, providing always he would afford his effectual support and concurrence to the measures which he, Morton, had taken for a general pacification.* Thus backed and comforted, Poundtext resolved magnanimously to await the coming of the Cameronians to the general rendezvous.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these sectaries, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, clouded and severe in aspect, morose and jealous in communication, haughty of heart, and confident, as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively, while all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts or reprobates. These men entered the Presbyterian camp rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily embarked in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, with their more moderate brethren in arms. Burley made no private visits to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundtext at the place of assembly they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no amicable conference was intended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Macbriar, the sharp eagerness of whose zeal urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the Malignant called Lord Evandale had been freed from the doom of death justly denounced against him.

"By my authority and Mr. Morton's," replied Poundtext, who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Poundtext feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern homicide Balfour.

* See Moderate Presbyterians. Note 28.

"And who, brother," said Kettledrummle—"who gave you authority to interpose in such a high matter?"

"The tenor of our commission," answered Poundtext, "gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Evandale was justly doomed to die by the voice of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us."

"Go to, go to," said Burley; "we know your motives: it was to send that silkworm, that gilded trinket, that embroidered trifle of a lord to bear terms of peace to the tyrant."

"It was so," replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flinch before the fierce eye of Balfour—"it was so; and what then? Are we to plunge the nation in endless war in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unattainable?"

"Hear him!" said Balfour; "he blasphemeth."

"It is false," said Morton; "they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles, and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it—Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honorable terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannize over those of others."

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half-way from Edinburgh. This news silenced their divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sins of the land; that the Reverend Mr. Poundtext should preach to the army in the morning, and Kettledrummle in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of schism or of division, but animate the soldiers to resist to the blood, like brethren in a good cause. This healing overture having been agreed to, the Moderate party ventured upon another proposal, confiding that it would have the support of Langcale, who looked extremely blank at the news which they had just received, and might be supposed reconverted to Moderate measures. It was to be presumed, they said, that since the king had not intrusted the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a nobleman distinguished by gentleness of temper and a disposition favorable to their cause, there must be some better intention entertained towards them than they had yet experienced. They contended that it was not only prudent but necessary to as-

certain, from a communication with the Duke of Monmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in their favor. This could only be learned by despatching an envoy to his army.

"And who will undertake the task?" said Burley, evading a proposal too reasonable to be openly resisted—"who will go up to their camp, knowing that John Grahame of Claverhouse hath sworn to hang up whomsoever we shall despatch towards them, in revenge of the death of the young man his nephew?"

"Let that be no obstacle," said Morton; "I will with pleasure encounter any risk attached to the bearer of your errand."

"Let him go," said Balfour, apart to Macbriar; "our councils will be well rid of his presence."

The motion, therefore, received no contradiction even from those who were expected to have been most active in opposing it; and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known several of the more Moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms upon the footing of the petition intrusted to Lord Evandale's hands; for the approach of the king's army spread a general trepidation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed by the Cameronians, which had so little to support it excepting their own headlong zeal. With these instructions, and with Cuddie as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp, at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with the van of the royal forces; and, as he ascended a height, saw all the roads in the neighborhood occupied by armed men marching in great order towards Bothwell Muir, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of scarcely two miles from the Clyde, on the further side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced guard of cavalry which he met, as bearer of a flag of truce, and communicated his desire to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The noncommissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

"You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life," said one of them, addressing Morton; "the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your cruelties have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind. Better trot your nag back and save his mettle to-day, that he may save your life to-morrow."

"I cannot think," said Morton, "that, even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having consented to, or authorized, no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission."

The two officers looked at each other.

"I have an idea," said the younger, "that this is the young man of whom Lord Evandale spoke."

"Is my Lord Evandale in the army?" said Morton.

"He is not," replied the officer; "we left him at Edinburgh, too much indisposed to take the field. Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?"

"It is, sir," answered Morton.

"We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir," said the officer, with more civility of manner; "but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favor your people, others are joined in commission with him who will hardly consent to his doing so."

"I shall be sorry to find it thus," said Morton; "but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him."

"Lumley," said the superior officer, "let the Duke know of Mr. Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Evandale spoke so highly."

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr. Morton that evening, but would receive him by times in the ensuing morning. He was detained in a neighboring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and everything provided for his accommodation.

Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen came to conduct him to his audience. The army was drawn out, and in the act of forming column for march, or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of estimating the force which had been assembled for the suppression of the hasty and ill-

Halliday....stumbled into the room....pale and ghastly.

concerted insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's army; there were the Scottish Life Guards, burning with desire to revenge their late defeat; other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled; and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentlemen volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their fiefs. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the Lowland frontiers, a people, as already mentioned, particularly obnoxious to the western Whigs, and who hated and despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field artillery accompanied these troops; and the whole had an air so imposing that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the ill-equipped, ill-modelled, and tumultuary army of the insurgents from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavored to gather from his looks the feelings with which this splendid and awful parade of military force had impressed him. But, true to the cause he had espoused, he labored successfully to prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

"You see the entertainment prepared for you," said the officer.

"If I had no appetite for it," replied Morton, "I should not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful regale, for the sake of all parties."

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde, and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying the ground, with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lumley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to treat.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of

Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great High Priest of all the Nine afterwards recorded—

> Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'twas natural to please;
> His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And Paradise was open'd in his face.*

Yet to a strict observer the manly beauty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of chamois leather, curiously slashed, and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breastplate, over which descended a gray beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing gray eyes, and marked features evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell,† a man more feared and hated by the Whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violences against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Grahame only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of Presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavorable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being intrusted to him. Monmouth received him with the

* Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* (*Laing*).
† See Note 29.

graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

"You come, sir, from these unfortunate people now assembled in arms," said the Duke of Monmouth, "and your name, I believe, is Morton; will you favor us with the purport of your errand?"

"It is contained, my lord," answered Morton, "in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Evandale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke; "and I understand from Lord Evandale that Mr. Morton has behaved in these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks."

Here Morton observed Dalzell shake his head indignantly and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and perhaps his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the king's authority, and complying with the sterner opinions of the colleagues in office, who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

"There are, Mr. Morton, in this paper, prop as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and, although I have no express instructions from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr. Morton, and I pledge my honor, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you must distinctly understand that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favor on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and dispersing themselves."

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, undauntedly, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birthright wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense has admitted the general justice of our demand—a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot,

therefore, and dare not, lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of the wrongs which we complain of."

"Mr. Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive that requests, by no means dangerous or unreasonable in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported."

"We may reply, my lord," answered Morton, "that this disagreeable mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed."

"Mr. Morton," said the Duke, "I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack; yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound in honor to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences. I think, gentlemen," he added, turning to his two colleagues, "this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favor of these misguided persons?"

"By my faith," answered Dalzell, suddenly, "and it is a length to which my poor judgment durst not have stretched them, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to! But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to."

Monmouth blushed deeply. "You hear," he said, addressing Morton, "General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favor."

"General Dalzell's sentiments, my lord," replied Morton, "are such as we expected from him; your Grace's such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain. Indeed, I cannot help adding that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such counsellors around the King, even your Grace's intercession might procure us effectual relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to our supplication; and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid war welcome as well as we may."

"Good morning, sir," said the Duke; "I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you

have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly entreat it may be such as to save the effusion of blood."

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Claverhouse.

The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity. "Yes, gentlemen, I said I trusted the answer might be such as would save the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn nor incurs your displeasure."

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, "It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments."

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed, and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp of the nonconformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

"I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr. Morton of Milnwood?"

"It is not Colonel Grahame's fault," said Morton, smiling sternly, "that he or any one else should be now incommoded by my presence."

"Allow me at least to say," replied Claverhouse, "that Mr. Morton's present situation authorizes the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty."

"To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Grahame, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered.

"Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse; "Evandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the bloodthirsty assassins who head them. Therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you, instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they cannot stand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to inquire for me. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you; Dal-

zell will not; I both can and will, and I have promised to Evandale to do so if you will give me an opportunity."

"I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks," answered Morton, coldly, "did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Grahame, if you will honor me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable that, in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand."

"I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal."

They then saluted and parted.

"That is a pretty lad, Lumley," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a lost man, his blood be upon his head."

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

CHAPTER XXXI

But, hark! the tent has changed its voice,
There's peace and rest nae langer.

BURNS.

The Lowdien mallisha they
Came with their coats of blew;
Five hundred men from London came,
Claid in a reddish hue.

Bothwell Lines.

WHEN Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discords which agitated the counsels of the insurgents raged even among their meanest followers; and their pickets and patrols were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Erastian heresy, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened; and entertaining the idea that they were posted on a desperate service, they even meditated withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been utter ruin; for on the defense or loss of this pass the fortune of the day was most likely to depend. All beyond the bridge was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry and totally unprovided with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope that, by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its side, and by blockading the passage itself,

and shutting the gates of a portal which, according to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of the Bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the further side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then conjured the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance videttes beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which outposts he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers. Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and heart than before, they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three loud cheers.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamor which it exhibited at the moment when good order and concord were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass, that rolled and agitated itself like the waves of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather vociferated, and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalized at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavored to make his way through the press to learn, and if possible to remove, the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the Puritans during the earlier Civil War, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties and waiving all discussions. It was usual to name an ordinary week-day for this purpose; but on this occasion the Sabbath itself was adopted, owing to the pressure of the time and the vicinity of the enemy. A temporary pulpit or tent was erected in the middle of the encampment; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundtext, to whom the post of honor was assigned as the eldest clergyman

present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected apparition of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the insane preacher, whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon Hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Cameronians, or whether he was merely compelled by his own agitated imagination and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took occasion by the forelock, sprang into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, "Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which you have not known;" and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Mucklewrath was as wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized and untimely; but it was provokingly coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord of which it had been agreed to adjourn the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the Moderate party with heresy, with crouching to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morton by name the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial who, in the words of his text, had gone out from among them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false gods. To him, and all who followed him or approved of his conduct, Mucklewrath denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

"Fear not," he said, "because of the neighing of horses or the glittering of breastplates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians, because of the enemy, though they may be numerous as locusts and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight? I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Habakkuk, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the

lightning of fury.' Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton—this wretched Achan, who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy—take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon; he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold."

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrase, touched of that which was accursed, or temporized more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Cameronians, they vociferated loudly that those who were not with them were against them; that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenanted testimony of the church if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause; and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterian was little better than a Prelatist, an Anti-Covenanter, and a Nullifidian.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from the truth with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Poundtext and one or two others made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factious, exclaiming to those of the other party, in the words of the Patriarch—"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren." No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the dissension proceed to such ruinous lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habakkuk Mucklewrath had communicated a part of his frenzy to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid, part of the assembly were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a har-

monious call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly chosen, and that with a tumult and clamor worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment, when Morton arrived in the field and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side and of imprecation on the other.

"What means this ruinous disorder at such a moment?" he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair.

"It means," he replied, "that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies."

"Not so," answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; "it is not God who deserts us, it is we who desert Him, and dishonor ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion. Hear me," he exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Mucklewrath had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion—"I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honorable defence, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us, in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction? O, remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom He had once chosen—the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart—was the bloody dissensions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates!"

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation by loud exclamations of applause; others by hooting and exclaiming—"To your tents, O Israel!"

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and, pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed, "Silence your senseless clamors, yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him depend our lives, as well

as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties. There shall at least one Scottish man die in their defence. Let any one who loves his country follow me!"

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the English Foot Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the cannon which the artillerymen were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, of the plaided clans who seemed to search for a ford, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, silenced at once their clamorous uproar, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other and on their leaders with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the rostrum, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about a hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Burley turned to Macbriar. "Ephraim," he said, "it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this latitudinarian youth. He that loves the light, let him follow Burley!"

"Tarry," replied Macbriar; "it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our goings-out and our comings-in are to be meted; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this Nullifidian Achan. Thou shalt not go with him. Thou art our chariots and our horsemen."

"Hinder me not," replied Burley; "he hath well said that all is lost if the enemy win the bridge; therefore let me not. Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary? Array yourselves under your leaders; let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!"

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed to throw themselves upon their faces to avoid the cannonade which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the awe which had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They suffered themselves to be

formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they had neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favorable circumstance would restore their spirits and courage.

Kettledrummle, Poundtext, Macbriar, and other preachers busied themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill omen, that their song of praise and triumph sunk into "a quaver of consternation," and resembled rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon Hill in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the Bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER XXXII

As e'er ye saw the rain doun fa',
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.

Old Ballad.

Ere Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavored to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his Marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the Presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by copsewood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while

the Royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of Loch Sloy.* The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succors and supplies, were in vain despatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Presbyterian army, which remained inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and in its turn became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broken open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberds, and partizans to encounter the bayonets of the Guards and the broadswords of the Highlanders. But those behind the leaders began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire.

Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

"There is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horse to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge; hasten thou to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body."

* See Note 30.

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

"He flies!" they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter!"

"I do not fly," said Morton. "I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him not! Follow him not!"—such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks; "he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!"

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the king crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the pass, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eying the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and, leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them in line on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the

din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers—"Kill—kill! no quarter! think on Richard Grahame!" The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon Hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit.

About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered nobleman instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task he met with General Dalzell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to show their zeal for king and country by quenching the flame of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

"Sheathe your sword, I command you, General!" exclaimed the Duke, "and sound the retreat. Enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the king's misguided subjects."

"I obey your Grace," said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard; "but I warn you, at the same time, that enough has *not* been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Olifant has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the west, and is in the act of marching to join them?"

"Basil Olifant!" said the Duke. "Who or what is he?"

"The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood. He is disaffected to government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favor of Lady Margaret Bellenden; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion."

"Be his motives what they will," replied Monmouth, "he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is too much broken to rally again. Therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped."

"It is your Grace's province to command, and to be responsible for your commands," answered Dalzell, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahame was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unwearied and bloody pursuit, breaking, dispers-

ing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of the town of Hamilton; but, while laboring to induce the fliers to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

"May the hand be withered that shot the shot!" he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. "I can fight no longer."*

Then, turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Morton also now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the fliers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

"It is impossible they can ever make head again," said Morton.

"The head's taen aff them, as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo!" rejoined Cuddie. "Eh, Lord! see how the broadswords are flashing! war's a fearsome thing. They'll be cunning that catches me at this wark again. But, for God's sake, sir, let us mak for some strength!"

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together, for the sake either of making defence or of obtaining terms.

* This incident, and Burley's exclamation, are taken from the records.

CHAPTER XXXIII

> They require
> Of Heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers,
> Yea and the fierceness too.
>
> FLETCHER.

EVENING had fallen; and for the last two hours they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farmhouse, situated in the entrance of a wild glen, far remote from any other habitation.

"Our horses," said Morton, "will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible."

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hoofs were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and when they knocked at the door no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable or shed in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used further means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose state of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

"This meeting bodes luck," said Cuddie; "and they hae walth o' beef, that's ae thing certain, for here's a raw hide that has been about the hurdies o' a stot not half an hour syne: it's warm yet."

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamored loudly for admittance.

"Whoever ye be," answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, "disturb not those

who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western Whigs," said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master, "I ken by their language. Fiend hae me, if I like to venture on them!"

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but, finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Cuddie followed him, muttering betwixt his teeth, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was nae scalding brose on the fire;" and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire, on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions,

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the firelight, Morton had no difficulty in recognizing several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, the fanatical Ephraim Macbriar, and the maniac, Habakkuk Mucklewrath. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up His hand from His people, and not make an end in the day of His anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window through which they had entered. One of these ominous sentinels whispered to Cuddie, "Son of that precious woman, Mause Headrigg, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and perdition. Pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winnocks are no lucky wi' me," was his first reflection

when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a gude turn! but I'se tak the back road for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity."

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died in the distance, Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture and lowering, downward look with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen," said he, addressing them. "I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them."

"Out upon thee! out upon thee!" exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up: "the Word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jehovah-Jireh, for the sacrifice is provided. Up, then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!"

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the incautious haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle; and, as the Whigs were all provided with firearms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance.

The interposition, however, of Macbriar protected him for the moment. "Tarry yet a while, brethren; let us not use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood lie heavy on us. Come," he said, addressing himself to Morton, "we will reckon with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed. Hast thou not," he continued, "made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?"

"He has—he has," murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

"He hath ever urged peace with the Malignants," said one.

"And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the Indulgence," said another.

"And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Monmouth," echoed a third; "and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the moor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "if you mean to bear me down by clamor, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder."

"I say, hear the youth," said Macbriar; "for Heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and exert his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him."

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

"I may not, gentlemen," he said, "be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyrannizing over others; but none shall go farther in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I must needs aver that, had others been of my mind in counsel, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in an useful and honorable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

"He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly; "he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism: let him die the death!"

"Peace yet again," said Macbriar, "for I will try him further. Was it not by thy means that the Malignant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cutthroats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Lo! you see," said Macbriar, "again hath his mouth spoken it. And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawn of Prelacy, a toy with which the arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed."

"Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth," said another dark-browed man; "and didst thou not so act that, by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Bellenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Olifant, who had agreed to take the field if he were insured possession of these women's worldly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it. But does your religion permit you to take such uncreditable and immoral modes of recruiting?"

"Peace," said Macbriar, somewhat disconcerted; "it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant obligations. For the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection to draw down defeat on a host, were it as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is our judgment that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Joshua, saying, 'What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?' Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away. Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon."

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered, disarmed, and a horse-girth passed round his arms before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton among them bound and helpless, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions. Macbriar, whose fierce zeal did not perhaps exclude some feelings of doubt and compunction, began to expostulate in

prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial-plate of the timepiece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honor, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious that amid the spectators were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop—it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and, unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for composure of

spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognized the words, which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

"There lacked but this," he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, "to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilled He is a Prelatist, who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver! let him go down to Tophet with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book in his right hand."

"I take up my song against him!" exclaimed the maniac. "As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their slaughter-weapons for immediate execution, when Mucklewrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hist!" he said; "I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sough of the wind among the bracken," said another.

"It is the galloping of horse," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood. "God grant they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is horse," cried Macbriar. "Look out and descry who they are."

"The enemy are upon us!" cried one who had opened the window in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

"Have at the bloody rebels! Remember Cornet Grahame!" was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots

were fired; the Whig who stood next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where firearms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

"Is the prisoner safe?" exclaimed the well-known voice of Claverhouse; "look about for him, and despatch the Whig dog who is groaning there."

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear, while his trusty follower relieved him from his bonds, explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.*

"I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands of the Whigs, sae being atween the deil and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him on wi' me, for he'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, and the morn's a new day, and Lord Evandale awes ye a day in har'st; and Monmouth gies quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the asking. Sae haud up your heart, an' I'se warrant we'll do a' weel eneugh yet."

* See Morton's Capture and Release. Note 31.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

When the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farmhouse, and for marching early in the ensuing morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

"You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr. Morton, if you had honored my counsel yesterday morning with some attention; but I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the king and council, but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape."

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his sergeant-major.

"How many prisoners, Halliday, and how many killed?"

"Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden—six in all; four prisoners."

"Armed or unarmed?" said Claverhouse.

"Three of them armed to the teeth," answered Halliday; "one without arms, he seems to be a preacher."

"Ay, the trumpeter to the long-ear'd rout, I suppose," replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims; "I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and, d'ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderly book of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place—Drumshinnel, I think, they call it. Look after the preacher till to-morrow; as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination; or better, perhaps, take him before the privy

council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery. Let Mr. Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses; and let my groom wash Wildblood's shoulder with some vinegar, the saddle has touched him a little."

All these various orders—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing his charger's shoulder—were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Cameronians, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them show the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Claverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice—"Mischief shall haunt the violent man!" to which Grahame only answered by a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the verge of the grave to a prospect of life—had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. But the same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

"I will pledge you, with all my heart," said Claverhouse; "for here is a black-jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the Whigs never miss to find it out. My service to you, Mr. Morton," he said, filling one horn of ale for himself and handing another to his prisoner.

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink when the discharge of carabines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered and set down the untasted cup.

"You are but young in these matters, Mr. Morton," said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; "and I do not think the worse of you as a young

soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But habit, duty, and necessity reconcile men to everything."

"I trust," said Morton, "they will never reconcile me to such scenes as these."

"You would hardly believe," said Claverhouse, in reply, "that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilled as ever man felt; it seemed to me to be wrung from my own heart; and yet, if you trust one of those Whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morning before I breakfast.* But in truth, Mr. Morton, why should we care so much for death, light upon us or around us whenever it may? Men die daily: not a bell tolls the hour but it is the death-note of some one or other; and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery: when the hour of midnight came, you were to die: it has struck, you are alive and safe, and the lot has fallen on those fellows who were to murder you. It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us on any given moment: it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun, that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr. Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear; *that* would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!"

At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood-streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes in which the gray light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to flit forever, and exclaimed, with his usual wildness of ejaculation, "Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood? Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee? Behold the princes, for whom thou hast

* The Author is uncertain whether this was ever said of Claverhouse. But it was currently reported of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, another of the persecutors, that a cup of wine placed in his hand turned to clotted blood.

sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed."

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face and held it up to heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints!"

As he uttered the last word he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Claverhouse had just expressed; and he often thought of it afterwards when that wish seemed to be accomplished. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were, and accustomed to such scenes, showed great consternation at the sudden apparition, the event, and the words which preceded it. Claverhouse alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Mucklewrath's appearance he had put his hand to his pistol, but on seeing the situation of the wounded wretch, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great composure to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Claverhouse asked in an unconcerned tone of voice—"How came the fellow here? Speak, you staring fool!" he added, addressing the nearest dragoon, "unless you would have me think you such a poltroon as to fear a dying man."

The dragoon crossed himself, and replied with a faltering voice—"That the dead fellow had escaped their notice when they removed the other bodies, as he chanced to have fallen where a cloak or two had been flung aside and covered him."

"Take him away now, then, you gaping idiot, and see that he does not bite you, to put an old proverb to shame. This is a new incident, Mr. Morton, that dead men should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they used not to do their work so slovenly. But we have had a busy day; they are tired, and their blades blunted with their bloody work; and

I suppose you, Mr. Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours' repose."

So saying, he yawned, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, saluted Morton courteously, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated for the evening with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the returning thanks to Heaven for redeeming him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed sincerely for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held out so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured out his spirit in prayer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

CHAPTER XXXV

> The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
> The judges all ranged—a terrible show!
>
> *Beggar's Opera.*

So deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the tramp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the reveille. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Claverhouse now held that rank) hoped for the pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an intimation is a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of these. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse saddled for his use, and Cuddie in attendance. Both were deprived of their firearms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the prisoners; and Morton was permitted to retain his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable, qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help in his heart contrasting him with Balfour of Burley; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"You are right," said Claverhouse, with a smile—"you

are very right, we are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honor and that of dark and sullen superstition."

"Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse," said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

"Surely," said Claverhouse, with the same composure; "but of what kind? There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen boors; some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine and dashing down a can full of base muddy ale?"

"Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension," replied Morton. "God gives every spark of life, that of the peasant as well as of the prince; and those who destroy His work recklessly or causelessly must answer in either case. What right, for example, have I to General Grahame's protection now more than when I first met him?"

"And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say?" answered Claverhouse. "Why, I will answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old Roundheaded rebel, and the nephew of a sordid Presbyterian laird; now I know your points better, and there is that about you which I respect in an enemy as much as I like in a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found that my construction of the information has not been unfavorable to you."

"But yet," said Morton——

"But yet," interrupted Grahame, taking up the word, "you would say you were the same when I first met you that you are now? True; but then, how could I know that? though, by the by, even my reluctance to suspend your execution may show you how high your abilities stood in my estimation."

"Do you expect, General," said Morton, "that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem?"

"Poh! poh! you are critical," returned Claverhouse. "I tell you I thought you a different sort of person. Did you ever read Froissart?"

"No," was Morton's answer.

"I have half a mind," said Claverhouse, "to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expres-

sions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love! Ah, *benedicite!* how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favor or on the other! But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy; as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse."

"There is one ploughman in your possession, General, for whom," said Morton, "in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favor."

"You mean," said Claverhouse, looking at a memorandum-book, "one Hatherick—Hedderick—or—or—Headrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuddie Headrigg—here I have him. O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. The ladies of Tillietudlem made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry their waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his obstinacy spoils his good fortune."

"He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe," said Morton.

"'Tis the better for him," said Claverhouse. "But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend for the sake of the blundering gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me with such implicit confidence. But, to deal sincerely with you, he has been long in our eye. Here, Halliday; bring me up the black book."

The sergeant, having committed to his commander this ominous record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, began to read names as they occurred.

"Gumblegumption, a minister, aged 50, indulged, close, sly, and so forth—pooh! pooh! He—He—I have him here—Heathercat; outlawed—a preacher—a zealous Cameronian—keeps a conventicle among the Campsie Hills—tush! O, here is Headrigg—Cuthbert; his mother a bitter Puritan—himself a simple fellow, like to be forward in action, but of no genius for plots, more for the hand than the head, and might be

drawn to the right side, but for his attachment to——" Here Claverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone. "Faithful and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr. Morton. You may depend on the young man's safety."

"Does it not revolt a mind like yours," said Morton, "to follow a system which is to be supported by such minute inquiries after obscure individuals?"

"You do not suppose *we* take the trouble?" said the General, haughtily. "The curates, for their own sakes, willingly collect all these materials for their own regulation in each parish: they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your picture for three years."

"Indeed!" replied Morton. "Will you favor me by imparting it?"

"Willingly," said Claverhouse; "it can signify little, for you cannot avenge yourself on the curate, as you will probably leave Scotland for some time."

This was spoken in an indifferent tone. Morton felt an involuntary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land; but ere he answered, Claverhouse proceeded to read, "Henry Morton, son of Silas Morton, colonel of horse for the Scottish Parliament, nephew and apparent heir of Morton of Milnwood; imperfectly educated, but with spirit beyond his years; excellent at all exercises; indifferent to forms of religion, but seems to incline to the Presbyterian; has high-flown and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hovers between a latitudinarian and an enthusiast. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age; modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intractable. He is—— Here follow three red crosses, Mr. Morton, which signify triply dangerous. You see how important a person you are. But what does this fellow want?"

A horseman rode up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Claverhouse glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Edinburgh, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, said contemptuously to Morton—"Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, or rather, I should say, an ally of your good friend Burley. Hear how he sets forth: '*Dear Sir*'—I wonder when we were such intimates—'may it please your Excellency to accept my humble congratulations on the victory'—hum—hum—'blessed his Majesty's army. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and intercept all fugitives,

and have already several prisoners,' and so forth. Subscribed Basil Olifant. You know the fellow by name, I suppose?"

"A relative of Lady Margaret Bellenden," replied Morton, "is he not?"

"Ay," replied Grahame, "and heir-male of her father's family, though a distant one, and moreover a suitor to the fair Edith, though discarded as an unworthy one; but, above all, a devoted admirer of the estate of Tillietudlem and all thereunto belonging."

"He takes an ill mode of recommending himself," said Morton, suppressing his feelings, "to the family at Tillietudlem by corresponding with our unhappy party."

"O, this precious Basil will turn cat in pan with any man!" replied Claverhouse. "He was displeased with the government because they would not overturn in his favor a settlement of the late Earl of Torwood, by which his lordship gave his own estate to his own daughter; he was displeased with Lady Margaret because she avowed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith because she did not like his tall ungainly person. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his followers with the purpose of helping him, providing always he needed no help—that is, if you had beat us yesterday. And now the rascal pretends he was all the while proposing the king's service, and, for aught I know, the council will receive his pretext for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them; and a dozen scores of poor vagabond fanatics will be shot or hanged, while this cunning scoundrel lies hid under the double cloak of loyalty, well-lined with the fox-fur of hypocrisy."

With conversation on this and other matters they beguiled the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great frankness to Morton, and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours he passed in the company of this remarkable man were so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that, since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which relieved him at once from the cares of his doubtful and dangerous station among the insurgents, and from the consequences of their suspicious resentment, his hours flowed on less anxiously than at any time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his fortune, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstances, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he

journeyed on, the number of his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate persons who had fallen into their power.

At length they approached Edinburgh.

"Our council," said Claverhouse, "being resolved, I suppose, to testify by their present exultation the extent of their former terror, have decreed a kind of triumphal entry to us victors and our captives; but, as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the show, and at the same time to save you from yours."

So saying, he gave up the command of the forces to Allan (now a lieutenant-colonel), and turning his horse into a by-lane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Claverhouse arrived at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small apartment, with an intimation that his parole confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was summoned to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums contended in noise with the shouts of a numerous rabble, and apprised him that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude which Claverhouse had mentioned. The magistrates of the city, attended by their guard of halberds, had met the victors with their welcome at the gate of the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the hands of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of exhortation or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Macbriar and other two prisoners, who seemed of the same profession. They were bareheaded and strongly bound, yet looked around them with an air rather of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, of which the bloody evidences were carried before them, or by dread of their own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy and derision, came a body of horse, brandishing their broadswords,

and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous outcries and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to huzza for anything whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troopers came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were chained to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they wore the *sanbenitos* of the condemned heretics in an *auto-da-fe.**

Behind them came on the nameless crowd to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, dejected, questioning in their own minds their prudence in espousing a cause which Providence seemed to have disowned, and looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, foaming with thirst and fatigue, stumbled along like over-driven oxen, lost to everything but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were led to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troopers, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high houses on each side of the street, and mingled with their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognized in the bloody heads, and still more miserable and agonized features of the living sufferers, faces which had been familiar to him during the brief insurrection. He sunk down in a chair in a bewildered and stupefied state, from which he was awakened by the voice of Cuddie.

* See Prisoners' Procession. Note 32.

"Lord forgie us, sir!" said the poor fellow, his teeth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers, his hair erect like boar's bristles, and his face as pale as that of a corpse—"Lord forgie us, sir! we maun instantly gang before the council! O Lord, what made them send for a puir body like me, sae mony braw lords and gentles! And there's my mither come on the lang tramp frae Glasgow to see to gar me testify, as she ca's it, that is to say, confess and be hanged; but deil tak me if they mak sic a guse o' Cuddie, if I can do better. But here's Claverhouse himsell—the Lord preserve and forgie us, I say anes mair!"

"You must immediately attend the council, Mr. Morton," said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, "and your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain, and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us; shall we go?"

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse.

"I must apprise you," said the latter, as he led the way downstairs, "that you will get off cheap; and so will your servant, provided he can keep his tongue quiet."

Cuddie caught these last words to his exceeding joy.

"Deil a fear o' me," said he, "an my mither disna pit her finger in the pie."

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

"O, hinny, hinny!" said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in ane and the same instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field!"

"Whist, whist, mither!" cried Cuddie, impatiently. "Odd, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things? I tell ye I'll testify naething either ae gate or another. I hae spoken to Mr. Poundtext, and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off if we do that. He's gotten life for himsell and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller; I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket."

"O, Cuddie, man, faith wad I be they suld hurt ye," said old Mause, divided grievously between the safety of her son's

soul and that of his body ; "but mind, my bonny bairn, ye hae battled for the faith, and dinna let the dread o' losing creature comforts withdraw ye frae the gude fight."

"Hout tout, mither," replied Cuddie, "I hae fought e'en ower muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I hae swaggered wi' a' thae arms, and muskets, and pistols, buff-coats, and bandoliers, lang eneugh, and I like the pleugh-paidle a hantle better. I ken naething suld gar a man fight—that's to say, when he's no angry—bye and out-taken the dread o' being hanged or killed if he turns back."

"But, my dear Cuddie," continued the persevering Mause, "your bridal garment ! Oh, hinny, dinna sully the marriage garment !"

"Awa', awa', mither," replied Cuddie ; "dinna ye see the folks waiting for me ? Never fear me ; I ken how to turn this far better than ye do ; for ye're bleezing awa' about marriage, and the job is how we are to win bye hanging."

So saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embraces, and requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of examination without delay. He had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Morton.

CHAPTER XXXVI

My native land, good night!
LORD BYRON.

THE privy council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room adjoining to the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place among the members at the council table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, General," said a nobleman of high place among them. "Here is a craven to confess, a cock of the game to stand at bay, and what shall I call the third, General?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a Whig into the bargain?" said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a Whig, as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the privy councillors.

"Ay, ay," returned the Duke, laughing, "there's no speaking to him since Drumclog; but come, bring in the prisoners; and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand merks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the king's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the council.

"I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

"He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, with a deep groan. "A fallen star! a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge; ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you. Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brig?" was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied, with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there."

"Answer directly, you knave—yes or no? You know you were there."

"It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honor," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there?—yes or no?" said the Duke, impatiently.

"Dear stir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell,* "or

* See Dalzell's Brutality. Note 33.

I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft! Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please ye, write down that I cannot deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the Duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to gie my opinion, stir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"Just than rebellion, as your honor ca's it," replied Cuddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied his Grace. "And are you content to accept of the king's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the king?"

"Blithely, stir," answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; "and drink his health into the bargain when the ale's gude."

"Egad," said the Duke, "this is a hearty cock. What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, stir," replied the prisoner, "and a daft auld jaud of a mither, wi' reverence to your Grace's honor."

"Why, God-a-mercy, my friend," replied the Duke, "take care of bad advice another time; I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score. Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair."

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was, in like manner, demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not: I went in my calling as a preacher of God's Word, to encourage them that drew the sword in His cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the Duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party? I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar; "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Macbriar, in the same dauntless manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you. Come, laddie, speak while the play is good; you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else."

"I defy you," retorted Macbriar. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lauderdale, and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose; but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbriar, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages."

"Do your duty," said the Duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

"Let him choose for himself," said the Duke; "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching

forth his right leg, "take the best; I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."*

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, enclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot or case, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the president of the council repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to Heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible, "Thou hast said Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power!"

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his own part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer, resolutely, and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councillors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

"He is gone," said the surgeon—"he has fainted, my lords, and human nature can endure no more."

*This was the reply actually made by James Mitchell when subjected to the torture of the boot for an attempt to assassinate Archbishop Sharp.

"Release him," said the Duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, "He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, despatch his sentence and have done with him; we have plenty of drudgery behind."

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive; and when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the council,* and all and sundry his movable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

"Doomster," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of doomster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner *in commendam* with his ordinary functions.† The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he denounced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly, "My lords, I thank you for the only favor I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcass, which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained. And why should I not? Ye send me to a happy exchange, to the company of angels and the spirits of the just for that of frail dust and ashes. Ye send me from

* See Heads of the Executed. Note 34.
† See a note on the subject of this office in the *Heart of Midlothian.*

darkness into day, from mortality to immortality, and, in a word, from earth to heaven! If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!"

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

The council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Grahame.

"Marvellous firmness and gallantry!" said Morton, as he reflected upon Macbriar's conduct; "what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the fiercer features of his sect!"

"You mean," said Claverhouse, "his resolution to condemn you to death? To that he would have reconciled himself by a single text; for example, 'And Phinehas arose and executed judgment,' or something to the same purpose. But wot ye where you are now bound, Mr. Morton?"

"We are on the road to Leith, I observe," answered Morton. "Can I not be permitted to see my friends ere I leave my native land?"

"Your uncle," replied Grahame, "has been spoken to, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without some reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and tenements; he sends you, however, his blessing, and a small sum of money. Lord Evandale continues extremely indisposed. Major Bellenden is at Tillietudlem putting matters in order. The scoundrels have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's muniments of antiquity, and have desecrated and destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most Sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?"

Morton sighed deeply as he answered, "No; it would avail nothing. But my preparations—small as they are, some must be necessary."

"They are all ready for you," said the General. "Lord Evandale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him with letters of recommendation for the court of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaigns under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Seneff.* There are also bills of exchange for

* August, 1674. Claverhouse greatly distinguished himself in this action, and was made captain.

your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it."

Morton heard all this and received the parcel with an astounded and confused look, so sudden was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

"And my servant?" he said.

"He shall be taken care of, and replaced, if it be practicable, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade of the feudal retainers, or go a-Whigging a second time. But here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you."

It was even as Claverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton, with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quieter times.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the gallantry of your behavior to my friend Evandale, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way."

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much muffled up; he pressed his finger upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and saw all his companions of the voyage busy making their own arrangements, he took an opportunity to open the billet thus mysteriously thrust upon him. It ran thus: "Thy courage on the fatal day when Israel fled before his enemies hath in some measure atoned for thy unhappy owning of the Erastian interest. These are not days for Ephraim to strive with Israel. I know thy heart is with the daughter of the stranger. But turn from that folly; for in exile, and in flight, and even in death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and Malignant house, and Providence hath given me the means of meting unto them with their own measure of ruin and confiscation. The resistance of their stronghold was the main cause of our being scattered at Bothwell Bridge, and I have bound it upon my soul to visit it upon them. Wherefore, think of her no more, but join with our brethren in banishment, whose hearts are still towards this miserable land to save and to relieve her. There is an honest remnant in Holland whose eyes are looking out for deliverance. Join thyself unto them like the true son of the stout and worthy Silas

Morton, and thou wilt have good acceptance among them for his sake and for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy again to labor in the vineyard, thou wilt at all times hear of my incomings and outgoings, by inquiring after Quintin Mackell of Irongray, at the house of that singular Christian woman, Bessie Maclure, near to the place called the Howff, where Niel Blane entertaineth guests. So much from him who hopes to hear again from thee in brotherhood, resisting unto blood, and striving against sin. Meanwhile, possess thyself in patience. Keep thy sword girded, and thy lamp burning, as one that wakes in the night; for He who shall judge the Mount of Esau, and shall make false professors as straw and Malignants as stubble, will come in the fourth watch with garments dyed in blood, and the house of Jacob shall be for spoil, and the house of Joseph for fire. I am he that hath written it, whose hand hath been on the mighty in the waste field."

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. B. of B.; but the signature of these initials was not necessary for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Burley. It gave him new occasion to admire the indomitable spirit of this man, who, with art equal to his courage and obstinacy, was even now endeavoring to re-establish the web of conspiracy which had been so lately torn to pieces. But he felt no sort of desire in the present moment to sustain a correspondence which must be perilous, or to renew an association which, in so many ways, had been nearly fatal to him. The threats which Burley held out against the family of Bellenden, he considered as a mere expression of his spleen on account of their defence of Tillietudlem; and nothing seemed less likely than that, at the very moment of their party being victorious, their fugitive and distressed adversary could exercise the least influence over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant whether he should not send the Major or Lord Evandale intimation of Burley's threats. Upon consideration, he thought he could not do so without betraying his confidential correspondence; for to warn them of his menaces would have served little purpose, unless he had given them a clue to prevent them, by apprehending his person; while, by doing so, he deemed he should commit an ungenerous breach of trust to remedy an evil which seemed almost imaginary. Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore the letter, having first made a memorandum of the name and place where the writer was to be heard of, and threw the fragments into the sea.

While Morton was thus employed the vessel was unmoored, and the white sails swelled out before a favorable north-west wind. The ship leaned her side to the gale, and went roaring through the waves, leaving a long and rippling furrow to track her course. The city and port from which he had sailed became undistinguishable in the distance; the hills by which they were surrounded melted finally into the blue sky, and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Whom does time gallop withal?
As You Like It.

It is fortunate for tale-tellers that they are not tied down like theatrical writers to the unities of time and place, but may conduct their personages to Athens and Thebes at their pleasure, and bring them back at their convenience. Time, to use Rosalind's simile, has hitherto paced with the hero of our tale; for, betwixt Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the popinjay and his final departure for Holland hardly two months elapsed. Years, however, glided away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have galloped over the interval. Craving, therefore, the privilege of my cast, I entreat the reader's attention to the continuation of the narrative, as it starts from a new era, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to repose from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political concussions and the general change of government in church and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Viscount of Dundee, whom our readers have hitherto known by the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. But the usual state of the Highlands was so unruly that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private

meetings and form associations for mutual defence, which the government termed treason, while *they* cried out persecution.

The triumphant Whigs, while they re-established Presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assemblies of the Kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and more extravagant portion of the Nonconformists under Charles and James loudly demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a zealous covenanted monarch were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intention to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principles of indulgence thus espoused and gloried in by the government gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture; for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation to extirpate idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the church. They censured and condemned as Erastian many of the measures by which government after the Revolution showed an inclination to interfere with the management of the church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary until they should, on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant—the Magna Charta, as they termed it—of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated declarations against defections and causes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former reigns, would have led to the same consequence of open rebellion. But as the murmurers were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against Socinianism, Erastianism, and all the compliances and defections of the time, their zeal, unfanned by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they sunk into the scattered remnant of serious, scrupulous, and harmless enthusiasts of whom Old Mortality, whose legends have afforded the groundwork of my tale, may be taken as no bad representative. But in the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the Camero-

nians continued a sect strong in numbers and vehement in their political opinions, whom government wished to discourage, while they prudently temporized with them. These men formed one violent party in the state; and the Episcopalian and Jacobite interest, notwithstanding their ancient and national animosity, yet repeatedly endeavored to intrigue among them, and avail themselves of their discontents to obtain their assistance in recalling the Stewart family. The Revolutionary government, in the meanwhile, was supported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate Presbytery, and formed in a great measure the party who, in the former oppressive reigns, were stigmatized by the Cameronians for having exercised that form of worship under the declaration of Indulgence issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

It was on a delightful summer evening that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness of the scene around.

The path through which the traveller descended was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now laden with summer fruits. The nearest object of consequence was a farmhouse, or, it might be, the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter's lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland. It had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him, before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf, neatly

made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest transparency, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy Knowe. The child set down her water-pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering, "What's your wull?" which is usually a peasant's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatever.

"I wish to know the way to Fairy Knowe."

"Mammie, mammie," exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to the gentleman."

Her mother appeared—a handsome young countrywoman, to whose features, originally sly and *espiègle* in expression, matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

"What was your pleasure, sir?" said the woman, with an air of respectful breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without anything resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, "I am seeking a place called Fairy Knowe, and a man called Cuthbert Headrigg. You can probably direct me to him?"

"It's my gudeman, sir," said the young woman, with a smile of welcome; "will you alight, sir, and come into our puir dwelling? Cuddie, Cuddie [a white-headed rogue of four years appeared at the door of the hut]. Rin awa', my bonny man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him. Or, stay—Jenny, ye'll hae mair sense, rin ye awa' and tell him: he's down at the Four-acres Park. Winna ye light down and bide a blink, sir? Or would ye take a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink o' ale, till our gudeman comes? It's gude

ale, though I shouldna say sae that brews it; but ploughman lads work hard, and maun hae something to keep their hearts abune by ordinar, sae I aye pit a gude gowpen o' maut to the browst."

As the stranger declined her courteous offers, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dulness with occasional sparkles which indicated the craft so often found in the clouted shoe. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, "What's your wull wi' me, sir?"

"I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country," said the traveller, "and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them."

"Nae doubt, sir," said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation. "But I would first like to ken what sort of questions they are. I hae had sae many questions speered at me in my day, and in sic queer ways, that if ye kenn'd a' ye wadna wonder at my jalousing a'thing about them. My mother gar'd me learn the Single Carritch, whilk was a great vex; then I behoved to learn about my godfathers and godmothers to please the auld leddy; and whiles I jumbled them thegither and pleased nane o' them; and when I cam to man's yestate, cam another kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked waur than 'effectual calling;' and the 'did promise and vow' of the tane were yokit to the end o' the tother. Sae ye see, sir, I aye like to hear questions asked before I answer them."

"You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country."

"Country!" replied Cuddie. "Ou, the country's weel eneugh, and it werena that dour deevil, Claver'se—they ca' him Dundee now—that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, wi' a' the Donalds, and Duncans, and Dugalds that ever wore bottomless breeks driving about wi' him, to set things asteer again, now we hae gotten them a' reasonably weel settled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gie him his fairing, I'll be caution for it."

"What makes you so positive of that, my friend?" asked the horseman.

"I heard it wi' my ain lugs," answered Cuddie, "foretauld to him by a man that had been three hours stane dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Drumshinnel."

"Indeed?" said the stranger; "I can hardly believe you, my friend."

"Ye might ask my mither, then, if she were in life," said Cuddie; "it was her explained it a' to me, for I thought the man had only been wounded. At ony rate, he spake of the casting out of the Stewarts by their very names, and the vengeance that was brewing for Claver'se and his dragoons. They ca'd the man Habakkuk Mucklewrath; his brain was a wee ajee, but he was a braw preacher for a' that."

"You seem," said the stranger, "to live in a rich and peaceful country."

"It's no to compleen o', sir, an we get the crap weel in," quoth Cuddie; "but if ye had seen the bluid rinnin' as fast on the tap o' that brig yonder as ever the water ran below it, ye wadna hae thought it sae bonny a spectacle."

"You mean the battle some years since? I was waiting upon Monmouth that morning, my good friend, and did see some part of the action," said the stranger.

"Then ye saw a bonny stour," said Cuddie, "that sall serve me for fighting a' the days o' my life. I judged ye wad be a trooper by your red scarlet lace-coat and your looped hat."

"And which side were you upon, my friend?" continued the inquisitive stranger.

"Aha, lad," retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such, "there's nae use in telling that, unless I kenn'd wha was asking me."

"I commend your prudence, but it is unnecessary; I know you acted on that occasion as servant to Henry Morton."

"Ay!" said Cuddie, in surprise, "how cam ye by that secret? No that I need care a bodle about it, for the sun's on our side o' the hedge now. I wish my master were living to get a blink o't."

"And what became of him?" said the rider.

"He was lost in the vessel gaun to that weary Holland—clean lost, and a'body perished, and my poor master amang them. Neither man nor mouse was ever heard o' mair." Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

"You had some regard for him, then?" continued the stranger.

"How could I help it? His face was made of a fiddle, as they say, for a'body that looked on him liked him. And a braw soldier he was. O, an ye had but seen him down at the brig there, fleeing about like a fleeing dragon to gar folk fight that had unco little will till't! There was he and that sour

Whigamore they ca'd Burley—if twa men could hae won a field, we wadna hae gotten our skins paid that day."

"You mention Burley. Do you know if he yet lives?"

"I kenna muckle about him. Folk say he was abroad and our sufferers wad hold no communion wi' him, because o' his having murdered the Archbishop. Sae he cam hame ten times dourer than ever, and broke aff wi' mony o' the Presbyterians; and, at this last coming of the Prince of Orange, he could get nae countenance nor command for fear of his deevilish temper, and he hasna been heard of since; only some folk say that pride and anger hae driven him clean wud."

"And—and," said the traveller, after considerable hesitation, "do you know anything of Lord Evandale?"

"Div I ken onything o' Lord Evandale? Div I no? Is not my young leddy up-bye yonder at the house, that's as gude as married to him?"

"And are they not married, then?" said the rider, hastily.

"No, only what they ca' betrothed; me and my wife were witnesses, it's no mony months by-past. It was a lang courtship; few folk kenn'd the reason bye Jenny and mysell. But will ye no light down? I downa bide to see ye sitting up there, and the clouds are casting up thick in the west ower Glasgowward, and maist skeely folk think that bodes rain."

In fact, a deep black cloud had already surmounted the setting sun; a few large drops of rain fell, and the murmurs of distant thunder were heard.

"The deil's in this man," said Cuddie to himself; "I wish he would either light aff or ride on, that he may quarter himsell in Hamilton or the shower begin."

But the rider sat motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last question, like one exhausted by some uncommon effort. At length, recovering himself as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie "if Lady Margaret Bellenden still lived."

"She does," replied Cuddie, "but in a very sma' way. They hae been a sad changed family since thae rough times began; they hae suffered enough first and last; and to lose the auld Tower and a' the bonny barony and the holms that I hae pleughed sae often, and the mains, and my kale-yard, that I suld hae gotten back again, and a' for naething, as a body may say, but just the want o' some bits of sheepskin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tillietudlem."

"I have heard something of this," said the stranger, deepening his voice and averting his head. "I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I

could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?"

"It's but a corner of a place, sir," said Cuddie, "but we'se try, rather than ye suld ride on in the rain and thunner: for, to be free wi' ye, sir, I think ye seem no that ower weel."

"I am liable to a dizziness," said the stranger, "but it will soon wear off."

"I ken we can gie ye a decent supper, sir," said Cuddie: "and we'll see about a bed as weel as we can. We wad be laith a stranger suld lack what we have, though we are jimply provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has sae mony bairns—God bless them and her—that troth I maun speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eik or outshot o' some sort to the onstead."

"I shall be easily accommodated," said the stranger, as he entered the house.

"And ye may rely on your naig being weel sorted," said Cuddie; "I ken weel what belangs to suppering a horse, and this is a very gude ane."

Cuddie took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wife to attend in the meanwhile to the stranger's accommodation. The officer entered and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny, or Mrs. Headrigg, if the reader pleases, requested him to lay aside the cloak, belt, and flapped hat which he wore upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and to divert the time till Cuddie's return he entered into some chat with the children, carefully avoiding, during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

> What tragic tears bedim the eye!
> What deaths we suffer ere we die!
> Our broken friendships we deplore,
> And loves of youth that are no more.
>
> LOGAN.

CUDDIE soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, "that the horse was properly suppered up, and that the gudewife should make a bed up for him at the house, mair purpose-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gie him."

"Are the family at the house?" said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

"No, stir; they're awa' wi' a' the servants—they keep only twa nowadays—and my gudewife there has the keys and the charge, though she's no a fee'd servant. She has been born and bred in the family, and has a' trust and management. If they were there we behovedna to take sic freedom without their order; but when they are awa' they will be weel pleased we serve a stranger gentleman. Miss Bellenden wad help a' the haill warld, an her power were as gude as her will; and her grandmother, Leddy Margaret, has an unco respect for the gentry, and she's no ill to the poor bodies neither. And now, wife, what for are ye no getting forrit wi' the sowens?"

"Never mind, lad," rejoined Jenny, "ye sall hae them in gude time; I ken weel that ye like your brose het."

Cuddie fidgeted, and laughed with a peculiar expression of intelligence at this repartee, which was followed by a dialogue of little consequence betwixt his wife and him, in which the stranger took no share. At length he suddenly interrupted them by the question—"Can you tell me when Lord Evandale's marriage takes place?"

"Very soon, we expect," answered Jenny, before it was possible for her husband to reply; "it wad hae been ower afore now, but for the death o' auld Major Bellenden."

"The excellent old man!" said the stranger; "I heard at Edinburgh he was no more. Was he long ill?"

"He couldna be said to haud up his head after his

brother's wife and his niece were turned out o' their ain house; and he had himsell sair borrowing siller to stand the law; but it was in the latter end o' King James's days, and Basil Olifant, who claimed the estate, turned a Papist to please the managers, and then naething was to be refused him; sae the law gaed again the leddies at last, after they had fought a weary sort o' years about it; and, as I said before, the Major ne'er held up his head again. And then cam the pitting awa' o' the Stewart line; and, though he had but little reason to like them, he couldna brook that, and it clean broke the heart o' him, and creditors cam to Charnwood and cleaned out a' that was there: he was never rich, the gude auld man, for he dow'd na see onybody want."

"He was indeed," said the stranger, with a faltering voice, "an admirable man; that is, I have heard that he was so. So the ladies were left without fortune as well as without a protector?"

"They will neither want the tane nor the tother while Lord Evandale lives," said Jenny; "he has been a true friend in their griefs. E'en to the house they live in is his lordship's; and never man, as my auld gudemother used to say, since the days of the patriarch Jacob, served sae lang and sae sair for a wife as gude Lord Evandale has dune."

"And why," said the stranger, with a voice that quivered with emotion—"why was he not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?"

"There was the lawsuit to be ended," said Jenny, readily, "forbye many other family arrangements."

"Na, but," said Cuddie, "there was another reason forbye; for the young leddy——"

"Whisht, haud your tongue and sup your sowens," said his wife. "I see the gentleman's far frae weel, and downa eat our coarse supper; I wad kill him a chicken in an instant."

"There is no occasion," said the stranger; "I shall want only a glass of water, and to be left alone."

"You'll gie yoursell the trouble then to follow me," said Jenny, lighting a small lantern, "and I'll show you the way."

Cuddie also proffered his assistance; but his wife reminded him, "That the bairns would be left to fight thegither and coup ane anither into the fire," so that he remained to take charge of the menage.

His wife led the way up a little winding path, which, after threading some thickets of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Jenny undid the latch, and they passed through an old-fashioned flower-

garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-sashed door, which she opened with a master-key, and lighting a candle, which she placed upon a small work-table, asked pardon for leaving him there for a few minutes until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in these preparations; but when she returned was startled to find that the stranger had sunk forward with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could discover by his short-drawn sobs that it was a paroxysm of mental agony. She prudently drew back until he raised his head, and then showing herself, without seeming to have observed his agitation, informed him that his bed was prepared. The stranger gazed at her a moment as if to collect the sense of her words. She repeated them, and only bending his head as an indication that he understood her, he entered the apartment, the door of which she pointed out to him. It was a small bedchamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Evandale when a guest at Fairy Knowe, connecting on one side with a little china-cabinet which opened to the garden, and on the other with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin wainscot partition. Having wished the stranger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as speedily as she could to her own mansion.

"O, Cuddie!" she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, "I doubt we're ruined folk!"

"How can that be? What's the matter wi' ye?" returned the imperturbed Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at anything.

"Wha d'ye think yon gentleman is? O, that ever ye suld hae asked him to light here!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Why, wha the muckle deil d'ye say he is? There's nae law against harboring and intercommunicating now," said Cuddie; "sae, Whig or Tory, what need we care wha he be?"

"Ay, but it's ane will ding Lord Evandale's marriage ajee yet, if it's no the better looked to," said Jenny; "it's Miss Edith's first jo, your ain auld maister, Cuddie."

"The deil, woman!" exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, "trow ye that I am blind? I wad hae kenn'd Mr. Harry Morton amang a hunder."

"Ay, but, Cuddie lad," replied Jenny, "though ye are no blind, ye are no sae notice-taking as I am."

"Weel, what for needs ye cast that up to me just now? or what did ye see about the man that was like our Maister Harry?"

"I will tell ye," said Jenny. "I jaloused his keeping his face frae us, and speaking wi' a made-like voice, sae I e'en tried him wi' some tales o' lang syne, and when I spake o' the brose, ye ken, he didna just laugh—he's ower grave for that nowadays—but he gae a gledge wi' his ee that I kenn'd he took up what I said. And a' his distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I ne'er saw a man mair taen down wi' true love in my days—I might say man or woman, only I mind how ill Miss Edith was when she first gat word that him and you—ye muckle graceless loon—were coming against Tillietudlem wi' the rebels. But what's the matter wi' the man now?"

"What's the matter wi' me, indeed!" said Cuddie, who was again hastily putting on some of the garments he had stripped himself of. "Am I no gaun up this instant to see my maister?"

"Atweel, Cuddie, ye are gaun nae sic gate," said Jenny, coolly and resolutely.

"The deil's in the wife!" said Cuddie; "d'ye think I am to be Joan Tamson's man, and maistered by women a' the days o' my life?"

"And whase man wad ye be? And wha wad ye hae to maister ye but me, Cuddie lad?" answered Jenny. "I'll gar ye comprehend in the making of a hay-band. Naebody kens that this young gentleman is living but oursells, and frae that he keeps himsell up sae close, I am judging that he's purposing if he fand Miss Edith either married or just gaun to be married, he wad just slide awa' easy, and gie them nae mair trouble. But if Miss Edith kenn'd that he was living, and if she were standing before the very minister wi' Lord Evandale when it was tauld to her, I'se warrant she wad say 'No' when she suld say 'Yes.'"

"Weel," replied Cuddie, "and what's my business wi' that? If Miss Edith likes her auld jo better than her new ane, what for suld she no be free to change her mind like other folk? Ye ken, Jenny, Halliday aye threeps he had a promise frae yoursell."

"Halliday's a liar, and ye're naething but a gomeril to hearken till him, Cuddie. And then for this leddy's choice, lack-a-day! ye may be sure a' the gowd Mr. Morton has is on the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Leddy Margaret and the young leddy?"

"Isna there Milnwood?" said Cuddie. "Nae doubt, the auld laird left his housekeeper the life-rent, as he heard naught o' his nephew; but it's but speaking the auld wife fair, and they may a' live brawly thegither, Leddy Margaret and a'."

"Hout tout, lad," replied Jenny, "ye ken them little to think leddies o' their rank wad set up house wi' auld Ailie Wilson, when they're maist ower proud to take favors frae Lord Evandale himsell. Na, na, they maun follow the camp, if she tak Morton."

"That wad sort ill wi' the auld leddy, to be sure," said Cuddie; "she wad hardly win ower a lang day in the baggage-wain."

"Then sic a flyting as there wad be between them, a' about Whig and Tory," continued Jenny.

"To be sure," said Cuddie, "the auld leddy's unco kittle in thae points."

"And then, Cuddie," continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument to the last, "if this marriage wi' Lord Evandale is broken off, what comes o' our ain bit free house, and the kale-yard, and the cow's grass? I trow that baith us and thae bonny bairns will be turned on the wide warld!"

Here Jenny began to whimper. Cuddie writhed himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision. At length he broke out, "Weel, woman, canna ye tell us what we suld do, without a' this din about it?"

"Just do naething at a'," said Jenny. "Never seem to ken onything about this gentleman, and for your life say a word that he suld hae been here, or up at the house! An I had kenn'd, I wad hae gien him my ain bed and sleepit in the byre or he had gane up-bye: but it canna be helpit now. The neist thing's to get him cannily awa' the morn, and I judge he'll be in nae hurry to come back again."

"My puir maister!" said Cuddie; "and maun I no speak to him, then?"

"For your life, no," said Jenny; "ye're no obliged to ken him; and I wadna hae tauld ye, only I feared ye wad ken him in the morning."

"Aweel," said Cuddie, sighing heavily, "I'se awa' to plough the outfield, then; for, if I am no to speak to him, I wad rather be out o' the gate."

"Very right, my dear hinny," replied Jenny; "naebody has better sense than you when ye crack a bit wi' me ower your affairs, but ye suld ne'er do onything aff-hand out o' your ain head."

"Ane wad think it's true," quoth Cuddie; "for I hae aye had some carline or quean or another to gar me gang their gate instead o' my ain. There was first my mither," he continued, as he undressed and tumbled himself into bed; "then

there was Leddy Margaret didna let me ca' my soul my ain: then my mither and her quarrelled, and pu'ed me twa ways at anes, as if ilk ane had an end o' me, like Punch and the Deevil rugging about the Baker at the fair; and now I hae gotten a wife," he murmured in continuation, as he stowed the blankets around his person, "and she's like to tak the guiding o' me a' thegither."

"And amna I the best guide ye ever had in a' your life?" said Jenny, as she closed the conversation by assuming her place beside her husband and extinguishing the candle.

Leaving this couple to their repose, we have next to inform the reader that, early on the next morning, two ladies on horseback, attended by their servants, arrived at the house of Fairy Knowe, whom, to Jenny's utter confusion, she instantly recognized as Miss Bellenden and Lady Emily Hamilton, a sister of Lord Evandale.

"Had I no better gang to the house to put things to rights?" said Jenny, confounded with this unexpected apparition.

"We want nothing but the pass-key," said Miss Bellenden. "Gudyill will open the windows of the little parlor."

"The little parlor's locked, and the lock's spoiled," answered Jenny, who recollected the local sympathy between that apartment and the bedchamber of her guest.

"In the red parlor, then," said Miss Bellenden, and rode up to the front of the house, but by an approach different from that through which Morton had been conducted.

"All will be out," thought Jenny, "unless I can get him smuggled out of the house the back way."

So saying, she sped up the bank in great tribulation and uncertainty.

"I had better hae said at ance there was a stranger there," was her next natural reflection. "But then they wad hae been for asking him to breakfast. O, safe us! what will I do? And there's Gudyill walking in the garden, too!" she exclaimed internally, on approaching the wicket, "and I daurna gang in the back way till he's aff the coast. O, sirs! what will become of us?"

In this state of perplexity she approached the *ci-devant* butler, with the purpose of decoying him out of the garden. But John Gudyill's temper was not improved by his decline in rank and increase in years. Like many peevish people, too, he seemed to have an intuitive perception as to what was most likely to teaze those whom he conversed with; and on the present occasion all Jenny's efforts to remove him from the garden served only to root him in it as fast as if he had

been one of the shrubs. Unluckily, also, he had commenced florist during his residence at Fairy Knowe, and, leaving all other things to the charge of Lady Emily's servant, his first care was dedicated to the flowers, which he had taken under his special protection, and which he propped, dug, and watered, prosing all the while upon their respective merits to poor Jenny, who stood by him trembling, and almost crying, with anxiety, fear, and impatience.

Fate seemed determined to win a match against Jenny this unfortunate morning. As soon as the ladies entered the house they observed that the door of the little parlor, the very apartment out of which she was desirous of excluding them on account of its contiguity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Bellenden was too much engaged with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but, desiring the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her friend.

"He is not yet come," she said. "What can your brother possibly mean? Why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here? And why not come to Castle Dinnan, as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your presence, I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him."

"Evandale was never capricious," answered his sister; "I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not I will help you to scold him."

"What I chiefly fear," said Edith, "is his having engaged in some of the plots of this fluctuating and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Claverhouse and his army, and I believe he would have joined them ere now but for my uncle's death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular that one so rational and so deeply sensible of the errors of the exiled family should be ready to risk all for their restoration!"

"What can I say?" answered Lady Emily; "it is a point of honor with Evandale. Our family have always been loyal; he served long in the Guards; the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years; he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his inactivity to the score of want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family connections and early predilections influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Evandale will continue quiet, though, to

tell you truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so."

"And how is it in my power?" said Miss Bellenden.

"You can furnish him with the Scriptural apology for not going forth with the host: 'He has married a wife, and therefore cannot come.'"

"I have promised," said Edith, in a faint voice; "but I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time."

"Nay," said Lady Emily, "I will leave Evandale—and here he comes—to plead his own cause."

"Stay, stay, for God's sake!" said Edith, endeavoring to detain her.

"Not I—not I," said the young lady, making her escape; "the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast I will be found in the willow-walk by the river."

As she tripped out of the room, Lord Evandale entered. "Good-morrow, brother, and good-bye till breakfast-time," said the lively young lady; "I trust you will give Miss Bellenden some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning."

And so saying, she left them together, without waiting a reply.

"And now, my lord," said Edith, "may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet you here at so early an hour?"

She was about to add, that she hardly felt herself excusable in having complied with it; but, upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the singular and agitated expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim—"For God's sake, what is the matter?"

"His Majesty's faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blair of Athole; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Dundee——"

"Has fallen?" said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

"True—most true; he has fallen in the arms of victory, and not a man remains of talents and influence sufficient to fill up his loss in King James's service. This, Edith, is no time for temporizing with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I must take leave of you this evening."

"Do not think of it, my lord," answered Edith; "your life is essential to your friends; do not throw it away in an ad-

venture so rash. What can your single arm, and the few tenants or servants who might follow you, do against the force of almost all Scotland, the Highland clans only excepted?"

"Listen to me, Edith," said Lord Evandale. "I am not so rash as you may suppose me, nor are my present motives of such light importance as to affect only those personally dependent on myself. The Life Guards, with whom I served so long, although new-modelled and new-officered by the Prince of Orange, retain a predilection for the cause of their rightful master; and [and here he whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears] when my foot is known to be in the stirrup two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the usurper's service and fight under my orders. They delayed only till Dundee should descend into the Lowlands; but, since he is no more, which of his successors dare take that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops declaring themselves? Meantime, the zeal of the soldiers will die away. I must bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his untimely death."

"And will you, on the faith of such men as you know these soldiers to be," said Edith, "take a part of such dreadful moment?"

"I will," said Lord Evandale—"I must; my honor and loyalty are both pledged for it."

"And all for the sake," continued Miss Bellenden, "of a prince whose measures, while he was on the throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Evandale?"

"Most true," replied Lord Evandale; "and as I resented, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a freeborn subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights when he is in adversity, like a loyal one. Let courtiers and sycophants flatter power and desert misfortune; I will neither do the one nor the other."

"And if you are determined to act what my feeble judgment must still term rashly, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting?"

"Were it not enough to answer," said Lord Evandale, "that, ere rushing on battle, I wished to bid adieu to my betrothed bride? Surely it is judging coldly of my feelings, and showing too plainly the indifference of your own, to question my motive for a request so natural."

"But why in this place, my lord?" said Edith, "and why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?"

"Because," he replied, putting a letter into her hand, "I

have yet another request, which I dare hardly proffer, even when prefaced by these credentials."

In haste and terror Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother.

"My dearest childe," such was its tenor in style and spelling, "I never more deeply regretted the reumatizm, which disqualified me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is at Fairy Knowe, with my poor dear Willie's only child. But it is the will of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer as because it hath now not given way either to cammomile poultices or to decoxion of wild mustard, wherewith I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Evandale is called to the present campaign both by his honor and his duty, he hath earnestly solicited me that the bonds of holy matrimony be knitted before his departure to the wars between you and him, in implement of the indenture formerly entered into for that effeck, whereuntill, as I see no raisonable objexion, so I trust that you, who have been always a good and obedient childe, will not devize any which has less than raison. It is trew that the contrax of our house have heretofore been celebrated in a manner more befitting our Rank, and not in private, and with few witnesses, as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own freewill, as well as those of the kingdom where we live, to take away from us our estate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Episcopal faith, which I have the better right to expect to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when they were struggling as sorely with masterful usurpers and rebels as they are now: that is to say, when his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honored our poor house of Tillietudlem by taking his disjune therein," etc., etc., etc.

We will not abuse the reader's patience by quoting more of Lady Margaret's prolix epistle. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grandchild to consent to the solemnization of her marriage without loss of time.

"I never thought till this instant," said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, "that Lord Evandale would have acted ungenerously."

"Ungenerously, Edith!" replied her lover. "And how

can you apply such a term to my desire to call you mine ere I part from you perhaps forever?"

"Lord Evandale ought to have remembered," said Edith, "that when his perseverance, and, I must add, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative to hurry me with precipitate and even indelicate importunity. There is more selfishness then generosity, my lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation."

Lord Evandale, evidently much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this accusation; at length he spoke—"I should have escaped this painful charge, durst I at once have mentioned to Miss Bellenden my principal reason for urging this request. It is one which she will probably despise on her own account, but which ought to weigh with her for the sake of Lady Margaret. My death in battle must give my whole estate to my heirs of entail; my forfeiture as a traitor, by the usurping government, may vest it in the Prince of Orange or some Dutch favorite. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty. Vested with the rights and provisions of Lady Evandale, Edith will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having condescended to share the titles and fortunes of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her."

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not expected, and was compelled to acknowledge that Lord Evandale's suit was urged with delicacy as well as with consideration.

"And yet," she said, "such is the waywardness with which my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot [she burst into tears] suppress a degree of ominous reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief summons."

"We have already fully considered this painful subject," said Lord Evandale; "and I hoped, my dear Edith, your own inquiries, as well as mine, had fully convinced you that these regrets were fruitless."

"Fruitless indeed!" said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Bellenden started at the sound, and scarcely composed herself upon Lord Evandale's assurances that she had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

"It sounded strangely distinct," she said, "and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed that the slightest trifle agitates them."

Lord Evandale eagerly attempted to soothe her alarm, and reconcile her to a measure which, however hasty, appeared to him the only means by which he could secure her independence. He urged his claim in virtue of the contract, her grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of insuring her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment, which he had evinced by so many and such varied services. These Edith felt the more the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had nothing to oppose to his ardor excepting a causeless reluctance, which she herself was ashamed to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the ceremony performed upon such hasty notice at such a time and place. But for all this Lord Evandale was prepared, and he explained with joyful alacrity that the former chaplain of his regiment was in attendance at the lodge with a faithful domestic, once a non-commissioned officer in the same corps; that his sister was also possessed of the secret; and that Headrigg and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Bellenden. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord Evandale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was solemnized, a circumstance which, had their union been public, must have drawn upon him the attention of the government, as being altogether unaccountable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he ran, without waiting for an answer, to summon his sister to attend his bride, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was necessary.

When Lady Emily arrived, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to comprehend the reason, being one of those damsels who think there is nothing either wonderful or terrible in matrimony, and joining with most who knew him in thinking that it could not be rendered peculiarly alarming by Lord Evandale being the bridegroom. Influenced by these feelings, she exhausted in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and condolence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law deaf to all those ordinary topics of consolation; when she beheld tears follow fast and without intermission down cheeks as

pale as marble; when she felt that the hand which she pressed in order to enforce her arguments turned cold within her grasp, and lay, like that of a corpse, insensible and unresponsive to her caresses, her feelings of sympathy gave way to those of hurt pride and pettish displeasure.

"I must own," she said, "that I am something at a loss to understand all this, Miss Bellenden. Months have passed since you agreed to marry my brother, and you have postponed the fulfilment of your engagement from one period to another, as if you had to avoid some dishonorable or highly disagreeable connection. I think I can answer for Lord Evandale that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Bellenden, but your present distress augurs ill for my brother's future happiness, and I must needs say that he does not merit all these expressions of dislike and dolor, and that they seem an odd return for an attachment which he has manifested so long and in so many ways."

"You are right, Lady Emily," said Edith, drying her eyes and endeavoring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faltering voice and the paleness of her cheeks —"you are quite right; Lord Evandale merits such usage from no one, least of all from her whom he has honored with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and irresistible burst of feeling, it is my consolation, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause, that I have hid nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife undeserving of his affection. But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulging for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrances. It shall be so no longer; my lot is cast with Evandale, and with him I am resolved to bear it. Nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints or the resentment of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the zealous and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions recall the memory of other days——"

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of her apartment, which was partly open, uttered a dismal shriek, and fainted. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and terrified more by the state of Edith than by the apparition she had herself witnessed, she uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon

arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Dennison; but strong and vigorous remedies were necessary ere they could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

"Press me no further," she said to Lord Evandale; "it cannot be: Heaven and earth, the living and the dead, have leagued themselves against this ill-omened union. Take all I can give, my sisterly regard, my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister and serve you as a bondswoman, but never speak to me more of marriage."

The astonishment of Lord Evandale may easily be conceived.

"Emily," he said to his sister, "this is your doing; I was accursed when I thought of bringing you here; some of your confounded folly has driven her mad!"

"On my word, brother," answered Lady Emily, "you're sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister, who has been arguing in your cause, and had brought her to a quiet hearing, when all of a sudden a man looked in at a window, whom her crazed sensibility mistook either for you or some one else, and has treated us gratis with an excellent tragic scene."

"What man? What window?" said Lord Evandale, in impatient displeasure. "Miss Bellenden is incapable of trifling with me; and yet what else could have——"

"Hush! hush!" said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further inquiry; "for Heaven's sake, my lord, speak low, for my lady begins to recover."

Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Evandale. All retreated, Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity, Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of awakened curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment than Edith beckoned Lord Evandale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of his surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat and to clasp his knees.

"Forgive me, my lord!" she exclaimed—"forgive me! I must deal most untruly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude. You have more: you have my word and my faith. But, O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!"

"You dream, my dearest Edith!" said Evandale, per-

plexed in the utmost degree; "you let your imagination beguile you; this is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind. The person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or, if it could, would only diminish his happiness."

"You are mistaken, Lord Evandale," said Edith, solemnly, "I am not a sleep-walker or a madwoman. No; I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But, having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes."

"Seen *him?*—seen whom?" asked Lord Evandale, in great anxiety.

"Henry Morton," replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly fainting when she had done so.

"Miss Bellenden," said Lord Evandale, "you treat me like a fool or a child. If you repent your engagement to me," he continued, indignantly, "I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination; but deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling."

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing was less intended than imposture, and that by whatever means her imagination had been so impressed, it was really disturbed by unaffected awe and terror. He changed his tone, and exerted all his eloquence in endeavoring to soothe and extract from her the secret cause of such terror.

"I saw him!" she repeated—"I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of abjuring him forever. His face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and hat looped down over his face; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he was examined by Claverhouse at Tillietudlem. Ask your sister—ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I. I know what has called him up; he came to upbraid me, that, while my heart was with him in the deep and dead sea, I was about to give my hand to another. My lord, it is ended between you and me; be the consequences what they will, *she* cannot marry whose union disturbs the repose of the dead."*

"Good heaven!" said Evandale, as he paced the room, half mad himself with surprise and vexation, "her fine understanding must be totally overthrown, and that by the effort which she has made to comply with my ill-timed, though well-

* See Supposed Apparition of Morton. Note 35.

meant, request. Without rest and attention her health is ruined forever."

At this moment the door opened, and Halliday, who had been Lord Evandale's principal personal attendant since they both left the Guards on the Revolution, stumbled into the room with a countenance as pale and ghastly as terror could paint it.

"What is the matter next, Halliday?" cried his master, starting up. "Any discovery of the——"

He had just recollection sufficient to stop short in the midst of the dangerous sentence.

"No, sir," said Halliday, "it is not that, nor anything like that; but I have seen a ghost!"

"A ghost! you eternal idiot!" said Lord Evandale, forced altogether out of his patience. "Has all mankind sworn to go mad in order to drive me so? What ghost, you simpleton?"

"The ghost of Henry Morton, the Whig captain at Bothwell Bridge," replied Halliday. "He passed by me like a fireflaught when I was in the garden!"

"This is midsummer madness," said Lord Evandale, "or there is some strange villany afloat. Jenny, attend your lady to her chamber, while I endeavor to find a clue to all this."

But Lord Evandale's inquiries were in vain. Jenny, who might have given, had she chosen, a very satisfactory explanation, had an interest to leave the matter in darkness; and interest was a matter which now weighed principally with Jenny, since the possession of an active and affectionate husband in her own proper right had altogether allayed her spirit of coquetry. She had made the best use of the first moments of confusion hastily to remove all traces of any one having slept in the apartment adjoining to the parlor, and even to erase the mark of footsteps beneath the window, through which she conjectured Morton's face had been seen, while attempting, ere he left the garden, to gain one look at her whom he had so long loved, and was now on the point of losing forever. That he had passed Halliday in the garden was equally clear; and she learned from her elder boy, whom she had employed to have the stranger's horse saddled and ready for his departure, that he had rushed into the stable, thrown the child a broad gold piece, and, mounting his horse, had ridden with fearful rapidity down towards the Clyde. The secret was, therefore, in their own family, and Jenny was resolved it should remain so.

"For, to be sure," she said, "although her lady and Hal-

liday kenn'd Mr. Morton by broad daylight, that was nae reason I suld own to kenning him in the gloaming and by candlelight, and him keeping his face frae Cuddie and me a' the time."

So she stood resolutely upon the negative when examined by Lord Evandale. As for Halliday, he could only say that, as he entered the garden-door, the supposed apparition met him walking swiftly, and with a visage on which anger and grief appeared to be contending.

"He knew him well," he said, "having been repeatedly guard upon him, and obliged to write down his marks of stature and visage in case of escape. And there were few faces like Mr. Morton's." But what should make him haunt the country where he was neither hanged nor shot, he, the said Halliday, did not pretend to conceive.

Lady Emily confessed she had seen the face of a man at the window, but her evidence went no further. John Gudyill deponed *nil novit in causa*. He had left his gardening to get his morning dram just at the time when the apparition had taken place. Lady Emily's servant was waiting orders in the kitchen, and there was not another being within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Lord Evandale returned perplexed and dissatisfied in the highest degree at beholding a plan which he thought necessary not less for the protection of Edith in contingent circumstances than for the assurance of his own happiness, and which he had brought so very near perfection, thus broken off without any apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character set her beyond the suspicion of covering any capricious change of determination by a pretended vision. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an overstrained imagination, agitated by the circumstances in which she had so suddenly been placed, had it not been for the coinciding testimony of Halliday, who had no reason for thinking of Morton more than any other person, and knew nothing of Miss Bellenden's vision when he promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seemed in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so vainly sought after, and who was, with such good reason, supposed to be lost when the "Vryheid" of Rotterdam went down with crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly show himself, since the present government favored his party in politics. When Lord Evandale reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain,

in order to obtain his opinion, he could only obtain a long lecture on demonology, in which, after quoting Delrio, and Burthoog, and De L'Ancre, on the subject of apparitions, together with sundry civilians and common lawyers on the nature of testimony, the learned gentleman expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, as a divine and a philosopher, neither fully prepared to admit nor to deny; or else, that the said Henry Morton, being still *in rerum natura*, had appeared in his proper person that morning; or, finally, that some strong *deceptio visus*, or striking similitude of person, had deceived the eyes of Miss Bellenden and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but expressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or other of them had occasioned that morning's disturbance.

Lord Evandale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Bellenden was declared to be dangerously ill.

"I will not leave this place," he exclaimed, "till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for, whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I gave the first cause for it by my unhappy solicitation."

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister as well as of Lady Margaret Bellenden—who, in despite of her rheumatism, caused herself to be transported thither when she heard of her granddaughter's illness—rendered a step equally natural and delicate. And thus he anxiously awaited until, without injury to her health, Edith could sustain a final explanation ere his departure on his expedition.

"She shall never," said the generous young man, "look on her engagement with me as the means of fettering her to a union the idea of which seems almost to unhinge her understanding."

CHAPTER XXXIX

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shades!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

It is not by corporal wants and infirmities only that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest of mortals must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy by which he endeavors in general to regulate his passions and his actions. It was during such a paroxysm that the unfortunate Morton left Fairy Knowe. To know that his long-loved and still-beloved Edith, whose image had filled his mind for so many years, was on the point of marriage to his early rival, who had laid claim to her heart by so many services as hardly left her a title to refuse his addresses, bitter as the intelligence was, yet came not as an unexpected blow.

During his residence abroad he had once written to Edith. It was to bid her farewell forever, and to conjure her to forget him. He had requested her not to answer his letter, yet he half hoped for many a day that she might transgress his injunction. The letter never reached her to whom it was addressed, and Morton, ignorant of its miscarriage, could only conclude himself laid aside and forgotten, according to his own self-denying request. All that he had heard of their mutual relations since his return to Scotland prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Bellenden as the betrothed bride of Lord Evandale; and, even if freed from the burden of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent with Morton's generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of a claim, proscribed by absence, never sanctioned by the consent of

friends, and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why, then, did he seek the cottage which their broken fortunes had now rendered the retreat of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her granddaughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprised him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, near whose mansion he must necessarily pass, were absent; and learning that Cuddie and his wife acted as their principal domestics, he could not resist pausing at their cottage to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Evandale had made in the affections of Miss Bellenden—alas! no longer his Edith. This rash experiment ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy Knowe conscious that he was still beloved by Edith, yet compelled by faith and honor to relinquish her forever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Evandale and Edith, the greater part of which he involuntarily overheard, the reader must conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. An hundred times he was tempted to burst upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud —"Edith, I yet live!" and as often the recollection of her plighted troth, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale, to whose influence with Claverhouse he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death, withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed forcibly these selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

"No, Edith!" was his internal oath, "never will I add a thorn to thy pillow. That which Heaven has ordained, let it be; and let me not add, by my selfish sorrows, one atom's weight to the burden thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never—never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!"

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuing within hearing of Edith's voice, he hastily rushed from his apartment by the little closet and the sashed door which led to the garden.

But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavoring to avail himself of the opportunity which the parlor window afforded, to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this at-

tempt, made while Edith seemed to have her eyes unalterably bent upon the ground, that Morton's presence was detected by her raising them suddenly. So soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so ill-fated, he hurried from the place, as if pursued by the furies. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognizing, or even being sensible that he had seen him, threw himself on his horse, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first by-road in preference to the public route to Hamilton.

In all probability this prevented Lord Evandale from learning that he was actually in existence; for the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Killiecrankie had occasioned an accurate lookout to be kept, by order of the government, on all the passes, for fear of some commotion among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post sentinels on Bothwell Bridge, and as these men had not seen any traveller pass westward in that direction, and as, besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Bothwell were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the apparition, in the existence of which Edith and Halliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Evandale, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had summoned up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, and that Halliday had in some unaccountable manner been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the by-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the feet of horses, who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, but, throwing himself into the river, was soon beyond his depth. The plunge which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the cold water rose above his sword-belt, were the first incidents which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal which he bestrode. A perfect master of all manly exercises, the management of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow. He directed the animal's course somewhat down the stream towards a low plain or holm, which seemed to promise an easy egress from the river. In the first and second attempt to get on shore, the horse was frustrated by the nature of the ground,

and nearly fell backwards on his rider. The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to recall the human mind to some degree of equipoise, unless when altogether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged to the danger in which he was placed for complete recovery of his self-possession. A third attempt, at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, succeeded better than the former, and placed the horse and his rider in safety upon the further and left-hand bank of the Clyde.

"But whither," said Morton, in the bitterness of his heart, "am I now to direct my course? or rather, what does it signify to which point of the compass a wretch so forlorn betakes himself? I would to God, could the wish be without a sin, that these dark waters had flowed over me, and drowned my recollection of that which was and that which is!"

The sense of impatience which the disturbed state of his feelings had occasioned scarcely had vented itself in these violent expressions ere he was struck with shame at having given way to such a paroxysm. He remembered how signally the life which he now held so lightly, in the bitterness of his disappointment, had been preserved through the almost incessant perils which had beset him since he entered upon his public career.

"I am a fool!" he said, "and worse than a fool, to set light by that existence which Heaven has so often preserved in the most marvellous manner. Something there yet remains for me in this world, were it only to bear my sorrows like a man, and to aid those who need my assistance. What have I seen—what have I heard, but the very conclusion of that which I knew was to happen? They [he durst not utter their names even in soliloquy]—they are embarrassed and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritance, and he seems rushing on some dangerous career, with which, but for the low voice in which he spoke, I might have become acquainted. Are there no means to aid or to warn them?"

As he pondered upon this topic, forcibly withdrawing his mind from his own disappointment and compelling his attention to the affairs of Edith and her betrothed husband, the letter of Burley, long forgotten, suddenly rushed on his memory like a ray of light darting through a mist.

"Their ruin must have been his work," was his internal conclusion. "If it can be repaired, it must be through his means, or by information obtained from him. I will search him out. Stern, crafty, and enthusiastic as he is, my plain and downright rectitude of purpose has more than once prevailed

with him. I will seek him out, at least; and who knows what influence the information I may acquire from him may have on the fortunes of those whom I shall never see more, and who will probably never learn that I am now suppressing my own grief to add, if possible, to their happiness!"

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the high-road; and as all the tracks through the valley were known to him since he hunted through them in youth, he had no other difficulty than that of surmounting one or two enclosures ere he found himself on the road to the small burgh where the feast of the popinjay had been celebrated. He journeyed in a state of mind sad indeed and dejected, yet relieved from its earlier and more intolerable state of anguish; for virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of discovering Burley, and the chance there was of extracting from him any knowledge which he might possess favorable to her in whose cause he interested himself, and at length formed the resolution of guiding himself by the circumstances in which he might discover the object of his quest, trusting that, from Cuddie's account of a schism betwixt Burley and his brethren of the Presbyterian persuasion, he might find him less rancorously disposed against Miss Bellenden, and inclined to exert the power which he asserted himself to possess over her fortunes more favorably than heretofore.

Noontide had passed away when our traveller found himself in the neighborhood of his deceased uncle's habitation of Milnwood. It rose among glades and groves that were checkered with a thousand early recollections of joy and sorrow, and made upon Morton that mournful impression, soft and affecting, yet withal soothing, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

"Old Alison," he thought, "will not know me, more than the honest couple whom I saw yesterday. I may indulge my curiosity and proceed on my journey, without her having any knowledge of my existence. I think they said my uncle had bequeathed to her my family mansion; well, be it so. I have enough to sorrow for, to enable me to dispense with lamenting such a disappointment as that; and yet methinks he has chosen an odd successor in my grumbling old dame to a line of re-

spectable, if not distinguished, ancestry. Let it be as it may, I will visit the old mansion at least once more."

The house of Milnwood, even in its best days, had nothing cheerful about it, but its gloom appeared to be double under the auspices of the old housekeeper. Everything, indeed, was in repair; there were no slates deficient upon the steep gray roof, and no panes broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the courtyard looked as if the foot of man had not been there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been shut for a length of time, since the spiders had fairly drawn their webs over the doorway and the staples. Living sight or sound there was none, until, after much knocking, Morton heard the little window, through which it was usual to reconnoitre visitors, open with much caution. The face of Alison, puckered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was furrowed when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a "toy," from under the protection of which some of her gray tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking.

"I wish to speak an instant with one Alison Wilson who resides here," said Henry.

"She's no at hame the day," answered Mrs. Wilson *in propria persona*, the state of whose head-dress, perhaps, inspired her with this direct mode of denying herself; "and ye are but a mislear'd person to speer for her in sic a manner. Ye might hae had an M under your belt for *Mistress* Wilson of Milnwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally smiling at finding in old Ailie the same jealousy of disrespect which she used to exhibit upon former occasions—"I beg pardon; I am but a stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad that I have almost forgotten my own language."

"Did ye come frae foreign parts?" said Ailie; "then maybe ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country that they ca' Henry Morton?"

"I have heard," said Morton, "of such a name in Germany."

"Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend—or stay, gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a laigh door; it's on the latch; for it's never barred till sunset. Ye'll open't—and tak care ye dinna fa' ower the tub, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll hand straught forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and

ye'll tak heed o' the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen—it's a' the kitchen that's at Milnwood now—and I'll come down t'ye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mistress Wilson ye may very safely tell it to me."

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Ailie, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back door to the little kitchen, but Henry was too well acquainted with the navigation of these straits to experience danger, either from the Scylla which lurked on one side in shape of a bucking-tub, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar stair. His only impediment arose from the snarling and vehement barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, but which, unlike to the faithful Argus, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptom of recognition.

"The little dogs and all!" said Morton to himself, on being disowned by his former favorite. "I am so changed that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me!"

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alison's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to prop and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an annunciation which continued for some time ere she fairly reached the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender preparations for housekeeping which were now sufficient in the house of his ancestors. The fire, though coals are plenty in that neighborhood, was husbanded with the closest attention to economy of fuel, and the small pipkin, in which was preparing the dinner of the old woman and her maid-of-all-work, a girl of twelve years old, intimated, by its thin and watery vapor, that Ailie had not mended her cheer with her improved fortune.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-importance, the features in which an irritable peevishness, acquired by habit and indulgence, strove with a temper naturally affectionate and good-natured, the coif, the apron, the blue checked gown, were all those of old Ailie; but laced pinners, hastily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling articles of decoration, marked the difference between Mrs. Wilson, life-rentrix of Milnwood, and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' Mrs. Wilson, sir? I am Mrs. Wilson," was her first address; for the five minutes' time which she had gained for the business of the toilet entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her illustrious name, and shine forth on her guest in unchastened splendor.

Morton's sensations, confounded between the past and present, fairly confused him so much that he would have had difficulty in answering her, even if he had known well what to say. But as he had not determined what character he was to adopt while concealing that which was properly his own, he had an additional reason for remaining silent.

Mrs. Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehension, repeated her question. "What were ye pleased to want wi' me, sir? Ye said ye kenn'd Mr. Harry Morton?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Henry; "it was of one Silas Morton I spoke."

The old woman's countenance fell.

"It was his father, then, ye kent o', the brother o' the late Milnwood? Ye canna mind him abroad, I wad think; he was come hame afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news of poor Maister Harry."

"It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton," said Henry. "Of the son I know little or nothing; rumor says he died abroad on his passage to Holland."

"That's ower like to be true," said the old woman, with a sigh, "and mony a tear it's cost my auld een. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough'd awa' wi' it in his mouth. He had been gieing me preceeze directions anent the bread, and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company—for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, painstaking man—and then he said, said he, 'Ailie'—he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance—'Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's gane out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into another, and ne'er spak a word mair unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude eneugh to see to dee wi'. He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table."

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and

jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, "Down, Elphin! Down, sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise—"ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common ane. And the creature kens you too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone. "God guide us! it's my ain bairn!" So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy.

There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered—"I do indeed live, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country."

"Friends!" exclaimed Ailie, "ye'll hae mony friends—ye'll hae mony friends; for ye will hae gear, hinny—ye will hae gear. Heaven mak ye a gude guide o't! But, eh, sirs!" she continued, pushing him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face as if to read, at more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face—"eh, sirs! ye're sair altered, hinny: your face is turned pale, and your een are sunken, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks are turned a' dark and sunburnt. O, weary on the wars! mony's the comely face they destroy. And when cam ye here, hinny? And where hae ye been? And what hae ye been doing? And what for did ye na write to us? And how cam ye to pass yoursell for dead? And what for did ye come creepin' to your ain house as if ye had been an unco body, to gie poor auld Ailie sic a start?" she concluded, smiling through her tears.

It was some time ere Morton could overcome his own emotion so as to give the kind old woman the information which we shall communicate to our readers in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XL

> Aumerle that was,
> But that is gone for being Richard's friend;
> And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
>
> *Richard II.*

THE scene of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs. Wilson's own matted room, the very same which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. "It was," she said, "better secured against sifting winds than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatisms, and it was more fitting for her use than the late Milnwood's apartment, honest man, which gave her sad thoughts;" and as for the great oak parlor, it was never opened but to be aired, washed, and dusted, according to the invariable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the matted room, therefore, they were settled, surrounded by pickle-pots and conserves of all kinds, which the *ci-devant* housekeeper continued to compound out of mere habit, although neither she herself nor any one else ever partook of the comfits which she so regularly prepared.

Morton, adapting his narrative to the comprehension of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel and the loss of all hands, excepting two or three common seamen, who had early secured the skiff, and were just putting off from the vessel when he leaped from the deck into their boat, and unexpectedly, as well as contrary to their inclination, made himself partner of their voyage and of their safety. Landed at Flushing, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been in service with his father. By his advice, he shunned going immediately to The Hague, but forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder.

"Our Prince," said the veteran, "must as yet keep terms with his father-in-law and with your King Charles; and to approach him in the character of a Scottish malcontent would render it imprudent for him to distinguish you by his favor. Wait, therefore, his orders, without forcing yourself on his notice; observe the strictest prudence and retirement; assume for the present a different name; shun the company of the

British exiles; and, depend upon it, you will not repent your prudence."

The old friend of Silas Morton argued justly. After a considerable time had elapsed, the Prince of Orange, in a progress through the United States, came to the town where Morton, impatient at his situation and the incognito which he was obliged to observe, still continued, nevertheless, to be a resident. He had an hour of private interview assigned, in which the Prince expressed himself highly pleased with his intelligence, his prudence, and the liberal view which he seemed to take of the factions of his native country, their motives and their purposes.

"I would gladly," said William, "attach you to my own person, but that cannot be without giving offence in England. But I will do as much for you, as well out of respect for the sentiments you have expressed as for the recommendations you have brought me. Here is a commission in a Swiss regiment at present in garrison in a distant province, where you will meet few or none of your countrymen. Continue to be Captain Melville, and let the name of Morton sleep till better days."

"Thus began my fortune," continued Morton; "and my services have, on various occasions, been distinguished by his Royal Highness, until the moment that brought him to Britain as our political deliverer. His commands must excuse my silence to my few friends in Scotland; and I wonder not at the report of my death, considering the wreck of the vessel, and that I found no occasion to use the letters of exchange with which I was furnished by the liberality of some of them, a circumstance which must have confirmed the belief that I had perished."

"But, dear hinny," asked Mrs. Wilson, "did ye find nae Scotch body at the Prince of Oranger's court that kenn'd ye? I wad hae thought Morton o' Milnwood was kenn'd a' through the country."

"I was purposely engaged in distant service," said Morton, "until a period when few, without as deep and kind a motive of interest as yours, Ailie, would have known the stripling Morton in Major-General Melville."

"Malville was your mother's name," said Mrs. Wilson; "but Morton sounds far bonnier in my auld lugs. And when ye tak up the lairdship ye maun tak the auld name and designation again."

"I am like to be in no haste to do either the one or the other, Ailie, for I have some reasons for the present to con-

ceal my being alive from every one but you; and as for the lairdship of Milnwood, it is in as good hands."

"As gude hands, hinny!" re-echoed Ailie; "I'm hopefu' ye are no meaning mine? The rents and the lands are but a sair fash to me. And I'm ower failed to tak a helpmate, though Wylie Mactrickit, the writer, was very pressing, and spak very civilly; but I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before me. He canna whilly-wha me as he's dune mony a ane. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wad get my pickle meal and my soup milk, and keep a' things right about ye as I used to do in your puir uncle's time, and it wad be just pleasure eneugh for me to see ye thrive and guide the gear canny. Ye'll hae learned that in Holland, I'se warrant, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell. But ye'll be for keeping rather a mair house than puir auld Milnwood that's gane; and, indeed, I would approve o' your eating butcher-meat maybe as aften as three times a week, it keeps the wind out o' the stamack."

"We will talk of all this another time," said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and sordid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-acquisition. "You must know," he continued, "that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions."

"E'en be it sae, my jo," replied Ailie, "I can keep a secret like my neighbors; and weel auld Milnwood kenn'd it, honest man, for he tauld me where he keepit his gear, and that's what maist folk like to hae as private as possibly may be. But come awa' wi' me, hinny, till I show ye the oak parlor how grandly it's keepit, just as if ye had been expected hame every day; I loot naebody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kind o' divertisement to me, though whiles the tear wan into my ee, and I said to mysell, what needs I fash wi' grates, and carpets, and cushions, and the muckle brass candlesticks, ony mair? for they'll ne'er come hame that aught it rightfully."

With these words she hauled him away to this *sanctum sanctorum*, the scrubbing and cleaning whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not "dighting his shune,"

which showed that Ailie had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak parlor, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment which he then supposed had not its equal save in the halls of princes. It may be readily supposed that the worked-worsted chairs, with their short ebony legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind; that the large brass andirons seemed diminished in splendor; that the green worsted tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom: and that the room looked, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and disconsolate. Yet there were two objects, "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers," which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father, in complete armor, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle, in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own finery, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.

"It was an idle fancy," Ailie said, "to dress the honest auld man in thae expensive fal-lalls that he ne'er wore in his life, instead o' his douce raploch gray, and his band wi' the narrow edging."

In private Morton could not help being much of her opinion: for anything approaching to the dress of a gentleman sat as ill on the ungainly person of his relative as an open or generous expression would have done on his mean and money-making features. He now extricated himself from Ailie to visit some of his haunts in the neighboring wood, while her own hands made an addition to the dinner she was preparing; an incident no otherwise remarkable than as it cost the life of a fowl, which for any event of less importance than the arrival of Henry Morton might have cackled on to a good old age ere Ailie could have been guilty of the extravagance of killing and dressing it. The meal was seasoned by talk of old times, and by the plans which Ailie laid out for futurity, in which she assigned her young master all the prudential habits of her old one, and planned out the dexterity with which she was to exercise her duty as governante. Morton let the old woman enjoy her day-dreams and castle-building during moments of such pleasure, and deferred till some fitter occasion the communication of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon the Continent.

His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he

considered likely to render more difficult his researches after Burley. He exchanged it for a gray doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Milnwood, and which Mrs. Wilson produced from a chest of walnut-tree, wherein she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Morton retained his sword and firearms, without which few persons travelled in those unsettled times.

When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs. Wilson was first thankful "that they fitted him sae decently, since, though he was nae fatter, yet he looked mair manly than when he was taen frae Milnwood." Next she enlarged on the advantage of saving old clothes to be what she called "beet-masters to the new," and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Milnwood, which had first been converted to a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Morton interrupted her account of its transmigration to bid her good-bye.

He gave, indeed, a sufficient shock to her feelings by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey that evening.

"And where are ye gaun? And what wad ye do that for? And whar wad ye sleep but in your ain house, after ye hae been sae mony years frae hame?"

"I feel all the unkindness of it, Ailie, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from you, as I suspected you would not let me part from you so easily."

"But whar are ye gaun, then?" said Ailie, once more. "Saw e'er mortal een the like o' you, just to come ae moment and flee awa' like an arrow out of a bow the neist?"

"I must go down," replied Morton, "to Niel Blane, the Piper's Howff. He can give me a bed, I suppose?"

"A bed! I'se warrant can he," replied Ailie, "and gar ye pay weel for't into the bargain. Laddie, I dare say ye hae lost your wits in thae foreign parts, to gang and gie siller for a supper and a bed, and might hae baith for naething, and thanks t'ye for accepting them."

"I assure you, Ailie," said Morton, desirous to silence her remonstrances, "that this is a business of great importance, in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser."

"I dinna see how that can be, if ye begin by gieing maybe the feck o' twal shillings Scots for your supper; but young folks are aye venturesome, and think to get siller that way,

My puir auld master took a surer gate, and never parted wi' it when he had anes gotten't."

Persevering in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Ailie and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after exacting a solemn promise that she would conceal his return until she again saw or heard from him.

"I am not very extravagant," was his natural reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town; "but were Ailie and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profusion would break the good old creature's heart before a week were out."

CHAPTER XLI

> Where's the jolly host
> You told me of? 'T has been my custom eve
> To parley with mine host.
>
> *Lover's Progress.*

MORTON reached the borough-town without meeting with any remarkable adventure, and alighted at the little inn. It had occurred to him more than once, while upon his journey, that his resumption of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although favorable to his views in other respects, might render it more difficult for him to remain incognito. But a few years of campaigns and wandering had so changed his appearance that he had great confidence that in the grown man, whose brows exhibited the traces of resolution and considerate thought, none would recognize the raw and bashful stripling who won the game of the popinjay. The only chance was, that here and there some Whig whom he had led to battle might remember the Captain of the Milnwood Marksmen; but the risk, if there was any, could not be guarded against.

The Howff seemed full and frequented as if possessed of all its old celebrity. The person and demeanor of Niel Blane, more fat and less civil than of yore, intimated that he had increased as well in purse as in corpulence; for in Scotland a landlord's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world His daughter had acquired the air of a dexterous barmaid, undisturbed by the circumstances of love and war, so apt to perplex her in the exercise of her vocation. Both showed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendants, at a time when they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented—went to the stable and saw his horse accommodated, then returned to the house, and, seating himself in the public room (for to request one to himself would, in those days, have been thought an overweening degree of conceit), he found himself in the very apartment in which he had some years before celebrated his

victory at the game of the popinjay, a jocular preferment which led to so many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howff seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly presented. Two or three burghers husbanded their "dribbles o' brandy;" two or three dragoons lounged over their muddy ale, and cursed the inactive times that allowed them no better cheer. Their cornet did not, indeed, play at backgammon with the curate in his cassock, but he drank a little modicum of *aqua mirabilis* with the gray-cloaked Presbyterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in persons, but corresponding in general character.

"Let the tide of the world wax or wane as it will," Morton thought, as he looked around him, "enough will be found to fill the places which chance renders vacant; and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will succeed each other, as leaves upon the same tree, with the same individual difference and the same general resemblance."

After pausing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the readiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlord appeared with the pewter measure foaming fresh from the tap (for bottling wine was not then in fashion), he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane, who, if he did not positively expect it from every guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was not a whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down along with his guest, in a secluded nook near the chimney; and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, he entered at length, as a part of his expected functions, upon the news of the country—the births, deaths, and marriages, the change of property, the downfall of old families, and the rise of new. But politics, now the fertile source of eloquence, mine host did not care to mingle in his theme; and it was only in answer to a question of Morton that he replied with an air of indifference, "Um! ay we aye hae sodgers amang us, mair or less. There's a wheen German horse down at Glasgow yonder; they ca' their commander Wittybody, or some sic name, though he's as grave and grewsome an auld Dutchman as e'er I saw."

"Wittenbold, perhaps?" said Morton; "an old man, with gray hair and short black moustaches; speaks seldom?"

"And smokes forever," replied Niel Blane. "I see your honor kens the man. He may be a very gude man too, for aught I see, that is, considering he is a sodger and a Dutchman; but if he were ten generals, and as mony Wittybodies, he has nae skill in the pipes; he gar'd me stop in the middle of 'Torphichen's Rant,' the best piece o' music that ever bag gae wind to."

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the soldiers that were in the apartment, "are not of his corps?"

"Na, na, these are Scotch dragoons," said mine host; "our ain auld caterpillars; these were Claver'se's lads a while syne, and wad be again, maybe, if he had the lang ten in his hand."

"Is there not a report of his death?" inquired Morton.

"Troth is there," said the landlord; "your honor is right: there is sic a fleeing rumor; but, in my puir opinion, it's lang or the deil die. I wad hae the folks here look to themsells. If he makes an outbreak, he'll be doun frae the Hielands or I could drink this glass; and whare are they then? A' thae hell-rakers o' dragoons wad be at his whistle in a moment. Nae doubt they're Willie's men e'en now, as they were James's a while syne; and reason good—they fight for their pay; what else hae they to fight for? They hae neither lands nor houses, I trow. There's ae gude thing o' the change—or the Revolution, as they ca' it—folks may speak out afore thae birkies now, and nae fear o' being hauled awa' to the guard-house, or having the thumikins screwed on your finger-ends, just as I wad drive the screw through a cork."

There was a little pause, when Morton, feeling confident in the progress he had made in mine host's familiarity, asked, though with the hesitation proper to one who puts a question on the answer to which rests something of importance—"Whether Blane knew a woman in that neighborhood called Elizabeth Maclure?"

"Whether I ken Bessie Maclure?" answered the landlord, with a landlord's laugh. "How can I *but* ken my ain wife's—haly be her rest!—my ain wife's first gudeman's sister, Bessie Maclure? An honest wife she is, but sair she's been trysted wi' misfortunes—the loss o' twa decent lads o' sons, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it nowadays; and doucely and decently she has borne her burden, blaming nane and condemning nane. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Bessie Maclure. And to lose her twa sons, as I was saying, and to hae dragoons clinked down on her for a month by-past, for, be Whig or Tory uppermost, they

aye quarter thae loons on victuallers—to lose, as I was saying——"

"This woman keeps an inn, then?" interrupted Morton.

"A public, in a puir way," replied Blane, looking round at his own superior accommodations—"a sour browst o' sma' ale that she sells to folk that are ower drouthy wi' travel to be nice: but naething to ca' a stirring trade or a thriving change-house."

"Can you get me a guide there?" said Morton.

"Your honor will rest here a' the night? ye'll hardly get accommodation at Bessie's," said Niel, whose regard for his deceased wife's relative by no means extended to sending company from his own house to hers.

"There is a friend," answered Morton, "whom I am to meet with there, and I only called here to take a stirrup-cup and inquire the way."

"Your honor had better," answered the landlord, with the perseverance of his calling, "send some ane to warn your friend to come on here."

"I tell you, landlord," answered Morton, impatiently, "that will not serve my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Maclure's house, and I desire you to find me a guide."

"Aweel, sir, ye'll choose for yoursell, to be sure," said Niel Blane, somewhat disconcerted; "but deil a guide ye'll need, if ye gae doun the water for twa mile or sae, as gin ye were bound for Milnwood House, and then tak the first broken disjasked-looking road that makes for the hills—ye'll ken't by a broken ash-tree that stands at the side o' a burn just where the roads meet—and then travel out the path; ye canna miss Widow Maclure's public, for deil another house or hauld is on the road for ten lang Scots miles, and that's worth twenty English. I am sorry your honor would think o' gaun out o' my house the night. But my wife's gude-sister is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend gets."

Morton accordingly paid his reckoning and departed. The sunset of the summer day placed him at the ash-tree, where the path led up towards the moors.

"Here," he said to himself, "my misfortunes commenced; for just here, when Burley and I were about to separate on the first night we ever met, he was alarmed by the intelligence that the passes were secured by soldiers lying in wait for him. Beneath that very ash sat the old woman who apprised him of his danger. How strange that my whole fortunes should have become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without anything more on my part than the dis-

charge of an ordinary duty of humanity! Would to Heaven it were possible I could find my humble quiet and tranquillity of mind upon the spot where I lost them!"

Thus arranging his reflections betwixt speech and thought, he turned his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow dell which had once been a wood, but was now a ravine divested of trees, unless where a few, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of men and of cattle, like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. These too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the stream brawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the barest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendor. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its brawling heard among the stones, or in the clefts of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Murmurer that thou art," said Morton, in the enthusiasm of his reverie, "why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom; and there is an eternity for man when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast billows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages."

Thus moralizing, our traveller passed on till the dell opened, and the banks, receding from the brook, left a little green vale, exhibiting a croft or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof, green with moisture, age, house-leek, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows, whose appetite this appearance of verdure had diverted from their more legitimate pasture. An ill-spelled and worse-written inscription intimated to the traveller that he might here find refreshment for man and horse; no unacceptable intimation, rude as the hut appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trod in

approaching it, and the high and waste mountains which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble asylum.

"It must indeed have been," thought Morton, "in some such spot as this that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidant."

As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself seated by the door; she had hitherto been concealed from him by a huge alder-bush.

"Good evening, mother," said the traveller. "Your name is Mistress Maclure?"

"Elizabeth Maclure, sir, a poor widow," was the reply.

"Can you lodge a stranger for a night?"

"I can, sir, if he will be pleased with the widow's cake and the widow's cruise."

"I have been a soldier, good dame," answered Morton, "and nothing can come amiss to me in the way of entertainment."

"A sodger, sir?" said the old woman, with a sigh. "God send ye a better trade!"

"It is believed to be an honorable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman; but I hae witnessed sae muckle ill wi' sodgering in this puir land that I am e'en content that I can see nae mair o't wi' these sightless organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind.

"Shall I not be troublesome to you, my good dame?" said he, compassionately; "your infirmity seems ill calculated for your profession."

"Na, sir," answered the old woman; "I can gang about the house readily enough; and I hae a bit lassie to help me, and the dragoon lads will look after your horse when they come hame frae their patrol, for a sma' matter; they are civiller now than lang syne."

Upon these assurances, Morton alighted.

"Peggy, my bonny bird," continued the hostess, addressing a little girl of twelve years old, who had by this time appeared, "tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and slack his girths, and tak aff the bridle, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, till the dragoons come back. Come this way, sir," she continued; "ye'll find my house clean, though it's a puir ane."

Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

CHAPTER XLII

Then out and spake the auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa—
"Ye wadna be warn'd, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa!"

Old Ballad.

When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and even comfortable, especially the inner apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little inn afforded; and, though he had small occasion for them, he accepted the offer, as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was assiduous in her attendance, and seemed, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question.

"None, sir," replied his old hostess; "I dwell alone, like the widow of Zarephath. Few guests come to this puir place; and I haena custom eneugh to hire servants. I had anes twa fine sons that lookit after a'thing. But God gives and takes away, His name be praised!" she continued, turning her clouded eyes towards Heaven. "I was anes better off, that is, warldly speaking, even since I lost them; but that was before this last change."

"Indeed!" said Morton, "and yet you are a Presbyterian, my good mother?"

"I am, sir, praised be the light that showed me the right way," replied the landlady.

"Then I should have thought," continued the guest, "the Revolution would have brought you nothing but good."

"If," said the old woman, "it has brought the land gude, and freedom of worship to tender consciences, it's little matter what it has brought to a puir blind worm like me."

"Still," replied Morton, "I cannot see how it could possibly injure you."

"It's a lang story, sir," answered his hostess, with a sigh. "But ae night, sax weeks or thereby afore Bothwell Brig, a young gentleman stopped at this puir cottage, stiff and bloody with wounds, pale and dune out wi' riding, and his horse sae weary he couldna drag ae foot after the other, and his foes were close ahint him, and he was ane o' our enemies. What could I do, sir? You that's a sodger will think me but a silly auld wife: but I fed him and relieved him, and keepit him hidden till the pursuit was ower."

"And who," said Morton, "dares disapprove of your having done so?"

"I kenna," answered the blind woman; "I gat ill-will about it amang some o' our ain folk. They said I should hae been to him what Jael was to Sisera. But weel I wot I had nae divine command to shed blood, and to save it was baith like a woman and a Christian. And then they said I wanted natural affection, to relieve ane that belanged to the band that murdered my twa sons."

"That murdered your two sons?"

"Ay, sir; though maybe ye'll gie their deaths another name. The tane fell wi' sword in hand, fighting for a broken National Covenant; the tother—O, they took him and shot him dead on the green before his mother's face! My auld een dazzled when the shots were looten off, and, to my thought, they waxed weaker and weaker ever since that weary day; and sorrow, and heartbreak, and tears that would not be dried might help on the disorder. But, alas! betraying Lord Evandale's young blood to his enemies' sword wad ne'er hae brought my Ninian and Johnie alive again."

"Lord Evandale!" said Morton, in surprise. "Was it Lord Evandale whose life you saved?"

"In troth, even his," she replied. "And kind he was to me after, and gae me a cow and calf, malt, meal, and siller, and nane durst steer me when he was in power. But we live on an outside bit of Tillietudlem land, and the estate was sair plea'd between Leddy Margaret Bellenden and the present Laird, Basil Olifant, and Lord Evandale backed the auld leddy for love o' her daughter Miss Edith, as the country said, ane o' the best and bonniest lasses in Scotland. But they behuved to gie way, and Basil gat the Castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revolution, and wha to turn coat faster than the Laird? for he said he had been a true Whig a' the time, and turned Papist only for fashion's sake. And then he got favor, and Lord Evandale's head was under water; for he was ower proud and manfu' to bend

to every blast o' wind, though mony a ane may ken as weel as me that, be his ain principles as they might, he was nae ill friend to our folk when he could protect us, and far kinder than Basil Olifant, that aye keepit the cobble head doun the stream. But he was set by and ill looked on, and his word ne'er asked; and then Basil, wha's a revengefu' man, set himsell to vex him in a' shapes, and especially by oppressing and despoiling the auld blind widow, Bessie Maclure, that saved Lord Evandale's life, and that he was sae kind to. But he's mistaen, if that's his end; for it will be lang or Lord Evandale hears a word frae me about the selling my kye for rent or e'er it was due, or the putting the dragoons on me when the country's quiet, or onything else that will vex him; I can bear my ain burden patiently, and warld's loss is the least part o't."

Astonished and interested at this picture of patient, grateful, and high-minded resignation, Morton could not help bestowing an execration upon the poor-spirited rascal who had taken such a dastardly course of vengeance.

"Dinna curse him, sir," said the old woman; "I have heard a good man say that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on the head that sent it. But if ye ken Lord Evandale, bid him look to himsell, for I hear strange words pass atween the sodgers that are lying here, and his name is often mentioned; and the tane o' them has been twice up at Tillietudlem. He's a kind of favorite wi' the Laird, though he was in former times ane o' the maist cruel oppressors ever rade through a country—out-taken Sergeant Bothwell—they ca' him Inglis." *

"I have the deepest interest in Lord Evandale's safety," said Morton, "and you may depend on my finding some mode to apprise him of these suspicious circumstances. And in return, my good friend, will you indulge me with another question? Do you know anything of Quintin Mackell of Irongray?"

"Do I know *whom?*" echoed the blind woman, in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

"Quintin Mackell of Irongray," repeated Morton; "is there anything so alarming in the sound of that name?"

"Na, na," answered the woman, with hesitation, "but to hear him asked after by a stranger and a sodger—Gude protect us, what mischief is to come next!"

"None by my means, I assure you," said Morton; "the subject of my inquiry has nothing to fear from me, if, as I

* See Note 36.

suppose, this Quintin Mackell is the same with John Bal——"

"Do not mention his name," said the widow, pressing his lips with her fingers. "I see you have his secret and his password, and I'll be free wi' you. But, for God's sake, speak lound and low. In the name of Heaven, I trust ye seek him not to his hurt! Ye said ye were a sodger?"

"I said truly; but one he has nothing to fear from. I commanded a party at Bothwell Bridge."

"Indeed!" said the woman. "And verily there is something in your voice I can trust. Ye speak prompt and readily, and like an honest man."

"I trust I am so," said Morton.

"But nae displeasure to you, sir, in thae waefu' times," continued Mrs. Maclure, "the hand of brother is against brother, and he fears as mickle almaist frae this government as e'er he did frae the auld persecutors."

"Indeed?" said Morton, in a tone of inquiry; "I was not aware of that. But I am only just now returned from abroad."

"I'll tell ye," said the blind woman, first assuming an attitude of listening that showed how effectually her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; for, instead of casting a glance of circumspection around, she stooped her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to insure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighborhood, and then continued—"I'll tell ye. Ye ken how he has labored to raise up again the Covenant, burned, broken, and buried in the hard hearts and selfish devices of this stubborn people. Now, when he went to Holland, far from the countenance and thanks of the great, and the comfortable fellowship of the godly, both whilk he was in right to expect, the Prince of Orange wad show him no favor, and the ministers no godly communion. This was hard to bide for ane that had suffered and done mickle—ower mickle, it may be—but why suld I be a judge? He came back to me and to the auld place o' refuge that had often received him in his distresses, mair especially before the great day of victory at Drumclog, for I sall ne'er forget how he was bending hither of a' nights in the year on that e'ening after the play, when young Milnwood wan the popinjay; but I warned him off for that time."

"What!" exclaimed Morton, "it was you that sat in your red cloak by the high-road and told him there was a lion in the path?"

"In the name of Heaven! wha are ye?" said the old woman, breaking off her narrative in astonishment. "But be wha ye may," she continued, resuming it with tranquillity, "ye can ken naething waur o' me than that I hae been willing to save the life o' friend and foe."

"I know no ill of you, Mrs. Maclure, and I mean no ill by you; I only wished to show you that I know so much of this person's affairs, that I might be safely intrusted with the rest. Proceed, if you please, in your narrative."

"There is a strange command in your voice," said the blind woman, "though its tones are sweet. I have little mair to say. The Stewarts hae been dethroned, and William and Mary reign in their stead, but nae mair word of the Covenant than if it were a dead letter. They hae taen the Indulged clergy, and an Erastian General Assembly of the ance pure and triumphant Kirk of Scotland even into their very arms and bosoms. Our faithfu' champions o' the testimony agree e'en waur wi' this than wi' the open tyranny and apostasy of the persecuting times, for souls are hardened and deadened, and the mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed wi' fizzenless bran instead of the sweet word in season; and mony an hungry, starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that might warm him to the great work, has a dry clatter o' morality driven about his lugs, and——"

"In short," said Morton desirous to stop a discussion which the good old woman, as enthusiastically attached to her religious profession as to the duties of humanity, might probably have indulged longer—"in short, you are not disposed to acquiesce in this new government, and Burley is of the same opinion?"

"Many of our brethren, sir, are of belief we fought for the Covenant, and fasted, and prayed, and suffered for that grand national league, and now we are like neither to see nor hear tell of that which we suffered, and fought, and fasted, and prayed for. And anes it was thought something might be made by bringing back the auld family on a new bargain and a new bottom, as, after a', when King James went awa', I understand the great quarrel of the English against him was in behalf of seven unhallowed prelates; and sae, though ae part of our people were free to join wi' the present model, and levied an armed regiment under the Yerl of Angus, yet our honest friend, and others that stude up for purity of doctrine and freedom of conscience, were determined to hear the breath o' the Jacobites before they took part again them, fearing

to fa' to the ground like a wall built with unslaked mortar, or from sitting between twa stools."

"They chose an odd quarter," said Morton, "from which to expect freedom of conscience and purity of doctrine."

"O, dear sir!" said the landlady, "the natural dayspring rises in the east, but the spiritual dayspring may rise in the north, for what we blinded mortals ken."

"And Burley went to the north to seek it?" replied the guest.

"Truly ay, sir; and he saw Claver'se himsell, that they ca' Dundee now."

"What!" exclaimed Morton, in amazement; "I would have sworn that meeting would have been the last of one of their lives."

"Na, na, sir; in troubled times, as I understand," said Mrs. Maclure, "there's sudden changes—Montgomery, and Ferguson, and mony ane mair that were King James's greatest faes, are on his side now; Claver'se spake our friend fair, and sent him to consult with Lord Evandale. But then there was a break-off, for Lord Evandale wadna look at, hear, or speak wi' him; and now he's anes wud and aye waur, and roars for revenge again Lord Evandale, and will hear naught of onything but burn and slay; and O thae starts o' passion! they unsettle his mind, and gie the Enemy sair advantages."

"The enemy?" said Morton. "What enemy?"

"What enemy? Are ye acquainted familiarly wi' John Balfour o' Burley, and dinna ken that he has had sair and frequent combats to sustain against the Evil One? Did ye ever see him alone but the Bible was in his hand and the drawn sword on his knee? Did ye never sleep in the same room wi' him, and hear him strive in his dreams with the delusions of Satan? O, ye ken little o' him, if ye have seen him only in fair daylight, for nae man can put the face upon his doleful visits and strifes that he can do. I hae seen him, after sic a strife of agony, tremble, that an infant might hae held him, while the hair on his brow was drapping as fast as ever my puir thatched roof did in a heavy rain."

As she spoke, Morton began to recollect the appearance of Burley during his sleep in the hay-loft at Milnwood, the report of Cuddie that his senses had become impaired, and some whispers current among the Cameronians, who boasted frequently of Burley's soul-exercises, and his strifes with the foul fiend; which several circumstances led him to conclude that this man himself was a victim to those delusions, though his mind, naturally acute and forcible, not only disguised his

superstition from those in whose opinion it might have discredited his judgment, but by exerting such a force as is said to be proper to those afflicted with epilepsy, could postpone the fits which it occasioned until he was either freed from superintendence or surrounded by such as held him more highly on account of these visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs. Maclure, that disappointed ambition, wrecked hopes, and the downfall of the party which he had served with such desperate fidelity, were likely to aggravate enthusiasm into temporary insanity. It was, indeed, no uncommon circumstance in those singular times, that men like Sir Harry Vane, Harrison, Overton, and others, themselves slaves to the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams, could, when mingling with the world, conduct themselves not only with good sense in difficulties and courage in dangers, but with the most acute sagacity and determined valor. The subsequent part of Mrs. Maclure's information confirmed Morton in these impressions.

"In the gray of the morning," she said, "my little Peggy sall show ye the gate to him before the sodgers are up. But ye maun let his hour of danger, as he ca's it, be ower, afore ye venture on him in his place of refuge. Peggy will tell ye when to venture in. She kens his ways weel, for whiles she carries him some little helps that he canna do without to sustain life."

"And in what retreat, then," said Morton, "has this unfortunate person found refuge?"

"An awsome place," answered the blind woman, "as ever living creature took refuge in. They ca' it the Black Linn of Linklater. It's a doleful place; but he loves it abune a' others, because he has sae often been in safe hiding there; and it's my belief he prefers it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But ye'll see't. I hae seen it mysell mony a day syne. I was a daft hempie lassie then, and little thought what was to come o't. Wad ye choose onything, sir, ere ye betake yoursell to your rest, for ye maun stir wi' the first dawn o' the gray light?"

"Nothing more, my good mother," said Morton; and they parted for the evening.

Morton recommended himself to Heaven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the trampling of the dragoon horses at the riders' return from their patrol, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

CHAPTER XLIII

> The darksome cave they enter, where they found
> The accursed man, low sitting on the ground,
> Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.
>
> SPENSER.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, and a girlish treble voice asked him from without, "If he wad please gang to the Linn or the folk raise?"

He arose upon the invitation, and, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tripped lightly before him, through the gray haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the brook, though without tracing its windings. The landscape, as they advanced, became waster and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock encumbered the side of the valley.

"Is the place still distant?" said Morton.

"Nearly a mile off," answered the girl. "We'll be there belyve."

"And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?"

"When grannie sends me wi' milk and meal to the Linn," answered the child.

"And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?"

"Hout na, sir," replied the guide; "nae living creature wad touch sic a bit thing as I am, and grannie says we need never fear onything else when we are doing a gude turn."

"Strong in innocence as in triple mail!" said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a decayed thicket, where brambles and thorns supplied the room of the oak and birches of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open heath, and by a sheep track conducted Morton to the brook. A hoarse and sullen roar had in part prepared him for the scene which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without

surprise and even terror. When he emerged from the devious path which conducted him through the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a chasm not less than a hundred feet deep, where the dark mountain-stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swallowed up by a deep, black, yawning gulf. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall; it could catch but one sheet of foaming uproar and sheer descent, until the view was obstructed by the projecting crags which enclosed the bottom of the waterfall, and hid from sight the dark pool which received its tortured waters; far beneath, at the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the winding of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But for that distance they were lost to sight as much as if a cavern had been arched over them; and indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock through which they wound their way in darkness were very nearly closing and overroofing their course.

While Morton gazed at this scene of tumult, which seemed, by the surrounding thickets and the clefts into which the waters descended, to seek to hide itself from every eye, his little attendant, as she stood beside him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stooping his ear near the speaker, "Hear till him! Eh! hear till him!"

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuary sounds of the cataract, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demon of the stream had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waters.

"This is the way," said the little girl; "follow me, gin ye please, sir, but tak tent to your feet;" and, with the daring agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and, by notches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the chasm which it overhung. Steady, bold, and active, Morton hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were needful for security, prevented him from looking around him, till, having descended nigh twenty feet, and being sixty or seventy above the pool which received the fall, his guide made a pause, and he again found himself by her side in a situation that appeared equally romantic and pre-

carious. They were nearly opposite to the waterfall, and in point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points, the first shoot, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre abyss into which it was emptied, were full before him, as well as the whole continuous stream of billowy froth, which, dashing from the one, was eddying and boiling in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well-nigh deafened by the incessant roar. But crossing in the very front of the fall, and at scarce three yards' distance from the cataract, an old oak-tree, flung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of fearfully narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood, the lower or uprooted extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured, Morton's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the falling water, and tingeing them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its meridian splendor could not gain the third of its full depth. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it (for hearing speech was now out of the question), indicated that there lay his further passage.

Morton gazed at her with surprise; for, although he well knew that the persecuted Presbyterians had in the preceding reigns sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and cataracts, in spots the most extraordinary and secluded, although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant who had long abidden beside Dob's Linn on the wild heights of Polmoodie, and others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific cavern called Crichope Linn, in the parish of Closeburn,* yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scene which he now saw had remained concealed from him, while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of nonconformity, the secret of

* See The Retreats of the Covenanters. Note 87.

its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

As, breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tripped over and back without the least hesitation. Envying for a moment the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the oak than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Morton nevertheless resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the flash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the further side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the interior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitant, by whom he himself could not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What he observed would by no means have encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, only altered from what he had been formerly by the addition of a grisly beard, stood in the midst of the cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly ruddied by the light of the red charcoal, seemed that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All alone, and in a place of almost unapproachable seclusion, his demeanor was that of a man who strives for life and death with a mortal enemy. "Ha! ha! there—there!" he exclaimed, accompanying each word with a thrust, urged with his whole force against the impassible and empty air. "Did I not tell thee so? I have resisted, and thou fleest from me! Coward as thou art, come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evil deeds, which render thee most terrible of all; there is enough betwixt the boards of this book to rescue me! What mutterest thou of gray hairs? It was well done to slay him: the more ripe the corn the readier for the sickle. Art gone?—art gone? I have ever known thee but a coward—ha! ha! ha!"

With these wild exclamations he sunk the point of his

sword, and remained standing still in the same posture, like a maniac whose fit is over.

"The dangerous time is by now," said the little girl, who had followed; "it seldom lasts beyond the time that the sun's ower the hill. Ye may gang in and speak wi' him now. I'll wait for you at the other side of the Linn; he canna bide to see twa folk at anes."

Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command.

"What! comest thou again when thine hour is over?" was his first exclamation; and flourishing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demoniac.

"I am come, Mr. Balfour," said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, "to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge."

As soon as Burley became aware that Morton was before him in person—an idea which he caught with marvellous celerity—he at once exerted that mastership over his heated and enthusiastic imagination the power of enforcing which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He sunk his sword-point at once, and as he stole it composedly into the scabbard, he muttered something of the damp and cold which sent an old soldier to his fencing exercise to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

"Thou hast tarried long, Henry Morton, and hast not come to the vintage before the twelfth hour has struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture, for their directions?"

"I am surprised," said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, "that you should have known me after so many years."

"The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart," answered Burley; "and few but Silas Morton's son durst have followed me into this my castle of retreat. Seest thou that drawbridge of Nature's own construction?" he added, pointing to the prostrate oak-tree; "one spurn of my foot, and it is overwhelmed in the abyss below, bidding foemen on the farther sidest and at defiance, and leaving enemies on this at the mercy of one who never yet met his equal in single fight."

"Of such defences," said Morton, "I should have thought you would now have had little need."

"Little need?" said Burley, impatiently. "What little need, when incarnate fiends are combined against me on earth, and Satan himself—— But it matters not," added he, checking himself. "Enough that I like my place of refuge—my cave of Adullam—and would not change its rude ribs of limestone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Earls of Torwood, with their broad bounds and barony. Thou, unless the foolish fever-fit be over, mayst think differently."

"It was of those very possessions I came to speak," said Morton; "and I doubt not to find Mr. Balfour the same rational and reflecting person which I knew him to be in times when zeal disunited brethren."

"Ay?" said Burley; "indeed? Is such truly your hope? wilt thou express it more plainly?"

"In a word, then," said Morton, "you have exercised, by means at which I can guess, a secret but most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her granddaughter, and in favor of that base, oppressive apostate, Basil Olifant, whom the law, deceived by thy operations, has placed in possession of their lawful property."

"Sayest thou?" said Balfour.

"I do say so," replied Morton; "and face to face you will not deny what you have vouched by your handwriting."

"And suppose I deny it not?" said Balfour, "and suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to persuade me to retrace the steps I have taken on matured resolve, what will be thy meed? Dost thou still hope to possess the fair-haired girl, with her wide and rich inheritance?"

"I have no such hope," answered Morton, calmly.

"And for whom, then, hast thou ventured to do this great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant, to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer? For whose sake hast thou undertaken to read this riddle, more hard than Samson's?"

"For Lord Evandale's and that of his bride," replied Morton, firmly. "Think better of mankind, Mr. Balfour, and believe there are some who are willing to sacrifice their happiness to that of others."

"Then, as my soul liveth," replied Balfour, "thou art, to wear beard, and back a horse, and draw a sword, the tamest and most gall-less puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst help that accursed Evandale to the arms of the woman that thou lovest? thou wouldst endow them

with wealth and with heritages, and thou think'st that there lives another man, offended even more deeply than thou, yet equally cold-livered and mean-spirited, crawling upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other to be John Balfour ?"

"For my own feelings," said Morton, composedly, "I am answerable to none but Heaven. To you, Mr. Balfour, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Olifant or Lord Evandale possess these estates."

"Thou art deceived," said Burley ; "both are indeed in outer darkness, and strangers to the light, as he whose eyes have never been opened to the day. But this Basil Olifant is a Nabal, a Demas, a base churl, whose wealth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became a professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tillietudlem ; he turned a Papist to obtain possession of them ; he called himself an Erastian, that he might not again lose them ; and he will become what I list while I have in my power the document that may deprive him of them. These lands are a bit between his jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the rein and the line are in my hands to guide them as I think meet ; and his they shall therefore be, unless I had assurance of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But Lord Evandale is a Malignant, of heart like flint and brow like adamant ; the goods of the world fall on him like leaves on the frost-bound earth, and unmoved he will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than the sordid cupidity of those who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard, were it but to earn the wages of sin."

"This might have been all well some years since," replied Morton ; "and I could understand your argument, although I could never acquiesce in its justice. But at this crisis it seems useless to you to persevere in keeping up an influence which can no longer be directed to an useful purpose. The land has peace, liberty, and freedom of conscience, and what would you more ?"

"More !" exclaimed Burley, again unsheathing his sword, with a vivacity which nearly made Morton start. "Look at the notches upon that weapon ; they are three in number, are they not ?"

"It seems so," answered Morton ; "but what of that ?"

"The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap

rested on the skull of the perjured traitor who first introduced Episcopacy into Scotland; this second notch was made in the rib-bone of an impious villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the prelatic cause at Drumclog; this third was broken on the steel headpiece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution. I cleft him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this little weapon, and each of these blows was a deliverance to the church. This sword," he said, again sheathing it, "has yet more to do—to weed out this base and pestilential heresy of Erastianism, to vindicate the true liberty of the kirk in her purity, to restore the Covenant in its glory; then let it moulder and rust beside the bones of its master." *

"You have neither men nor means, Mr. Balfour, to disturb the government as now settled," argued Morton; "the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest; and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes?"

"It is they," answered Burley, "that should serve ours. I went to the camp of the Malignant Claver'se, as the future King of Israel sought the land of the Philistines; I arranged with him a rising, and, but for the villain Evandale, the Erastians ere now had been driven from the west. I could slay him," he added, with a vindictive scowl, "were he grasping the horns of the altar!" He then proceeded in a calmer tone: "If thou, son of mine ancient comrade, wert suitor for thyself to this Edith Bellenden, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with zeal equal to thy courage, think not I would prefer the friendship of Basil Olifant to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that this document [he produced a parchment] affords to place her in possession of the lands of her fathers. This have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal Bridge. The maiden loved thee and thou her."

Morton replied firmly, "I will not dissemble with you, Mr. Balfour, even to gain a good end. I came in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have failed. I grieve for your sake more than for the loss which others will sustain by your injustice."

"You refuse my proffer, then?" said Burley, with kindling eyes.

"I do," said Morton. "Would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honor and conscience, you

* See Predictions of the Covenanters. Note 38.

would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Evandale, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir."

"Sooner shall it perish!" said Balfour; and, casting the deed into the heap of red charcoal beside him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smoked, shrivelled, and crackled in the flames, Morton sprang forward to snatch it, and Burley catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and younger of the two, yet Balfour was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the enthusiast, rendered fiercer by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic revenge.

"Thou hast my secret," he exclaimed; "thou must be mine or die!"

"I contemn your threats," said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you."

But, as he turned to retire, Burley stepped before him, pushed the oak-trunk from its resting-place, and, as it fell thundering and crashing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and cried out, with a voice that rivalled the roar of the cataract and the thunder of the falling oak—"Now thou art at bay! fight, yield, or die!" and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he flourished his naked sword.

"I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life," said Morton; "I have not yet learned to say the words, 'I yield;' and my life I will rescue as I best can."

So speaking, and ere Balfour was aware of his purpose, he sprang past him, and, exerting that youthful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his incensed enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Burley stand for an instant aghast with astonishment, and then, with the frenzy of disappointed rage, rush into the interior of his cavern.

It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man's mind had been so long agitated by desperate schemes and sudden disappointments that it had lost its equipoise, and that there was now in his conduct a shade of lunacy, not the less striking from the vigor and craft with which he pursued his wild designs. Morton soon joined his guide, who had been terrified by the fall of the oak. This he represented as acci-

dental; and she assured him in return that the inhabitant of the cave would experience no inconvenience from it, being always provided with materials to construct another bridge.

The adventures of the morning were not yet ended. As they approached the hut, the little girl made an exclamation of surprise at seeing her grandmother groping her way towards them, at a greater distance from her home than she could have been supposed capable of travelling.

"O, sir, sir!" said the old woman, when she heard them approach, "gin e'er ye loved Lord Evandale, help now, or never! God be praised that left my hearing when He took my poor eyesight! Come this way—this way. And O! tread lightly. Peggy, hinny, gang saddle the gentleman's horse, and lead him cannily ahint the thorny shaw, and bide him there."

She conducted him to a small window, through which, himself unobserved, he could see two dragoons seated at their morning draught of ale, and conversing earnestly together.

"The more I think of it," said the one, "the less I like it, Inglis. Evandale was a good officer, and the soldier's friend; and though we were punished for the mutiny at Tillietudlem, yet, by ——, Frank, you must own we deserved it."

"D——n seize me, if I forgive him for it, though!" replied the other; "and I think I can sit in his skirts now."

"Why, man, you should forget and forgive. Better take the start with him along with the rest, and join the ranting Highlanders. We have all eat King James's bread."

"Thou art an ass; the start, as you call it, will never happen; the day's put off. Halliday's seen a ghost, or Miss Bellenden's fallen sick of the pip, or some blasted nonsense or another; the thing will never keep two days longer, and the first bird that sings out will get the reward."

"That's true, too," answered his comrade; "and will this fellow—this Basil Olifant—pay handsomely?"

"Like a prince, man," said Inglis. "Evandale is the man on earth whom he hates worst, and he fears him, besides, about some law business, and were he once rubbed out of the way, all, he thinks, will be his own."

"But shall we have warrants and force enough?" said the other fellow. "Few people here will stir against my lord, and we may find him with some of our own fellows at his back."

"Thou'rt a cowardly fool, Dick," returned Inglis; "he is living quietly down at Fairy Knowe to avoid suspicion. Olifant is a magistrate, and will have some of his own people that he can trust along with him. There are us two, and the Laird

says he can get a desperate fighting Whig fellow, called Quintin Mackell, that has an old grudge at Evandale."

"Well, well, you are my officer, you know," said the private, with true military conscience, "and if anything is wrong——"

"I'll take the blame," said Inglis. "Come, another pot of ale, and let us to Tillietudlem. Here, blind Bess! why, where the devil has the old hag crept to?"

"Delay them as long as you can," whispered Morton, as he thrust his purse into the hostess's hand; "all depends on gaining time."

Then, walking swiftly to the place where the girl held his horse ready—"To Fairy Knowe? no; alone I could not protect them. I must instantly to Glasgow. Wittenbold, the commandant there, will readily give me the support of a troop and procure me the countenance of the civil power. I must drop a caution as I pass. Come, Moorkopf," he said, addressing his horse as he mounted him, "this day must try your breath and speed."

CHAPTER XLIV

> Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
> Though less and less of Emily he saw;
> So, speechless for a little space he lay,
> Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.
>
> *Palamon and Arcite.*

The indisposition of Edith confined her to bed during the eventful day on which she had received such an unexpected shock from the sudden apparition of Morton. Next morning, however, she was reported to be so much better that Lord Evandale resumed his purpose of leaving Fairy Knowe. At a late hour in the forenoon, Lady Emily entered the apartment of Edith with a peculiar gravity of manner. Having received and paid the compliments of the day, she observed it would be a sad one for her, though it would relieve Miss Bellenden of an encumbrance—"My brother leaves us to-day, Miss Bellenden."

"Leaves us!" exclaimed Edith, in surprise; "for his own house, I trust?"

"I have reason to think he meditates a more distant journey," answered Lady Emily; "he has little to detain him in this country."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Edith, "why was I born to become the wreck of all that is manly and noble? What can be done to stop him from running headlong on ruin? I will come down instantly. Say that I implore he will not depart until I speak with him."

"It will be in vain, Miss Bellenden; but I will execute your commission;" and she left the room as formally as she had entered it, and informed her brother, Miss Bellenden was so much recovered as to propose coming downstairs ere he went away.

"I suppose," she added, pettishly, "the prospect of being speedily released from our company has wrought a cure on her shattered nerves."

"Sister," said Lord Evandale, "you are unjust, if not envious."

"Unjust I may be, Evandale, but I should not have

dreamt," glancing her eye at a mirror, "of being thought envious without better cause. But let us go to the old lady; she is making a feast in the other room, which might have dined all your troop when you had one."

Lord Evandale accompanied her in silence to the parlor, for he knew it was in vain to contend with her prepossessions and offended pride. They found the table covered with refreshments, arranged under the careful inspection of Lady Margaret.

"Ye could hardly weel be said to breakfast this morning, my Lord Evandale, and ye maun e'en partake of a small collation before ye ride, such as this poor house, whose inmates are so much indebted to you, can provide in their present circumstances. For my ain part, I like to see young folk take some refection before they ride out upon their sports or their affairs, and I said as much to his most sacred Majesty when he breakfasted at Tillietudlem in the year of grace 1651; and his most sacred Majesty was pleased to reply, drinking to my health at the same time in a flagon of Rhenish wine, 'Lady Margaret, ye speak like a Highland oracle.' These were his Majesty's very words; so that your lordship may judge whether I have not good authority to press young folk to partake of their vivers."

It may be well supposed that much of the good lady's speech failed Lord Evandale's ears, which were then employed in listening for the light step of Edith. His absence of mind on this occasion, however natural, cost him very dear. While Lady Margaret was playing the kind hostess, a part she delighted and excelled in, she was interrupted by John Gudyill, who, in the natural phrase for announcing an inferior to the mistress of a family, said, "There was ane wanting to speak to her leddyship."

"Ane! what ane? Has he nae name? Ye speak as if I kept a shop, and was to come at everybody's whistle."

"Yes, he has a name," answered John, "but your leddyship likes ill to hear't."

"What is it, you fool?"

"It's Calf Gibbie, my leddy," said John, in a tone rather above the pitch of decorous respect, on which he occasionally trespassed, confiding in his merit as an ancient servant of the family, and a faithful follower of their humble fortunes—"it's Calf Gibbie, an your leddyship will hae't, that keeps Edie Henshaw's kye down yonder at the brig end; that's him that was Guse Gibbie at Tillietudlem, and gaed to the wappinshaw, and that——"

"Hold your peace, John," said the old lady, rising in dignity; "you are very insolent to think I wad speak wi' a person like that. Let him tell his business to you or Mrs. Headrigg."

"He'll no hear o' that, my leddy; he says, them that sent him bade him gie the thing to your leddyship's ain hand direct, or to Lord Evandale's, he wots na whilk. But, to say the truth, he's far frae fresh, and he's but an idiot an he were."

"Then turn him out," said Lady Margaret, "and tell him to come back to-morrow when he is sober. I suppose he comes to crave some benevolence, as an ancient follower o' the house."

"Like eneugh, my leddy, for he's a' in rags, poor creature."

Gudyill made another attempt to get at Gibbie's commission, which was indeed of the last importance, being a few lines from Morton to Lord Evandale, acquainting him with the danger in which he stood from the practices of Olifant, and exhorting him either to instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he could assure him of protection. This billet, hastily written, he intrusted to Gibbie, whom he saw feeding his herd beside the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it was addressed.

But it was decreed that Goose Gibbie's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a man-at-arms, should be unfortunate to the family of Tillietudlem. He unluckily tarried so long at the ale-house, to prove if his employer's coin was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy Knowe, the little sense which nature had given him was effectually drowned in ale and brandy, and instead of asking for Lord Evandale, he demanded to speak with Lady Margaret, whose name was more familiar to his ear. Being refused admittance to her presence, he staggered away with the letter undelivered, perversely faithful to Morton's instructions in the only point in which it would have been well had he departed from them.

A few minutes after he was gone, Edith entered the apartment. Lord Evandale and she met with mutual embarrassment, which Lady Margaret, who only knew in general that their union had been postponed by her granddaughter's indisposition, set down to the bashfulness of a bride and bridegroom, and, to place them at ease, began to talk to Lady Emily on indifferent topics. At this moment, Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, muttered, rather than whispered, to

Lord Evandale a request to speak with him. He offered his arm, and supported her into the small anteroom, which, as we have noticed before, opened from the parlor. He placed her in a chair, and, taking one himself, awaited the opening of the conversation.

"I am distressed, my lord," were the first words she was able to articulate, and those with difficulty; "I scarce know what I would say, nor how to speak it."

"If I have any share in occasioning your uneasiness," said Lord Evandale, mildly, "you will soon, Edith, be released from it."

"You are determined, then, my lord," she replied, "to run this desperate course with desperate men, in spite of your own better reason, in spite of your friends' entreaties, in spite of the almost inevitable ruin which yawns before you?"

"Forgive me, Miss Bellenden; even your solicitude on my account must not detain me when my honor calls. My horses stand ready saddled, my servants are prepared, the signal for rising will be given so soon as I reach Kilsyth. If it is my fate that calls me, I will not shun meeting it. It will be something," he said, taking her hand, "to die deserving your compassion, since I cannot gain your love."

"O, my lord, remain!" said Edith, in a tone which went to his heart; "time may explain the strange circumstance which has shocked me so much; my agitated nerves may recover their tranquillity. O, do not rush on death and ruin! Remain to be our prop and stay, and hope everything from time."

"It is too late, Edith," answered Lord Evandale; "and I were most ungenerous could I practice on the warmth and kindliness of your feelings towards me. I know you cannot love me; nervous distress, so strong as to conjure up the appearance of the dead or absent, indicates a predilection too powerful to give way to friendship and gratitude alone. But were it otherwise, the die is now cast."

As he spoke thus, Cuddie burst into the room, terror and haste in his countenance. "O, my lord, hide yoursell! they hae beset the outlets o' the house," was his first exclamation.

"They? Who?" said Lord Evandale.

"A party of horse, headed by Basil Olifant," answered Cuddie.

"O, hide yourself, my lord!" echoed Edith, in an agony of terror.

"I will not, by Heaven!" answered Lord Evandale. "What right has the villain to assail me, or stop my passage?

I will make my way, were he backed by a regiment; tell Halliday and Hunter to get out the horses. And now, farewell, Edith!" He clasped her in his arms and kissed her tenderly; then, bursting from his sister, who, with Lady Margaret, endeavored to detain him, rushed out and mounted his horse.

All was in confusion: the women shrieked and hurried in consternation to the front windows of the house, from which they could see a small party of horsemen, of whom two only seemed soldiers. They were on the open ground before Cuddie's cottage, at the bottom of the descent from the house, and showed caution in approaching it, as if uncertain of the strength within.

"He may escape--he may escape!" said Edith, "O, would he but take the by-road!"

But Lord Evandale, determined to face a danger which his high spirit undervalued, commanded his servants to follow him, and rode composedly down the avenue. Old Gudyill ran to arm himself, and Cuddie snatched down a gun which was kept for the protection of the house, and, although on foot, followed Lord Evandale. It was in vain his wife, who had hurried up on the alarm, hung by his skirts, threatening him with death by the sword or halter for meddling with other folks' matters.

"Haud your peace, ye b——," said Cuddie, "and that's braid Scotch, or I wotna what is; is it ither folks' matters to see Lord Evandale murdered before my face?" and down the avenue he marched. But considering on the way that he composed the whole infantry, as John Gudyill had not appeared, he took his vantage-ground behind the hedge, hammered his flint, cocked his piece, and, taking a long aim at Laird Basil, as he was called, stood prompt for action.

As soon as Lord Evandale appeared, Olifant's party spread themselves a little, as if preparing to enclose him. Their leader stood fast, supported by three men, two of whom were dragoons, the third in dress and appearance a countryman, all well armed. But the strong figure, stern features, and resolved manner of the third attendant, made him seem the most formidable of the party; and whoever had before seen him could have no difficulty in recognizing Balfour of Burley.

"Follow me," said Lord Evandale to his servants, "and if we are forcibly opposed, do as I do." He advanced at a hand gallop towards Olifant, and was in the act of demanding why he had thus beset the road, when Olifant called out, "Shoot the traitor!" and the whole four fired their carabines upon the

unfortunate nobleman. He reeled in the saddle, advanced his hand to the holster, and drew a pistol, but, unable to discharge it, fell from his horse mortally wounded. His servants had presented their carabines. Hunter fired at random; but Halliday, who was an intrepid fellow, took aim at Inglis, and shot him dead on the spot. At the same instant a shot from behind the hedge still more effectually avenged Lord Evandale, for the ball took place in the very midst of Basil Olifant's forehead, and stretched him lifeless on the ground. His followers, astonished at the execution done in so short a time, seemed rather disposed to stand inactive, when Burley, whose blood was up with the contest, exclaimed, "Down with the Midianites!" and attacked Halliday sword in hand. At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of horse, rapidly advancing on the road from Glasgow, appeared on the fatal field. They were foreign dragoons, led by the Dutch commandant Wittenbold, accompanied by Morton and a civil magistrate.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse, and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but, being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took effect when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tiger seizes his prey, and both, losing the saddle in the struggle, came head-

long into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley * clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclinched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone and a ruder epitaph.†

While the soul of this stern enthusiast flitted to its account, that of the brave and generous Lord Evandale was also released. Morton had flung himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, intimated by signs his wish to be conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends. But the clamorous grief of Lady Emily was far exceeded in intensity by the silent agony of Edith. Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that Fate, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another as if from the grave, until Lord Evandale, taking their hands in his, pressed them both affectionately, united them together, raised his face as if to pray for a blessing on them, and sunk back and expired in the next moment.

* See John Balfour called Burley. Note 39.
† See Balfour's Grave. Note 40.

CONCLUSION

I HAD determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the arrangements which must necessarily take place after Lord Evandale's death. But as I was aware that precedents are wanting for a practice which might be found convenient both to readers and compilers, I confess myself to have been in a considerable dilemma, when fortunately I was honored with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Buskbody, a young lady who has carried on the profession of mantua-making at Gandercleugh and in the neighborhood, with great success, for about forty years. Knowing her taste for narratives of this description, I requested her to look over the loose sheets the morning before I waited on her, and enlighten me by the experience which she must have acquired in reading through the whole stock of three circulating libraries in Gandercleugh and the two next market-towns. When, with a palpitating heart, I appeared before her in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary.

"I have not been more affected," said she, wiping the glasses of her spectacles, "by any novel, excepting the *Tale of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy*, which is indeed pathos itself; but your plan of omitting a formal conclusion will never do. You may be as harrowing to our nerves as you will in the course of your story, but, unless you had the genius of the author of *Julia de Roubigné*, never let the end be altogether overclouded. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential."

"Nothing would be more easy for me, madam, than to comply with your injunctions; for, in truth, the parties in whom you have had the goodness to be interested did live long and happily, and begot sons and daughters."

"It is unnecessary, sir," she said, with a slight nod of reprimand, "to be particular concerning their matrimonial comforts. But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?"

"Really, madam," said I, "you must be aware that every

volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion; just like your tea, which, though excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already vapid, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language."

"This will not do, Mr. Pattieson," continued the lady; "you have, as I may say, basted up your first story very hastily and clumsily at the conclusion; and, in my trade, I would have cuffed the youngest apprentice who had put such a horrid and bungled spot of work out of her hand. And if you do not redeem this gross error by telling us all about the marriage of Morton and Edith, and what became of the other personages of the story, from Lady Margaret down to Goose Gibbie, I apprise you that you will not be held to have accomplished your task handsomely."

"Well, madam," I replied, "my materials are so ample that I think I can satisfy your curiosity, unless it descend to very minute circumstances indeed."

"First, then," said she, "for that is most essential—Did Lady Margaret get back her fortune and her castle?"

"She did, madam, and in the easiest way imaginable, as heir, namely, to her worthy cousin, Basil Olifant, who died without a will; and thus, by his death, not only restored, but even augmented, the fortune of her whom, during his life, he had pursued with the most inveterate malice. John Gudyill, reinstated in his dignity, was more important than ever; and Cuddie, with rapturous delight, entered upon the cultivation of the mains of Tillietudlem, and the occupation of his original cottage. But, with the shrewd caution of his character, he was never heard to boast of having fired the lucky shot which repossessed his lady and himself in their original habitations. "After a'," he said to Jenny, who was his only confidant, "auld Basil Olifant was my leddy's cousin, and a grand gentleman; and though he was acting again the law, as I understand, for he ne'er showed ony warrant, or required Lord Evandale to surrender, and though I mind killing him nae mair than I wad do a muir-cock, yet it's just as weel to keep a calm sough about it." He not only did so, but ingeniously enough countenanced a report that old Gudyill had done the deed, which was worth many a gill of brandy to him from the

old butler, who, far different in disposition from Cuddie, was much more inclined to exaggerate than suppress his exploits of manhood. The blind widow was provided for in the most comfortable manner, as well as the little guide to the Linn; and——"

"But what is all this to the marriage—the marriage of the principal personages?" interrupted Miss Buskbody, impatiently tapping her snuff-box.

"The marriage of Morton and Miss Bellenden was delayed for several months, as both went into deep mourning on account of Lord Evandale's death. They were then wedded."

"I hope, not without Lady Margaret's consent, sir?" said my fair critic. "I love books which teach a proper deference in young persons to their parents. In a novel the young people may fall in love without their countenance, because it is essential to the necessary intricacy of the story, but they must always have the benefit of their consent at last. Even old Delville received Cecilia, though the daughter of a man of low birth."

"And even so, madam," replied I, "Lady Margaret was prevailed on to countenance Morton, although the old Covenanter, his father, stuck sorely with her for some time. Edith was her only hope, and she wished to see her happy; Morton, or Melville Morton, as he was more generally called, stood so high in the reputation of the world, and was in every other respect such an eligible match, that she put her prejudice aside, and consoled herself with the recollection that 'marriage went by destiny, as was observed to her,' she said, 'by his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, when she showed him the portrait of her grandfather Fergus, third Earl of Torwood, the handsomest man of his time, and that of Countess Jane, his second lady, who had a humpback and only one eye. This was his Majesty's observation,' she said, 'on one remarkable morning when he deigned to take his disjune——'"

"Nay," said Miss Buskbody, again interrupting me, "if she brought such authority to countenance her acquiescing in a misalliance, there was no more to be said. And what became of old Mrs. What's-her-name, the housekeeper?"

"Mrs. Wilson, madam?" answered I. "She was perhaps the happiest of the party; for once a year, and not oftener, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Morton dined in the great wainscotted chamber in solemn state, the hangings being all displayed, the carpet laid down, and the huge brass candlestick set on the table, stuck round with leaves of laurel. The preparing

the room for this yearly festival employed her mind for six months before it came about, and the putting matters to rights occupied old Alison the other six, so that a single day of rejoicing found her business for all the year round."

"And Niel Blane?" said Miss Buskbody.

"Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy with guests of all persuasions, played Whig or Jacobite tunes as best pleased his customers, and died worth as much money as married Jenny to a cock laird. I hope, ma'am, you have no other inquiries to make, for really——"

"Goose Gibbie, sir?" said my persevering friend—"Goose Gibbie, whose ministry was fraught with such consequences to the personages of the narrative?"

"Consider, my dear Miss Buskbody—I beg pardon for the familiarity—but pray consider, even the memory of the renowned Scheherazade, that Empress of Tale-tellers, could not preserve every circumstance. I am not quite positive as to the fate of Goose Gibbie, but am inclined to think him the same with one Gilbert Dudden, *alias* Calf Gibbie, who was whipped through Hamilton for stealing poultry."

Miss Buskbody now placed her left foot on the fender, crossed her right leg over her knee, lay back on the chair, and looked towards the ceiling. When I observed her assume this contemplative mood, I concluded she was studying some further cross-examination, and therefore took my hat and wished her a hasty good-night, ere the Demon of Criticism had supplied her with any more queries. In like manner, gentle Reader, returning you my thanks for the patience which has conducted you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

PERORATION

It was mine earnest wish, most courteous Reader, that the *Tales of my Landlord* should have reached thine hands in one entire succession of tomes, or volumes. But as I sent some few more manuscript quires, containing the continuation of these most pleasing narratives, I was apprised, somewhat unceremoniously, by my publisher, that he did not approve of novels, as he injuriously called these real histories, extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not agree to the first four being published separately, he threatened to decline the article. (O, ignorance! as if the vernacular article of our mother English were capable of declension!) Whereupon, somewhat moved by his remonstrances, and more by heavy charges for print and paper which he stated to have been already incurred, I have resolved that these four volumes shall be the heralds or avant-couriers of the Tales which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting that they will be eagerly devoured, and the remainder anxiously demanded, by the unanimous voice of a discerning public. I rest, esteemed Reader, thine as thou shalt construe me,

Jedediah Cleishbotham.

Gandercleugh, *Nov.* 15, 1816.

NOTES TO OLD MORTALITY

NOTE 1.—PETER PATTIESON'S GRAVE, p. 2

Note by Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham.—That I kept my plight in this melancholy matter with my deceased and lamented friend, appeareth from a handsome headstone, erected at my proper charges in this spot, bearing the name and calling of Peter Pattieson, with the date of his nativity and sepulture, together also with a testimony of his merits, attested by myself, as his superior and patron.—J. C.

NOTE 2.—A MARCH-DIKE BOUNDARY, p. 4.

I deem it fitting that the reader should be apprised that this limitary boundary between the conterminous heritable property of his honour the Laird of Gandercleugh and his honour the Laird of Gusedub was to have been in fashion an agger, or rather murus, of uncemented granite, called by the vulgar a 'dry-stane dyke,' surmounted or cope, cospite, viridi, i. e. with a sod-turf. Truly their honours fell into discord concerning two roods of marshy ground, near the cove called the Bedral's Beild; and the controversy, having some years bygone been removed from before the judges of the land (with whom it abode long), even unto the Great City of London and the Assembly of the Nobles therein, is, as I may say, adhuc in pendente.—J. C.

NOTE 3.—THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER, p. 8.

He might have added, and for the rich also; since, I laud my stars, the great of the earth have also taken harbourage in my poor domicile. And during the service of my handmaiden, Dorothy, who was buxom and comely of aspect, his Honour the Laird of Smackawa, in his peregrinations to and from the metropolis, was wont to prefer my Prophet's Chamber even to the sanded chamber of dais in the Wallace Inn, and to bestow a mutchkin, as he would jocosely say, to obtain the freedom of the house, but, in reality, to assure himself of my company during the evening.—J. C.

NOTE 4.—FESTIVAL OF THE POPINJAY, p. 13.

The Festival of the Popinjay is still, I believe, practised at Maybole, in Ayrshire. The following passage in the history of the Somerville family suggested the scenes in the text. The author of that curious manuscript* thus celebrates his father's demeanor at such an assembly:—

'Haveing now passed his infancie, in the tenth year of his age, he was by his grandfather putt to the grammar scholl, ther bein then att the toune of Delserf a very able master that taught the grammar, and fitted boyes for the colledge. Dureing his educating in this place, they had then a custome every year to solemnize the first Sunday of

*Puolished by Sir Walter Scott in 1814. Edin. 2 vols.

May with danceing about a May-pole, fyreing of pieces, and all manner of ravelling then in use. Ther being at that tyme few or noe merchants in this pettie village, to furnish necessaries for the scholl-ars sports, this youth resolves to furnish himself elsewhere, that so he may appear with the bravest. In order to this, by break of day he ryses and goes to Hamiltoune, and there bestowes all the money that for a long tyme before he had gotten from his friends, or had otherwayes purchased, upon ribbones of diverse coloures, a new hatt and gloves. But in nothing he bestowed his money more liberallie than upon gunpowder, a great quantitie whereof he buyes for his oune use, and to supply the wantes of his comrades; thus furnished with these commodities, but ane empty purse, he returnes to Delserf be seven a clock (haveing travelled that Sabbath morning above eight myles), puttes on his [best] cloathes and new hatt, flying with ribbones of all culloures; in this equipag, with his little phizie (fuzee) upon his shoulder, he marches to the church-yaird, where the May-pole was sett up, and the solemnitie of that day was to be kept. Ther first at the foot-ball he equalled anyone that played; but for handleing of his piece, in chargeing and dischargeing, he was so ready, and shott soe near the marke, that he faire surpassed all his fellow schollars, and became a teacher of that art to them before the threttenth year of his oune age. And really, I have often admired his dexterity in this, both at the exercizeing of his souldiers, and when for recreatione I have gone to the gunning with him when I was but a stripeling myself; for albeit that pessetyme was the exercize I delighted most in, yet could I never attaine to any perfectione comparable to him. This dayes sport being over, he had the applause of all the spectatores, the kyndenesse of his fellow-condisciples, and the favour of the wholl inhabitants of that litle village [vol. ii. p. 144].

NOTE 5.—SERGEANT BOTHWELL, p. 28.

The history of the restless and ambitious Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, makes a considerable figure in the reign of James VI. of Scotland and First of England. After being repeatedly pardoned for acts of treason, he was at length obliged to retire abroad, where he died in great misery. Great part of his forfeited estate was bestowed on Walter Scott, first Lord of Buccleuch, and on the first Earl of Roxburghe.

Francis Stewart, son of the forfeited earl, obtained from the favour of Charles I. a decreet-arbitral, appointing the two noblemen, grantees of his father's estate, to restore the same, or make some compensation for retaining it. The barony of Crichton, with its beautiful castle, was surrendered by the curators of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, but he retained the far more extensive property Liddesdale. James Stewart also, as appears from writings in the Author's possession, made an advantageous composition with the Earl of Roxburghe. 'But,' says the satirical Scotstarvet, 'male parta pejus dilabunter; for he never brooked them (enjoyed them) nor was anything the richer, since they accresced to his creditors, and now are in the possession of one Dr. Seaton. His eldest son Francis became a trooper in the late war; as for the other brother, John, who was Abbot of Coldingham, he also disponed all that estate, and now has nothing, but lives on the charity of his friends.'*

Francis Stewart, who had been a trooper during the great Civil War, seems to have received no preferment after the Restoration suited to his high birth, though, in fact, third cousin to Charles II. Captain Creichton, the friend of Dean Swift, who published his Memoirs, found him a private gentleman in the King's Life Guards. At the same time this was no degrading condition; for Fountainhall records a duel fought between a Life Guardsman and an officer in the militia, because the latter had taken upon him to assume superior rank as an officer to a gentleman private in the Life Guards. The Life Guardsman was killed in the rencontre, and his antagonist was executed for murder.

The character of Bothwell, except in relation to the name, is entirely ideal.

*The Staggering State of the Scots Statesman for One Hundred Years, by Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet. Edinburgh, 1774, p. 154.

NOTE 6.—ASSASSINATION OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP, p. 32

The general account of this act of assassination is to be found in all histories of the period. A more particular narrative may be found in the words of one of the actors, James Russell, in the Appendix to Kirkton's History of the Church of Scotland, published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esquire, 4to, Edinburgh, 1817.

NOTE 7.—SHERIFF-DEPUTE CARMICHAEL, p. 33.

One Carmichael, sheriff-depute in Fife, who had been active in enforcing the penal measures against nonconformists. He was on the moors hunting, but receiving accidental information that a party was out in quest of him, he returned home, and escaped the fate designed for him, which befell his patron the Archbishop.

NOTE 8.—MURDERERS OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP, p. 33

The leader of this party was David Hackston, of Rathillet, a gentleman of ancient birth and good estate. He had been profligate in his younger days, but having been led from curiosity to attend the conventicles of the non-conforming clergy, he adopted their principles in the fullest extent. It appears that Hackston had some personal quarrel with Archbishop Sharp which induced him to decline the command of the party when the slaughter was determined upon, fearing his acceptance might be ascribed to motives of personal enmity. He felt himself free in conscience, however, to be present; and when the archbishop, dragged from his carriage, crawled towards him on his knees for protection, he replied coldly, "Sir, I will never lay a finger on you." It is remarkable that Hackston, as well as a shepherd who was also present, but passive, on the occasion, were the only two of the party of assassins who suffered death by the hands of the executioner.

On Hackston refusing the command it was by universal suffrage conferred on John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, who was Hackston's brother-in-law. He is described as "a little man, squint-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect." "He was," adds the same author, "by some reckoned none of the most religious; yet he was always zealous and honest-hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any escaping that came into his hands. He was the principal actor in killing that arch-traitor to the Lord and His Christ, James Sharp."*

NOTE 9.—OLD FAMILY SERVANTS, p. 41

A masculine retainer of this kind, having offended his master extremely was commanded to leave his service instantly. "In troth, and that will I not," answered the domestic; "if your honour disna ken when ye hae a gude servant, I ken when I hae a gude master, and go away I will not." On another occasion of the same nature the master said, "John, you and I shall never sleep under the same roof again"; to which John replied, with much naivete, "Where the deil can your honour be ganging?"

NOTE 10.—MILITARY MUSIC AT NIGHT, p. 42

Regimental music is never played at night. But who can assure us that such was not the custom in Charles the Second's time? Till I am well informed on this point, the kettledrums shall clash on, as adding something to the picturesque effect of the night march.

NOTE 11.—WINNOWING MACHINE, p. 57

Probably something similar to the barn-fanners now used for winnowing corn, which were not, however, used in their present shape

*See Scots Worthies, 8vo, Leith, 1816, p. 522.

until about 1730. They were objected to by the more rigid sectaries on their first introduction upon such reasoning as that of honest Mause in the text.

NOTE 12.—LOCKING THE DOOR DURING DINNER, p. 66

The custom of keeping the door of a house or chateau locked during the time of dinner probably arose from the family being anciently assembled in the hall at that meal and liable to surprise. But it was in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette, of which the following is an example:

A considerable landed proprietor in Dumfriesshire, being a bachelor, without near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved previously to visit his two nearest kinsmen and decide which should be his heir according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good clansman, he first visited his own chief, a baronet in rank, descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily, the dinner bell had rung, and the door of the castle had been locked before his arrival. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admittance; but his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette and would on no account suffer the doors to be unbarred. Irritated at this cold reception, the old Laird rode on to Sanquhar Castle, then the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, who no sooner heard his name than, knowing well he had a will to make, the drawbridge dropped and the gates flew open: the table was covered anew; His Grace's bachelor and intestate kinsman was received with the utmost attention and respect; and it is scarcely necessary to add that, upon his death some years after, the visitor's considerable landed property went to augment the domains of the Ducal House of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.

NOTE 13.—LANDWARD TOWN, p. 67

The Scots retain the use of the word "town" in its comprehensive Saxon meaning as a place of habitation. A mansion or a farm-house, though solitary, is called "the town." A "landward town" is a dwelling situated in the country.

NOTE 14.—THROWING THE PURSE OVER THE GATE, p. 81

A Highland laird, whose peculiarities still live in the recollection of his countrymen, used to regulate his residence at Edinburgh in the following manner: Every day he visited the Water Gate, as it is called, of the Canongate, over which is extended a wooden arch. Specie being then the general currency, he threw his purse over the gate, and as long as it was heavy enough to be thrown over he continued his round of pleasure in the metropolis; when it was too light, he thought it time to retire to the Highlands. Query—How often would he have repeated this experiment at Temple Bar?

NOTE 15.—WOODEN MARE, P. 82.

The punishment of riding the wooden mare was, in the days of Charles and long after, one of the various and cruel modes of enforcing military discipline. In front of the old guard-house in the High Street of Edinburgh a large horse of this kind was placed, on which now and then in the more ancient times a veteran might be seen mounted, with a firelock tied to each foot, atoning for some small offense.

There is a singular work, entitled Memoirs of Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester (son of Queen Anne), from his birth to his ninth year, in which Jenkin Lewis, an honest Welshman in attendance on the royal infant's person, is pleased to record that his Royal Highness laughed, cried, crowed and said 'Gig' and 'Dy' very like a babe of plebeian descent. He had also a premature taste for the discipline as well as the show of war, and had a corps of twenty-two boys arrayed with paper caps and wooden swords. For the

maintenance of discipline in this juvenile corps a wooden horse was established in the presence-chamber, and was sometimes employed in the punishment of offenses not strictly military. Hughes, the Duke's tailor, having made him a suit of clothes which were too tight, was appointed, in an order of the day issued by the young prince, to be placed on this penal steed. The man of remnants, by dint of supplication and mediation, escaped from the penance, which was likely to equal the inconveniences of his brother artist's equestrian trip to Brentford. But an attendant named Weatherby, who had presumed to bring the young prince a toy after he had discarded the use of them, was actually mounted on the wooden horse without a saddle, with his face to the tail, while he was plied by four servants of the household with syringes and squirts till he had a thorough wetting. "He was a waggish fellow," says Lewis, "and would not lose anything for the joke's sake when he was putting his tricks upon others, so he was obliged to submit cheerfully to what was inflicted upon him, being at our mercy to pay him off well, which we did accordingly." Amid much such nonsense, Lewis's book shows that this poor child, the heir of the British monarchy, who died when he was eleven years old, was, in truth, of promising parts, and of a good disposition. The volume, which rarely occurs, is an octavo, published in 1789, the editor being Dr. Philip Hayes, of Oxford.

NOTE 16.—CONCEALING THE FACE, P. 91.

Concealment of an individual while in public or promiscuous society was then very common. In England, where no plaids were worn, the ladies used vizard masks for the same purpose, and the gallants drew the skirts of their cloaks over the right shoulder, so as cover part of the face. This is repeatedly alluded to in Pepys's Diary.

NOTE 17.—ROMANCES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, P. 106.

As few in the present age are acquainted with the ponderous folios to which the age of Louis XIV. gave rise, we need only say that they combine the dulness of the metaphysical courtship with all the improbabilities of the ancient romance of chivalry. Their character will be most easily learned from Boileau's Dramatic Satire or Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote.

NOTE 18.—SIR JAMES TURNER, P. 106.

Sir James Turner was a soldier of fortune, bred in the civil wars. He was intrusted with a commission to levy the fines imposed by the privy council for nonconformity in the district of Dumfries and Galloway. In this capacity he vexed the country so much by his exactions that the people rose and made him prisoner, and then proceeded in arms toward Midlothian, where they were defeated at Pentland Hills in 1666. Besides his treatise on the military art, Sir James Turner wrote several other works, the most curious of which is his Memoirs of His Own Life and Times, which has just been printed under the charge of the Bannatyne Club. (See Legend of Montrose, pp. 143-145.)

NOTE 19.—TILLIETUDLEM CASTLE, P. 106.

The Castle of Tillietudlem is imaginary; but the ruins of Craignethan Castle, situated on the Nethan, about three miles from its junction with the Clyde, have something of the character of the description in the text.

NOTE 20.—JOHN GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE, P. 108.

This remarkable person united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to

his prince with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the unscrupulous agent of the Scottish privy council in executing the merciless severities of the government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; but he redeemed his character by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the Revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory.

It is said by tradition that he was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upward. The noble matron, being a stanch Whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claver'se (as he was called from his title), but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady that, having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. "Hout na, sir," said Lady Elphinstoun, "the world is just to end with me as it began. When I was entering life there was ane Knox deaving us a' wi' his clavers, and now I am ganging out there is ane Claver'se deaving us a' wi' his knocks." Clavers signifying, in common parlance, idle chat, the double pun does credit to the ingenuity of a lady of a hundred years old.

NOTE 21.—CORNET GRAHAME, P. 153.

There was actually a young cornet of the Life Guards named Grahame, and probably some relation of Claverhouse, slain in the skirmish of Drumclog. In the old ballad on the "Battle of Bothwell Bridge," Claverhouse is said to have continued the slaughter of the fugitives in revenge of this gentleman's death.

> "Haud up your hand," then Monmouth said;
> "Gie quarters to these men for me";
> But bloody Claver'se swore an oath,
> His kinsman's death avenged should be.

The body of this young man was found shockingly mangled after the battle, his eyes pulled out and his features so much defaced that it was impossible to recognize him. The Tory writers say that this was done by the Whigs; because, finding the name Grahame wrought in the young gentleman's neckcloth, they took the corpse for that of Claver'se himself. The Whig authorities give a different account, from tradition, of the cause of Cornet Grahame's body being thus mangled. He had, they say, refused his own dog any food on the morning of the battle, affirming with an oath that he should have no breakfast but upon the flesh of the Whigs. The ravenous animal, it is said, flew at his master as soon as he fell and lacerated his face and throat.

These two stories are presented to the reader, leaving it to him to judge whether it is most likely that a party of persecuted and insurgent fanatics should mangle a body supposed to be that of their chief enemy, in the same manner as several persons present at Drumclog had shortly before treated the person of Archbishop Sharp, or that a domestic dog should, for want of a single breakfast, become so ferocious as to feed on his own master, selecting his body from scores that were lying around equally accessible to his ravenous appetite.

NOTE 22.—PROOF AGAINST SHOT GIVEN BY SATAN, p. 158

The belief of the Covenanters that their principal enemies, and Claverhouse in particular, had obtained from the Devil a charm which rendered them proof against leaden bullets, led them to pervert even the circumstances of his death. Howie, of Lochgoin, after giving some account of the battle of Killiecrankie, adds:

"The battle was very bloody, and by Mackay's third fire Claverhouse fell, of whom historians give little account; but it has been said for certain that his own waiting-servant, taking a resolution to rid the world of this truculent bloody monster, and knowing he had proof of lead, shot him with a silver button he had before taken off his own coat for that purpose. However, he fell, and with him

Popery and King James's interest in Scotland.'—God's Judgment on Persecutors, p. 38.

Original Note.—'Perhaps some may think this anent proof of shot a paradox, and be ready to object here, as formerly, concerning Bishop Sharp and Dalziel—"How can the Devil have or give a power to save life?" etc. Without entering upon the thing in its reality, I shall only observe—1st, That it is neither in his power or of his nature to be a savious of men's lives; he is called Apollyon the destroyer. 2d, That even in this case he is said only to give inchantment against one kind of mettle, and this does not save life: for the lead would not take Sharp and Claverhouse's lives, yet steel and silver could do it; and for Dalziel, though he died not on the field, he did not escape the arrows of the Almighty.'—Ibidem.

NOTE 23.—CLAVERHOUSE'S CHARGER, p. 160

It appears, from the letter of Claverhouse afterwards quoted, that the horse on which he rode to Drumclog was not black, but sorrel. The Author has been misled as to the colour by the many extraordinary traditions current in Scotland concerning Claverhouse's famous black charger, which was generally believed to have been a gift to its rider from the Author of Evil, who is said to have performed the Caesarian operation upon its dam. This horse was so fleet, and its rider so expert, that they are said to have outstripped and 'coted,' or turned, a hare upon the Bran Law, near the head of Moffat Water, where the descent is so precipitous that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or merely mortal rider could keep the saddle.

There is a curious passage in the testimony of John Dick, one of the suffering Presbyterians, in which the author, by describing each of the persecutors by their predominant qualities or passions, shows how little their best-loved attributes would avail them in the great day of judgment. When he introduces Claverhouse, it is to reproach him with his passion for horses in general, and for that steed in particular which was killed at Drumclog in the manner described in the text:

'And for that blood thirsty wretch, Claver-house, how thinks he to shelter himself that day? Is it possible the pitiful thing can be so mad as to think to secure himself by the fleetness of his horse (a creature he has so much respect for, that he regarded more the loss of his horse at Drumclog than all the men that fell there, and sure on either party there fell prettier men than himself)? No, sure, though he could fall upon a chymist that could extract the spirits out of all the horse in the world and infuse them into his one, though he were on that horse back never so well mounted, he need not dream of escaping.'—A Testimony to the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government of the Church of Scotland, etc., as it was left in Write by that truly Pious and emmently Faithfull, and now Glorified Martyr, Mr. John Dick. To which is added, his Last Speech and Behaviour on the Scaffold, on the fifth day of March 1684, which Day he Sealed this Testimony. 58 pp. 4to. No year or place of publication.

The reader may perhaps receive some farther information on the subject of Cornet Grahame's death and the flight of Claverhouse from the following Latin lines, a part of a poem entitled Bellum Bothuellianum, by Andrew Guild, which exists in manuscript in the Advocates' Library:—

Mons est occiduus surgit qui celsus in oris,
(Nomine Loudunum) fossis puteisque profundis
Quo scatet hic tellus, et aprico gramine tectus.
Huc collecta fuit, numeroso milite cincta,
Turba ferox, matres, pueri, innuptaeque puellae,
Quam parat egregia Graemus dispersere turma.
Venit et primo campo discedere cogit;
Post hos et alios, coeno provolvit inerti;
At numerosa cohors, campum dispersa per omnem
Circumfusa ruit; turmasque, indagine captas,
Aggreditur; virtus non hic, nec profuit ensis;
Corripuere fugam, viridi sed gramine tectis
Precipitata perit fossis pars ultima, quorum
Cornipedes haesere luto, sessore rejecto;

Tum rabiosa cohors, misereri nescia, stratos
Invadit laceratque viros: hic signifer, eheu!
Trajectus globulo, Graemus, quo fortior alter,
Inter Scotigenas fuerat, nec justior ullus:
Hunc manibus rapuere feris, faciemque virilem
Foedarunt, lingua, auriculis, manibusque resectis,
Aspera diffuso spargentes saxa cerebro:
Vix dux ipse fuga salvus, namque exta trahebat
Vulnere tardatus sonipes generosus hiante:
Insequitur clamore cohors fanatica, namque
Crudelis semper timidus, si vicerit unquam.
MS. Bellum Bothuellianum.

NOTE 24.—SKIRMISH AT DRUMCLOG, p. 168

This affair, the only one in which Claverhouse was defeated or the insurgent Cameronians successful, was fought pretty much in the manner mentioned in the text. The Royalists lost about thirty or forty men. The commander of the Presbyterian, or rather Covenanting, party was Mr. Robert Hamilton, of the honourable house of Preston, brother of Sir William Hamilton, to whose title and estate he afterwards succeeded; but, according to his biographer, Howie of Lochgoin, he never took possession of either, as he could not do so without acknowledging the right of King William (an uncovenanted monarch) to the crown. Hamilton had been bred by Bishop Burnet, while the latter lived at Glasgow, his brother, Sir Thomas, having married a sister of that historian. 'He was then,' says the Bishop, 'a lively, hopeful young man; but getting into that company, and into their notions, he became a crack-brained enthusiast.'

Several well-meaning persons have been much scandalised at the manner in which the victors are said to have conducted themselves towards the prisoners at Drumclog. But the principle of these poor fanatics (I mean the high-flying, or Cameronian party) was to obtain not merely toleration for their church, but the same supremacy which Presbytery had acquired in Scotland after the treaty of Ripon betwixt Charles I. and his Scottish subjects in 1640. The fact is, that they conceived themselves a chosen people sent forth to extirpate the heathen, like the Jews of old, and under a similar charge to show no quarter.

The historian of the Insurrection of Bothwell makes the following explicit avowal of the principles on which their General acted:—

'Mr. Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with and pursuit of the enemy; but when he and some others were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some, without Mr. Hamilton's knowledge, and directly contrary to his express command, gave five of these bloody enemies quarters, and then let them go; this greatly grieved Mr. Hamilton when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after that the Lord had delivered them into their hands, that they might dash them against the stones—Psalm cxxxvii. 9. In his own account of this he reckons the sparing of these enemies, and letting them go, to be among their first stepping aside, for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for Him; and says that he was neither for taking favours from, nor giving favours to, the Lord's enemies.'—See A True and Impartial Account [Relation] of the Persecuted Presbyterians in Scotland, their being [rising] in arms, and Defeat at Bothwell Brigg in 1679, by William Wilson, late Schoolmaster in the Parish of Douglas. The reader who would authenticate the quotation, must not consult any other edition than that of 1697 [or that of 1809]; for somehow or other the publisher of the last edition [1825] has omitted this remarkable part of the narrative.

Sir Robert Hamilton himself felt neither remorse nor shame for having put to death one of the prisoners after the battle with his own hand, which appears to have been a charge against him by some whose fanaticism was less exalted than his own—

'As for that accusation they bring against me of killing that poor man (as they call him) at Drumclog, I may easily guess that my accusers can be other but some of the house of Saul or Shimei, or some such risen again to espouse that poor gentleman's (Saul) his quarrel

against honest Samuel, for his offering to kill that poor man Agag, after the king's giving him quarters. But I, being to command that day, gave out the word that no quarter should be given; and returning from pursuing Claverhouse, one or two of these fellows were standing in the midst of a company of our friends, and some were debating for quarters, others against it. None could blame me to decide the controversy, and I bless the Lord for it to this day. There were five more that without my knowledge got quarters, who were brought to me after we were a mile from the place as having got quarters, which I reckoned among the first steppings aside; and seeing that spirit amongst us at that time, I then told it to some that were with me (to my best remembrance, it was honest old John Nisbet), that I feared the Lord would not honour us to do much for Him. I shall only say this, I desire to bless His holy name, that ever since He helped me to set my face to His work, I never had, nor would take, a favour from enemies, either on right or left hand, and desired to give as few' [p. 201].

The preceding passage is extracted from a long vindication of his own 'conduct, sent by Sir Robert Hamilton, 7th December 1685, addressed to the anti-Popish, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian true Presbyterian remnant of the Church of Scotland'; and the substance is to be found in the work or collection called Faithful Contendings Displayed, collected and transcribed by John Howie.

As the skirmish of Drumclog has been of late the subject of some inquiry, the reader may be curious to see Claverhouse's own account of the affair, in a leter to the Earl of Linlithgow, written immediately after the action. This gazette, as it may be called, occurs in the volume called Dundee's Letters, printed by Mr. Smythe of Methven, as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. The original is in the library of the Duke of Buckingham. Claverhouse, it may be observed, spells like a chambermaid.

'FOR THE EARL OF LINLITHGOW

[COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF KING CHARLES II.'S FORCES IN SCOTLAND]

'Glaskow, Jun. the 1, 1679.

'MY LORD,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord Rosse came in to this place, I marched out, and because of the insolency that had been done tue nights before at Rugien, I went thither and inquyred for the names. So soon as I got them, I sent out partys to sease on them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also ane intercomend minister called King. We had them at Streven about six in the morning yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might mak a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, litle to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawen up in batell, upon a most adventagious ground, to which there was no coming but throgh moses and lakes. They wer not preaching, and had gat away all there women and shildring. They consisted of four bataillons of foot, and all well armed with fusils and pitch forks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both partys to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a bataillon of foot against them; we sent threescor of dragoons, who mad them run again shamfully; but in end they perceaiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved a generall engadgment, and imediatly advanced with there foot, the horse folouing; they came throght the lotche, and the greatest body of all made up against my troupe; we keeped our fyr till they wer within ten pace of us: they received our fyr, and advanced to shok; the first they gave us broght doun the Coronet Mr. Crafford and Captain Bleith, besides that with a pitch fork they mad such an opening in my sorre horses belly, that his guts hung out half an elle, and yet he caryed me af an myl; which so discoroged our men, that they sustined not the shok, but fell into disorder. There horse took the occasion of this, and purseud us so hotly that we got no tym to rayly. I saved the standarts, but lost on the place about aight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor. They ar not com easily af on the other side, for I sawe severall of them fall befor we cam to the shok. I mad the best retraite the confusion of our

people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Ross. The toun of Streven drou up as we was making our retrait, anu thoght of a pass to cut us of, but we took couradge and fell to them. made them run, leaving a dousain on the place. What these rogues will dou yet I know not, but the contry was floking to them from all hands. This may be counted the begining of the rebellion, in my opinion.

'I am, my lord,

'Your lordships most humble servant,

'J. GRAHAME.

'My lord, I am so wearied, and so sleapy, that I have wryton this very confusedly.'

NOTE 25.—DISSENSIONS AMONG THE COVENANTERS, p. 238

These feuds, which tore to pieces the little army of insurgents, turned mainly on the point whether the king's interest or royal authority was to be owned or not, and whether the party in arms were to be contented with a free exercise of their own religion, or insist upon the re-establishment of Presbytery in its supreme authority, and with full power to predominate over all other forms of worship. The few country gentlemen who joined the insurrection, with the most sensible part of the clergy, thought it best to limit their demands to what it might be possible to attain. But the party who urged these moderate views were termed by the more zealous bigots the Erastian party, men, namely, who were willing to place the church under the influence of the civil government, and therefore they accounted them 'a snare upon Mizpah, and a net spread upon Tabor.' See the 'Life of Sir Robert Hamilton' in the Scots Worthies, and his account of the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, Passim.

NOTE 26.—THE CAMERONIANS' GIBBET, p. 245

The Cameronians had suffered persecution, but it was without learning mercy. We are informed by Captain Crichton that they had set up in their camp a huge gibbet, or gallows, having many hooks upon it, with a coil of new ropes lying beside it, for the execution of such Royalists as they might make prisoners. Guild, in his Bellum Bothuellianum, describes this machine particularly.

NOTE 27.—ROYAL ARMY AT BOTHWELL BRIDGE, p. 264

A Cameronian muse was awakened from slumber on this doleful occasion, and gave the following account of the muster of the royal forces, in poetry nearly as melancholy as the subject:—

They marched east throw Lithgow-town
  For to enlarge their forces;
And sent for all the north country
  To come, both foot and horses.

Montrose did come and Athole both,
  And with them many more;
And all the Highland Amorites
  That had been there before.

The Lowdien mallisha they
  Came with their coats of blew;
Five hundred men from London came,
  Claid in a reddish hue.

When they were assembled one and all,
  A full bragade were they;
Like to a pack of hellish hounds,
  Roreing after their prey.

When they were all provided well,
  In armour and amonition,
Then thither wester did they come,
  Most cruel of intention.

The Royalists celebrated their victory in strains of equal merit. Specimens of both may be found in the curious collection of Fugitive Scottish Poetry, principally of the Seventeenth Century, printed for the Messrs. Laing, Edinburgh [1825-53].

NOTE 28.—MODERATE PRESBYTERIANS, p. 269

The Author does not by any means desire that Poundtext should be regarded as a just representative of the moderate Presbyterians, among whom were many ministers whose courage was equal to their good sense and sound views of religion. Were he to write the tale anew, he would probably endeavour to give the character a higher turn. It is certain, however, that the Cameronians imputed to their opponents in opinion concerning the Indulgence, or others of their strained and fanatical notions, a disposition not only to seek their own safety, but to enjoy themselves. Hamilton speaks of three clergymen of this description as follows:—

'They pretended great zeal against the Indulgence; but, alas! that was all, their practice otherwise being but very gross, which I shall but hint at in short. When great Cameron and those with him were taking many a cold blast and storm in the fields and among the cothouses in Scotland, these three had, for the most part, their residence in Glasgow, where they found good quarters and a full table (which I doubt not but some bestowed upon them from real affection to the Lord's cause); and when these three were together, their greatest work was who should make the finest and sharpest roundels, and break the quickest jests upon one another, and to tell what valiant acts they were to do, and who could laugh loudest and most heartily among them; and when at any time they came out to the country, whatever other thing they had, they were careful each of them to have a great flask of brandy with them, which was very heavy to some, particularly to Mr. Cameron, Mr. Cargill, and Henry Hall; I shall name no more.'—Faithful Contendings, p. 198.

NOTE 29.—GENERAL DALZELL, USUALLY CALLED TOM DALZELL, p. 274

In Creichton's Memoirs, edited by Swift, where a particular account of this remarkable person's dress and habits is given, he is said never to have worn boots. The following account of his rencounter with John Paton of Meadowhead showed that in action at least he wore pretty stout ones, unless the reader be inclined to believe in the truth of his having a charm which made him proof against lead.

'Dalziel,' says Paton's biographer, 'advanced the whole left wing of his army on Colonel Wallace's right. Here Captain Paton behaved with great courage and gallantry. Dalzell, knowing him in the former wars, advanced upon him himself, thinking to take him prisoner. Upon his approach each presented their pistols. Upon their first discharge, Captain Paton, perceiving the pistol ball to hoop down upon Dalziel's boots, and knowing what was the cause (he having proof), put his hand to his pocket for some small pieces of silver he had there for the purpose, and put one of them into his other pistol. But Dalziel, having his eye on him in the meanwhile, retired behind his own man, who by that means was slain' [Scots Worthies, p. 415, condensed somewhat].

NOTE 30.—LOCH SLOY, p. 287

This was the slogan or war-cry of the MacFarlanes, taken from a lake near the head of Loch Lomond, in the centre of their ancient possession of the western banks, of that beautiful inland sea.

NOTE 31.—MORTON'S CAPTURE AND RELEASE, p. 298

The principal incident of the foregoing chapter was suggested by an occurrence of a similar kind, told me by a gentleman, now deceased, who held an important situation in the Excise, to which he had been raised by active and resolute exertions in an inferior de-

partment. When employed as a supervisor on the coast of Galloway, at a time when the immunities of the Isle of Man rendered smuggling almost universal in that district, this gentleman had the fortune to offend highly several of the leaders in the contraband trade, by his zeal in serving the revenue.

This rendered his situation a dangerous one, and, on more than one occasion, placed his life in jeopardy. At one time in particular, as he was riding after sunset on a summer evening, he came suddenly upon a gang of the most desperate smugglers in that part of the country. They surrounded him without violence, but in such a manner as to show that it would be resorted to if he offered resistance, and gave him to understand he must spend the evening with them, since they had met so happily. The officer did not attempt opposition, but only asked leave to send a country lad to tell his wife and family that he should be detained later than he expected. As he had to charge the boy with this message in the presence of the smugglers, he could found no hope of deliverance from it, save what might arise from the sharpness of the lad's observation and the natural anxiety and affection of his wife. But if his errand should be delivered and received literally, as he was conscious the smugglers expected, it was likely that it might, by suspending alarm about his absence from home, postpone all search after him till it might be useless. Making a merit of necessity, therefore, he instructed and despatched his messenger, and went with the contraband traders, with seeming willingness, to one of their ordinary haunts. He sat down at table with them, and they began to drink and indulge themselves in gross jokes, while, like Mirabel in the Inconstant, their prisoner had the heavy task of receiving their insolence as wit, answering their insults with good humour, and withholding from them the opportunity which they sought of engaging him in a quarrel, that they might have a pretense for misusing him. He succeeded for some time, but soon became satisfied it was their purpose to murder him outright, or else to beat him in such a manner as scarce to leave him with life. A regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath evening, which still oddly subsisted among these ferocious men, amidst their habitual violation of divine and social law, prevented their commencing their intended cruelty until the Sabbath should be terminated. They were sitting around their anxious prisoner, muttering to each other words of terrible import, and watching the index of a clock, which was shortly to strike the hour at which, in their apprehension, murder would become lawful, when their intended victim heard a distant rustling like the wind among withered leaves. It came nearer, and resembled the sound of a brook in flood chafing within its banks; it came nearer yet, and was plainly distinguished as the galloping of a party of horse. The absence of her husband, and the account given by the boy of the suspicious appearance of those with whom he had remained, had induced Mrs. —— to apply to the neighbouring town for a party of dragoons, who thus providentially arrived in time to save him from extreme violence, if not from actual destruction.

NOTE 32.—PRISONERS' PROCESSION, p. 310

David Hackston of Rathillet, who was wounded and made prisoner in the skirmish of Air's Moss, in which the celebrated Cameron fell, was, on entering Edinburgh, 'by order of the Council, received by the magistrates at the Water Gate, and set on a horse's bare back with his face to the tail, and the other three laid on a goad of iron, and carried up the street, Mr. Cameron's hand being on a halberd before them.'

NOTE 33.—DALZELL'S BRUTALITY, p. 314

The General is said to have struck one of the captive Whigs, when under examination, with the hilt of his sabre, so that the blood gushed out. The provocation for this unmanly violence was, that the prisoner had called the fierce veteran a Muscovy beast, who used to roast men. Dalzell had been long in the Russian service, which in those days was no school of humanity.

NOTE 34.—HEADS OF THE EXECUTED, p. 318

The pleasure of the Council respecting the relics of their victims was often as savage as the rest of their conduct. The heads of the preachers were frequently exposed on pikes between their two hands, the palms displayed as in the attitude of prayer. When the celebrated Richard Cameron's head was exposed in this manner, a spectator bore testimony to it as that of one who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.

NOTE 35.—SUPPOSED APPARITION OF MORTON, p. 345

This incident is taken from a story in the History of Apparitions written by Daniel Defoe, under the assumed name of Morton. To abridge the narrative, we are under the necessity of omitting many of these particular circumstances which gave the fictions of this most ingenious author such a lively air of truth.

A gentleman married a lady of family and fortune, and had one son by her, after which the lady died. The widower afterwards united himself in a second marriage; and his wife proved such a very stepmother to the heir of the first marriage that, discontented with his situation, he left his father's house and set out on distant travels. His father heard from him occasionally, and the young man for some time drew regularly for certain allowances which were settled upon him. At length, owing to the instigation of his mother-in-law, one of his draughts was refused, and the bill returned dishonoured.

After receiving this affront, the youth drew no bills and wrote no more letters, nor did his father know in what part of the world he was. The stepmother seized the opportunity to represent the young man as deceased, and to urge her husband to settle his estate anew upon her children, of whom she had several. The father for a length of time positively refused to disinherit his son, convinced as he was, in his own mind, that he was still alive.

At length, worn out by his wife's importunities, he agreed to execute the new deeds if his son did not return within a year.

During the interval there were many violent disputes between the husband and wife upon the subject of the family settlements. In the midst of one of these altercations, the lady was startled by seeing a hand at a casement of the window; but as the iron hasps, according to the ancient fashion, fastened in the inside, the hand seemed to essay the fastenings, and being unable to undo them, was immediately withdrawn. The lady, forgetting the quarrel with her husband, exclaimed that there was some one in the garden. The husband rushed out but could find no trace of any intruder, while the walls of the garden seemed to render it impossible for any such to have made his escape. He therefore taxed his wife with having fancied that which she supposed she saw. She maintained the accuracy of her sight; on which her husband observed, that it must have been the devil, who was apt to haunt those who had evil consciences. This tart remark brought back the matrimonial dialogue to its original current. 'It was no devil,' said the lady, 'but the ghost of your son come to tell you he is dead, and that you may give your estate to your bastards, since you will not settle it on the lawful heirs.' 'It was my son,' said he, 'come to tell me that he is alive, and ask you how you can be such a devil as to urge me to disinherit him'; with that he started up and exclaimed, 'Alexander, Alexander! If you are alive, show yourself, and do not let me be insulted every day with being told you are dead.'

At these words, the casement which the hand had been seen at opened of itself, and his son Alexander looked in with a full face and, staring directly on the mother with an angry countenance, cried, 'Here!' and then vanished in a moment.

The lady, though much frightened at the apparition, had wit enough to make it serve her own purpose; for, as the spectre appeared at her husband's summons, she made affidavit that he had a familiar spirit who appeared when he called it. To escape from this discreditable charge the poor husband agreed to make the new settlement of the estate in the terms demanded by the unreasonable lady.

A meeting of friends was held for that purpose, the new deed was executed, and the wife was about to cancel the former settlement by tearing the seal, when on a sudden they heard a rushing noise in the parlour in which they sat, as if something had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and then had gone through the room towards the garden-door, which was shut; they were all surprised at it, for the sound was very distinct, but they saw nothing.

This rather interrupted the business of the meeting, but the persevering lady brought them back to it. "I am not frightened," said she, "not I. Come," said she to her husband, haughtily, "I'll cancel the old writing if forty devils were in the room;" with that she took up one of the deeds and was about to tear off the seal. But the double-ganger, or eidolon, of Alexander was as pertinacious in guarding the rights of his principal as his stepmother in invading them.

The same moment she raised the paper to destroy it, the casement flew open, though it was fast in the inside just as it was before, and the shadow of a body was seen as standing in the garden without, the face looking into the room, and staring directly at the woman with a stern and angry countenance. "Hold," said the spectre, as if speaking to the lady, and immediately closed the window and vanished. After this second interruption, the new settlement was cancelled by the consent of all concerned, and Alexander, in about four or five months after, arrived from the East Indies, to which he had gone four years before from London in a Portuguese ship. He could give no explanation of what had happened, excepting that he dreamed his father had written him an angry letter, threatening to disinherit him.—The History and Reality of Apparitions, chap. viii.

NOTE 36.—CAPTAIN INGLIS, p. 372

The deeds of a man, or rather a monster, of this name, are recorded upon the tombstone of one of those martyrs which it was Old Mortality's delight to repair. I do not remember the name of the murdered person, but the circumstances of the crime were so terrible to my childish imagination that I am confident the following copy of the epitaph will be found nearly correct, although I have not seen the original for forty years at least:—

This martyr was by Peter Inglis shot,
By birth a tiger rather than a Scot;
Who, that his hellish offspring might be seen,
Cut off his head, then kick'd it o'er the green:
Thus was the head which was to wear the croun,
A foot-ball made by a profane dragoon.

In Dundee's Letters, Captain Inglish, or Inglis, is repeatedly mentioned as commanding a troop of horse. The murdered person here referred to was James White, of the parish of Fenwick, Ayrshire. The epitaph appeared in the Cloud of Witnesses, a well-known work published in 1714; but the brutal conduct of Inglis is thus stated in a pamphlet or Memorial printed in 1690:—"Item—The said Peter or Patrick Inglis killed one James White, struck off his head with an ax, brought it to Newmills, and played at the foot-ball with it; he killed him at the Little Black Wood, the foresaid year 1685."

As proof of the Author's singular memory, it may be stated that the epitaph as quoted above is almost verbatim with the original, except in the third line, which runs thus, "who, that his monstruous extract might be seen" (Laing).

NOTE 37.—THE RETREATS OF THE COVENANTERS, p. 379

The severity of persecution often drove the sufferers to hide themselves in dens and caves of the earth, where they had not only to struggle with the real dangers of damp, darkness, and famine, but were called upon in their disordered imaginations to oppose the infernal powers by whom such caverns were believed to be haunted. A very romantic scene of rocks, thickets, and cascades, called

Crichope Linn, on the estate of Mr. Menteath of Closeburn, is said to have been the retreat of some of these enthusiasts, who judged it safer to face the apparitions by which the place was thought to be haunted than to expose themselves to the rage of their mortal enemies.

Another remarkable encounter betwixt the Foul Fiend and the champions of the Covenant is preserved in certain rude rhymes, not yet forgotten in Ettrick Forest. Two men, it is said, by name Halbert Dobson and David Dun, constructed for themselves a place of refuge in a hidden ravine of a very savage character, by the side of a considerable waterfall, near the head of Moffat Water. Here, concealed from human foes, they were assailed by Satan himself, who came upon them grinning and making mouths, as if trying to frighten them, and disturb their devotions. The wanderers, more incensed than astonished at this supernatural visitation, assailed their ghostly visitor, buffeted him soundly with their Bibles, and compelled him at length to change himself into the resemblance of a pack of dried hides, in which shape he rolled down the cascade. The shape which he assumed was probably designed to excite the cupidity of the assailants, who, as souters of Selkirk, might have been disposed to attempt something to save a package of good leather. Thus,

Hab Dab and David Din,
Dang the Deil ower Dabson's Linn.

The popular verses recording this feat, to which Burns seems to have been indebted for some hints in his "Address to the Deil," may be found in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. ii.

It cannot be matter of wonder to any one at all acquainted with human nature, that superstition should have aggravated, by its terrors, the apprehensions to which men of enthusiastic character were disposed by the gloomy haunts to which they had fled for refuge.

NOTE 38.—PREDICTIONS OF THE COVENANTERS, p. 384

The sword of Captain John Paton of Meadowhead, a Cameronian, famous for his personal prowess, bore testimony to his exertions in the cause of the Covenant, and was typical of the oppressions of the times. "Their sword or short shabble (sciabbola, Italian) yet remains," says Mr. Howie of Lochgoin. "It was then by his progenitors (meaning descendants, a rather unusual use of the word) counted to have twenty-eight gaps in its edge; which made them afterwards observe, that there were just as many years of the persecution as there were steps or broken pieces in its edge."—Scots Worthies, edit. 1796, p. 416.

The persecuted party, as their circumstances led to their placing a due and sincere reliance on heaven, when earth was scarce permitted to bear them, fell naturally into enthusiastic credulity, and, as they imagined, direct contention with the powers of darkness, so they conceived some amongst them to be possessed of a power of prediction, which, though they did not exactly call it inspired prophecy, seems to have approached, in their opinion, very nearly to it. The subject of these predictions was generally of a melancholy nature: for it is during such times of blood and confusion that

Pale-eyed prophets whisper fearful change.

The celebrated Alexander Peden was haunted by the terrors of a French invasion, and was often heard to exclaim, 'Oh, the Monzies, the French Monzies (for Mounsiers, doubtless), how they run! How long will they run? Oh Lord, cut their houghs and stay their running!' He afterwards declared, that French blood would run thicker in the waters of Ayr and Clyde than ever did that of the Highlandmen. Upon another occasion, he said he had been made to see the French marching with their armies through the length and breadth of the land in the blood of all ranks, up to the bridle-reins, and that for a burned, broken, and buried Covenant.

Gabriel Semple also prophesied. In passing by the house of Kenmure, to which workmen were making some additions, he said, 'Lads, you are very busy enlarging and repairing that house, but it will be burned like a crow's nest in a misty May morning' ; which accordingly

came to pass, the house being burned by the English forces in a cloudy May morning.

Other instances might be added, but these are enough to show the character of the people and times.

NOTE 39.—JOHN BALFOUR, CALLED BURLEY, p. 394

The return of John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, to Scotland, as well as his violent death in the manner described, is entirely fictitious. He was wounded at Bothwell Bridge, when he uttered the execration transferred to the text, not much in unison with his religious pretensions. He aferwards escaped to Holland, where he found refuge, with other fugitives of that disturbed period. His biographer seems simple enough to believe that he rose high in the Prince of Orange's favour, and observes, 'That having still a desire to be avenged upon those who persecuted the Lord's cause and people in Scotland, it is said he obtained liberty from the Prince for that purpose, but died at sea before their arrival in Scotland; whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the land was never purged by the blood of them who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of the Lord—Gen. ix. 6, Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'—Scots Worthies, p. 552.

It was reserved for this historian to discover that the moderation of King William, and his prudent anxiety to prevent that perpetuating of factious quarrels which is called in modern times reaction, were only adopted in consequence of the death of John Balfour, called Burley.

The late Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall, in Fifeshire, succeeded to Balfour's property in late times, and had several accounts, papers, articles of dress, etc., which belonged to the old homicide.

His name seems still to exist in Holland or Flanders; for in the Brussels papers of 28th July 1828, Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour de Burleigh is named Commandant of the troops of the King of the Netherlands in the West Indies.

NOTE 40.—BALFOUR'S GRAVE, p. 394

Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small wares, to procure me on his next peregrination to that vicinage a copy of the epitaphion alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:

Here lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who stirred up to vengeance take,
For Solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
Upon the Magus Moor in Fife
Did tak James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

ABULYIEMENTS, habiliments, equipments
ABUNE, ABOON, above; MALT ABUNE THE MEAL, the ale begins to take effect
ACQUENT, acquainted
ADHUC IN PENDENTE, still pending
AE, one
AGAIN, against, until, before
AGGER, a rampart, mound
AIN, own
AIR, early
AITMEAL, oatmeal
AJEE, awry
AMAIST, almost
ANABAPTISTS OF MUNSTER. Bockhold, Knipperdolling, and others, disciples of one John Matthiesen, were guilty of the wildest excesses at Munster in Westphalia in 1534-35
ANCE, ANES, once
AQUA MIRABILIS, the wonderful water, a cordial compounded of spirit of wine, nutmegs, cardamons, ginger, mace, etc.
ARK, a meal-chest
ARLES, earnest-money
ARM-GAUNT, with gaunt or lean limbs (Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 5)
ARTAMINES, or ARTAMENE, a character in Mdlle. Scudery's Grand Cyrus, supposed to represent Conde
ASTEER, in confusion
AUCHLET, two stones weight, or peck measure
AUGHT, to own
AUTO-DA-FE, the execution of heretics by the Inquisition
AVA, at all

BAB, a bunch, knot
BACK-SWORD, a sword with only one cutting edge; a single-stick
BAFF, bang
BAKER, DEVIL, AND PUNCH. See Punch
BARKING AND FLEEING, going to wreck and ruin
BASS. See Tower of the Bass
BATTS, the colic
BAWBEE, a halfpenny
BEAR, a kind of barley
BEDRAL, a beadle, grave-digger
BEET-MASTER, a substitute
BEHADDEN, beholden, obliged
BEILD, shelter
BELYVE, directly
BEN, BROUGHT FARTHER, better treated, made intimate; WIN FARTHER BEN, get farther in
BENEDICITE! bless ye!
BENNISON, blessing
BESTIAL, cattle
BICKER, wooden bowl, cup
BIDE, to wait, stay; suffer
BIEN, or BEIN, well provided
BIGGIT WA'S, built, i. e. stone, walls
BILBO, a sword with an elastic, finely-tempered blade
BIRKIES, lively 'blades'
BIRL, to drink, tipple
BITTOOK, a good bit more
BLACK-A-VISED, dark-complexioned.
BLACK-FISHERS, salmon-poachers
BLACK-JACK, a large jug of waxed leather, for ale
BLATE, ashamed, bashful
BLEEZE, blaze, flame; to make an outcry
BLETHERING, chattering, idly but volubly talking
BLINK, a glance; a moment, short while
BLYTHE, glad
BODDLE, or BODLE, a small copper coin, worth 1-3d. halfpenny
BOLE, an aperture
BON CAMARADO, a chum, boon companion
BOOTS, a contrivance for torturing the feet
BORE, an aperture, crevice
BOROUGH-TOWN, a royal borough
BOW, a boll
BOWIE, a wooden pail, tub
BRAW, fine, brave; BRAWS, fine things
BRECHAM, the collar of a working-horse
BREERING, sprouting
BRENTFORD, EQUESTRIAN TRIP TO, that of John Gilpin, linen-draper of London; but he rode to Ware and Edmonton, not to Brentford
BRICKLE, ticklish, troublesome
BROGUE, a Highland shoe
BROO, a favorable opinion, liking
BROSE, oatmeal over which boiling water has been poured.
BROWST, a brewing
BUCKING-TUB, a tub for steeping, in the old process of bleaching clothes
BUDGET, a socket for a carabine
BURTHOOG, or BURTHOGGE, RICHARD, an English doctor of medicine who wrote An Essay Upon Reason and the Nature of Spirits (1694)
BUSK, to deck, attire
BYE, past, besides
BY ORDINAR, above the common, more than usual
BYRE, a cow-house

CA', to call, drive
CAESAREAN OPERATION, a surgical operation to secure delivery (as in the case of Caesar)
CALLANT, a lad
CALPRENEDE, LA, author of Cleopatre (10 vols., 1647) and other extravagant, long-winded romances, much read in their day
CANNA HEAR DAY NOR DOOR, deaf as a post
CANNY, prudent, knowing, cautious; CANNILY, nicely, civilly, quietly
CARCAGES, carcases, dead bodies
CARLE, a fellow
CARLINE, old woman, witch
CAST, an old spelling of caste, an exclusive party or social class
CAST O' A CART, chance use of a cart, a lift
CATERAN, a robber
CATERPILLARS, rapacious persons
CATES, viands, victuals
CAT IN PAN, TO TURN THE, to act the turncoat
CAULD, cold
CAUP, or CAP, a wooden bowl for containing food
CAUSEWAYED, burnt so as to be stiff and hard like a causeway or causey
CECILIA. See Delville
CESS, land tax
CHAINZIE, or CHAINYIE, a diminutive for chain
CHAMBER OF DAIS, the best bedroom
CHANCY, lucky, fortunate
CHANGE-HOUSE, a small inn or ale-house
CHANTER, that pipe of a bagpipe in which are the finger-holes
CHAPPIN, a quart measure
CHASSEUR, a sportsman
CHEEK O' THE INGLE. See Ingle
CHIELD, a fellow
CHIMLEY-NEUK, the chimney-corner
CLACHAN, village, hamlet
CLAES, clothes.
CLASHES, gossip, nonsense, scandal
CLAVERING, gossiping; CLAVERS, gossip, nonsense
CLELAND, a poet and soldier, distinguished himself at Drumclog, and was killed in 1689 in the defence of Dunkeld, at the head of the Cameronian Regiment
CLEUGH, a ravine
CLOUR, to thump
CLOUTED SHOE, a shoe the sole of which is studded with big nails; also a mended or cobbled shoe
CLOW - GILLIEFLOWER, the clove gillyflower
COCKERNONY, a topknot on the head, bound by a fillet
COCKING (SPANIEL), snarling, fighting
COCK LAIRD, a small landholder who cultivates his estate himself, yeoman
COGUE, a wooden pail
COLT FOALED OF AN ACORN, the wooden mare, timber horse. See Note 15, p. 417
COMMINATION, threatening of Divine punishments, a special form of service in the Church of England
CORRA LINN, one of the Falls of the Clyde, near Lanark
COT-HOUSE, a cottage
COUP, to barter, buy and sell; tumble; also a bowl
CRACK, talk, friendly chat
CREEL, a basket for the back; IN A CREEL, crazy
CROWDY, oatmeal and water stirred together
CUITTLE, to wheedle
CURCH, a woman's kerchief or head-covering
CURMURRING, murmuring in the stomach, slight gripes
CURNEY, large-grained
CUTTER'S LAW, the law of the sharper, robber
CUTTIE, a pert, impudent girl, a wanton
CUTTY - SPOON, short spoon

DAFFING, larking, flirting
DAFT, crazy
DAIDLING, trifling, inactive, useless
DAIS, CHAMBER OF. See Chamber
DANG, knocked, thrust
DARGUE, a day's work
DAUR, dare
DAY NOR DOOR, CANNA HEAR, deaf as a post
DEAVE, to deafen
DECEPTIO VISUS, optical illusion
DEER-HAIR, the heath club-rush
DEIL GIN, devil may care if
DE L'ANCRE, PIERRE, a stern enemy of witchcraft and author of Tableau de l'Inconstance des Mauvais Anges et Demons (1613)
DELRIO, MARTIN ANTONY, Dutch theologian of the 16th century, wrote Disquisitionum Magicanum Libri Sex (1599), a celebrated work on sorcery and kindred topics
DELVILLE AND CECILIA, in Miss Burney's Cecilia (1782)
DEMAS. See 2 Tim. iv. 10
DENTY, dainty
DEVIL, PUNCH AND BAKER. See Punch
DIE, BONNY, a petty toy, gewgaw
DIGHTING, winnowing, sifting; cleaning, wiping
DING, to knock off; DINGAJEE, upset, mar
DINGWALL. A man of this name was of the party who murdered Archbishop Sharp, and was himself killed at Drumclog
DINNA, do not
DIOTREPHES. See Third Epistle of John, ver. 9
DIRDUM, an ado, mess
DISJASKED, decayed or miserable-looking
DISJUNE, dejeune, breakfast
DIV, do
DIVERTISEMENT, amusement, pastime
DOOMS, confoundedly
DOOMSTER. See Note to Heart of Midlothian
DOUBLE-GANGER, a spectral double of a person
DOUCE, quiet, sensible
DOUDLE THE BAG O' WIND, to daudle, hug, and caress, the bagpipes
DOUR, stubborn, obstinate
DOW, DOO, dove
DOWNA BIDE, cannot bear, don't like; DOW'D NA, did not like
DRAMMOCK, raw meal and water mixed
DREE, to suffer
DREELING, drilling
DROUTHY, dry, thirsty
DRUCKEN, drunken
DUDGEON-HAFT, the haft or hilt of a dagger ornamented with graven lines.
DUDS, clothes
DUNBAR, RACE OF, Cromwell's defeat of Leslie at Dunbar in 1650
DUNG OWER, overcome, beaten
DWAM, a swoon

EARLSHALL, BRUCE OF, Claverhouse's lieutenant
EE, eye; EEN, eyes
E'ENOW, just now
EFFECTUAL CALLING. See The Shorter Catechism, Qu. 31

EIDENT, attentive, diligent
EIDOLON, a spectral image
EIK, an addition
ELIHU. See Job xxxii.
ENEUCH, ENEUGH, ENOW, enough
ESPIEGLE, roguish

FAILED, failing, feeble
FAIRING, GIE HIM A, settle him, give him something to remember one by
FARD, to colour, embellish
FASH, trouble; to trouble, bother
FAULD-DIKE, the wall of a sheep-fold
FAUT, fault
FAUT O'FUDE, want of food
FECK, the greatest part
FECKLESS, harmless, feeble
FEE AND BOUNTITH, wages and perquisites
FEMALE QUIXOTE. See Mrs. Lennox
FEND, to provide
FERGUSON, ROBERT, styled the Plotter, from having been concerned in the Rye-House and other plots against James II., was a leading partisan of the Duke of Monmouth, and afterwards plotted against William III.
FIRE-FLAUGHT, a flash of lightning
FISSENLESS, FIZZENLESS, FOISONLESS, without energy, spiritless, lacking pith
FITBA', football
FLEECH, to wheedle, cajole
FLYTE, to scold
FOISONLESS. See Fissenless
FORBYE, besides
FORE-A-HAND, leading, going first
FORGATHER, to come together, put their heads together
FORRIT, forward
FOUL FA' YE, ill befall ye
FOUNTAINHALL, LORD, i. e., Sir John Lauder, Bart., a law lord, author of Chronological Notes of Scottish Affairs, etc.
FRAIM, strange
FRIAR'S CHICKEN, chicken broth, with eggs mixed in it
FURS, furrows
FUSEE, a flint-lock musket

GAED, went; GANE, gone; GANG, go
GALLIO, proconsul of Achaia, or Southern Greece. See Acts xviii. 12-27
GALLOWAY, a breed of horses in the south-west of Scotland
GAR, to make, oblige
GATE, GAIT, way, mode, direction
GAUN, going
GAUNTREES a stand for casks
GAY, pretty, considerably
GEAR, property, goods
GILPY a frolicsome lassie
GIN, if
GIRNEL, a granary, meal-chest
GLEDGE, a sly side glance
GLEG, quick, sharp
GLENKENS. See Kens
GLIFF, an instant; also fright
GLOWRING, staring, gazing hard at
GOMERIL, a fool, simpleton, lout
GOVERNANTE, housekeeper
GOWK a fool
GOWPEN, a handful
GRAMASHES, leggings
GRANE, to groan
GRASSMARKET, the place of public execution in Edinburgh
GUDEMAN, husband
GUDEWIFE, wife
GUIDE (good or ill), to treat, behave to

HAFTED, settled
HAILL, HALE, whole
HANTLE, a good deal
HARLE, to trail, drag
HARNS, brains
HARRISON, THOMAS, the Parliamentarian and regicide
HAR'ST, OWE A DAY IN, to owe a great deal in time of need
HASH, a lout, blockhead
HAUD, to hold
HAUD, IMMEMOR, not unmindful
HAUGH, a level plain
HAULD, a habitation
HAUSE, the throat
HAVINGS, behaviour, demeanour
HELLICAT, violent, wild
HEMPIE giddy, romping
HERITORS, owners of land or other heritable property in Scotland
HEUGH a steep hill
HICKERY-PICKERY, hieraplera, a warm purgative, made of aloes, cinnamon and honey
HIGHLANDMEN IN 1677, A "Highland host," 6,000 to 8,000 were quartered in Ayrshire and adjacent counties to punish those who upheld conventicles
HILL-FOLK, the Covenanters (as they worshipped among the hills)
HINNY, honey, a term of endearment
HIT, a special kind of move in backgammon
HOAST, a cough
HODDEN-GREY, the natural colour of wool
HOLME, low ground by a stream
HORNING, a legal injunction to a debtor to pay a debt, under penalty of being proclaimed a rebel to the king
HOSTING, mustering of armed men
HOUSE OF MUIR, a place where markets were held, on the Pentland Hills, near Glencorse
HOWFF, a place of resort
HUMLIE, or HUMBLE, COW, a cow without horns
HUP NOR WIND, go to right nor left, used to a horse
HURCHEON, a hedgehog
HURDIES, the buttocks

ILK, ILKA, each, every; ILKA-DAYS, week days
ILL-FAUR'D, ill-favoured, ugly
IN COMMENDAM, in trust, along with
INCONSTANT. See Mirabel
INGLE, fire; INGLE-NOOK, fireside corner; CHEEK OF THE INGLE, the fireside
IN RERUM NATURA, in existence
ITHER, other

JALOUSE, to suspect, be suspicious of
JAUD, jade
JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY by Eliza Haywood (1753)
JENNYFLECTION, genuflexion, kneeling down
JIMPLY, scantily
JO, JOE, a sweetheart
JOAN TAMSON'S MAN, a hen-pecked husband
JULIA DE RUBIGNE, by Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling (1795)
JUSTICE OVERDO, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair
JUSTIFIED, executed

KAIL, KALE, cabbage greens, broth; KAIL-BROSE, pottage of meal made with the scum of broth; KALE (soup) THROUGH THE REEK

(smoke), to take over the coals, storm and rail at; KAIL-WORM, a term of contempt; KALE-YARD, a vegetable garden
KAISAR, Cæsar, that is, any emperor
KEBBIE, a hook-headed staff
KEEK, to peep
KEELYVINE, a lead pencil
KENS OF GALLOWAY, a rugged district, known as Glenkens, in Kirkcudbrightshire, where many of the Cameronians found refuge
KENT, a staff
KINDLY TENANTS, those whose ancestors have long held the same land
KITTLE, ticklish, difficult, touchy
KNAPPING, mouthing, talking in an affected manner
KYE, kine, cows

LAIGH, low
LAITH, loth
LANE, THEIR, alone by themselves; MY LANE, by myself
LANG TEN, the ten of trumps in Scotch whist
LANRICK, Lanark
LASSOCK, a little girl
LAVE, the remainder, rest
LAVROCKS, SANDY, sand-larks
LAWING, the reckoning
LEASING-MAKING, falsehood against the sovereign to the people, or vice versa, high treason
LESLEY, or LESLIE, ALEXANDER, afterwards Earl of Leven; was field-marshal in the army of Gustavus Adolphus
LET, to hinder
LICK, a blow
LIPPEN, to trust
LIPPIE, the fourth part of a peck
LITHGOW-TOWN, Linlithgow
LOCALITIES, the shares of an increase of the parochial stipend that fall on the several landowners
LOCK, a handful
LOOF, palm of the hand
LOON, a fellow
LOOP DOUN (A HAT), let down the cocked points
LOOT, allowed, let; LOOTEN, discharged
LOUND, quiet
LOUNDER, to thump
LOUP, to leap
LOW, a flame
LOWDIEN MALLISHA, Lothian militia
LUG, the ear; BLAW IN ONE'S LUG, cajole, flatter; PU' OUT BY LUG AND HORN, drag out as a shepherd drags out a horned sheep
LUKEWARM LAODICEAN. See Revelation iii. 16
LUM, a chimney
LUPPEN, leapt

MAGOR-MISSABIB. See Jeremiah xx. 3
MAIN, a hand or throw at dice
MAINS, the home-farm
MAIR BY TOKEN, especially
MAIR HOUSE, a better table and establishment
MAIST, almost
MAJORING, strutting, prancing with a military air
MALCAIAH, SON OF HAMELMELECH. See Jeremiah xxxviii. 6. The 'king's son,' or Hammelech, was apparently the title of an officer of the royal household.
MALE PARTA PEJUS DILABUNTUR, ill-gotten, worse spent
MALLISHA, militia
MALT ABUNE THE MEAL. See Abune
MARAVEDI, an old Spanish copper coin, worth less than ¼th penny
MARGRAVE, originally an officer of the German empire, the count (graf, grave) of a frontier province (mark, march); afterwards a title of nobility
MART, a fatted cow, ox
MASHLUM, mixed grain
MASK, to brew
MASSY, full of conceit
MASTER SILENCE. See Shakespeare's Henry IV. Part II. Act. v. Sc. 3
MAUNDER, to mutter and grumble, talk for talking's sake
MAUT, malt
MAWKIN, a hare
MEAL-ARK, meal-tub or bin
MEARNS, the ancient name of Kincardineshire
MELVIN, JAMES, should be James Melville, one of the assisins of Cardinal Beaton in 1546
MENSEFU', becoming, suitable
MERK, 1s. 1⅓d.
MEROZ, CURSE OF. See Judges v. 23
MILE, SCOTS, nearly 9 furlongs
MINNIE, mother
MIRABEL IN THE INCONSTANT, a play by G. Farquhar, 1702, but taken in great part from Fletcher's Wild-goose Chase
MIRLIGOES, dizziness
MISLEAR'D, unmannerly
MONRO, MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT, frequently alluded to in Legend of Montrose
MONSIEUR SCUDERI, Grand Cyrus was originally published under the name of Georges de Scudery, Madeleine's brother, though he only contributed the outline of the story
MONTGOMERY, SIR JAMES, of Skelmorlie, one of the commissioners sent to offer the crown to the Prince of Orange; being disappointed of the office he coveted, he plotted against William in the interests of James II.
MONZIES, probably monsieurs. The words were apparently spoken during apprehensions of invasion from France. See Note 33, p. 439
MOSS-FLOW, a boggy place; MOSS-HAG, a bog-pit
MOUSQUETAIRES, FRENCH, companies of gentlemen who formed the king's guard and enjoyed many privileges
MRS. LENNOX'S FEMALE QUIXOTE, an imitation of Don Quixote, ridiculing the long-winded French romances of the time
MUIR, TAK THE, to flee to the moors
MURGEONS, contortions, violent gestures
MURUS, a wall
MUTCHKIN, pint measure

NABAL. See 1 Sam. xxv.
NASH-GAB, trashy, insolent talk
NEIST, next
NEUK, a nook, corner
NEVOY, a nephew
NIECE, according to old custom, frequently means granddaughter
NIL NOVIT IN CAUSA, he knew nothing about it
NOBLE, an old English coin, worth at first 6s. 8d., later 10s.
NULLIFIDIAN, an unbeliever

ONSTEAD, a farm-steading
ORLANDO, the hero of Ariosto's romantic epic

OUTFIELD AND INFIELD. Land constantly manured and cultivated was called 'infield'; land cropped, without manure, until exhausted, 'outfield'
OUTSHOT, a projecting addition to a building
OUT-TAKEN, excepting
OVERTON, RICHARD, Leveller and pamphleteer (1642-49), was imprisoned in Newgate for attacking the House of Lords
OWSEN, oxen
PADUASOY, a lady's habit made of Padua silk
PARENT, a kinswoman
PARRITCH, porridge
PATON OF MEADOWHEAD, an Ayrshire Covenanter, distinguished himself in the German wars and at the battle of Worcester; he was executed after Bothwell Brig
PEARLINGS, a kind of lace, made of thread or silk
PEAT-HAG, a hollow in a moor left from digging peats
PEEL-HOUSE, a small fortified house, or tower
PEINE FORTE ET DURE, stern necessity
PENNY-FEE, wages
PENTLAND HILLS, BATTLE OF, or RULLION GREEN, where in 1666 General Dalziel defeated the Galloway Cameronians
PERDU, hidden
PICKLE, a small quantity, little bit
PINNERS AND PEARLINGS, caps and laces
PIT, to put
PIT AND GALLOWS, PRIVILEGE OF, the right to inflict capital punishment—to drown women in a pit and to hang men on a gallows
PLACK, 1-3d penny
PLENISHING, furnishing
PLEUGH-PAIDLE, a stick for clearing earth from the plough
POCKMANTLE, portmanteau
POCK-PUDDING, a Scotchman's contemptuous epithet for an Englishman
PORT ROYAL, the port of Kingston in Jamaica
POSE, a secret hoard, treasure
POUSS, to push
PU', to pull
PULE, a pool
PUNCH, THE DEVIL, AND THE BAKER, an allusion to the popular puppet-plays of the day
PUND SCOTS, 1s. 8d.
QUAIGH, shallow drinking-cup
QUEAN, a young woman
RACE OF DUNBAR. See Dunbar
RANDY, RANDIE, a scold, beggar, disorderly, vagrant
RAPLOCH, coarse, undyed homespun
RAX, to stretch, reach
REDDER, an adviser, settler of disputes, peacemaker
REEK, smoke
REIVING, thieving
RENT-MAIL, a pleonasm for rent
RESET, to harbour, entertain
RIG, a ridge of land; field
RIPE, to search, examine
ROUND, to whisper
ROUT, to bellow
ROW, to roll, wrap
RUE, TO TAKE THE, to rue, repent a proposal, intention
RUGGING, pulling, scuffling
RUGLEN, Rutherglen, on the Clyde, 2 miles from Glasgow
RUTHVEN, SIR PATRICK, sometime governor of Ulm, on the Danube, afterwards Earl of Forth and Branford

SAE, so
ST. JOHNSTONE'S TIPPET, a halter
SAIR, sore, very
SAN BENITOS, robes worn by the victims of the Inquisition, and cut like those worn by the monks of St. Benedict (San Benito)
SANCTUM SANCTORUM, holy of holies, a very jealously kept apartment
SARK, a shirt
SAUT, salt
SCAFF AND RAFF, tag-rag and bobtail
SCALED, cleaned the inside of a cannon by firing a small charge from it
SCAUR, a steep bank
SCOTS MILE, nearly 9 furlongs
SCOTS SHILLINGS, equivalent to English pennies
SCREED, a long harangue
SCUDERI, or SCUDERY, MDLLE. DE, an amiable but long-winded and extravagant writer of romances, Grand Cyrus (10 vols., 1649-53), etc., which enjoyed great popularity in their day
SEES, becomes, suits
SHAMENA, are not ashamed
SHAMOY, chamois
SHAW, a wood, flat ground at the bottom of a hill
SHEELING-HILL, a mound where grain was shelled or winnowed by hand in the open air
SHEFFIELD, JOHN, Duke of Buckinghamshire, commanded a force sent in 1680 to the relief of Tangiers, then an English possession and besieged by the Moors
SHILLINGS, SCOTS, equal to English pennies
SIEUR D'URFE, author of Astree and other romances
SILENCE, MASTER. See Master Silence
SINGLE CARRITCH, Single or Shorter Catechism of the Church of Scotland
SINGLE SODGER, a private soldier
SIN' SYNE, since
SKAITH, harm
SKEEL, skill
SKEELY, knowing, skilful
SKELLIE, to squint
SKELPING, beating, thrashing; trotting, cantering
SKINKER, one who serves out liquor
SKIRL, to scream
SKIRL-IN-THE-PAN, a fry
SOMEGATE, somehow
SORN, to demand bed and board, sponge on
SORT, to arrange, make tidy and clean
SOUGH, a whistling sound, sigh; to sigh; CALM SOUGH, an easy mind, a quiet tongue
SOUP, a spoonful
SOUTERS, shoemakers
SOWENS, a sort of flummery made of oatmeal
SPANG, to spring, leap
SPEEL, to scramble, slide
SPEER, to inquire, ask
SPENCE, a pantry, larder
STAP, to push, cram
STARKLY, strongly, stoutly
STAW, to surfeit
STEEK, STEEKIT, shut
STEER, to disturb, interfere with
STILTS (OF A PLOUGH), handles
STING AND LING, entirely
STIR, sir
'STONE WALLS DO NOT,' FOUR FOUR etc., from Lovelace's To Althea
STOT, a bullock
STOUP, a liquid measure

STOUR, conflict, strife
STOUR-LOOKING, gruff-looking, austere, surly-looking
STRAPPING UP, hanging
STRAUGHT, or STRAUCHT, straight
STRAVEN, or STRATHAVEN, a town some 16 miles south of Glasgow
STUDE, hesitated; STAND, hesitate, shrink from
SULDNA, should not
SUNE AS SYNE, the sooner the better
SUNK, a cushion of straw
SWEAL (OF A CANDLE), to melt and run down
SYBO, a young onion
SYKE, a streamlet dry in summer
SYNE, since, ago

TASS, a glass, cup
TAWPIE, an awkward girl
TENT, care; TAK TENT, take care, heed
TEUGH, tough
THACK AND RAPE, tight in, well cared for, attended to, like a farmer's well-thatched stacks
THEEKING, thatch, roof
THOWLESS, sluggish, inactive
THRANG, thronged, busy
THRAPPLE, throat
THRAW, to thwart
THREEP, aver stoutly, assert
THUMBIKINS, a contrivance for torturing the hands
TIRAILLEUR, sharpshooter
TIRL, to strip, strip off
TITTIE, sister
TOUZLE, to disorder
TOW a rope
TOWER OF THE BASS, the Bass Rock, at the entrance to the Firth of Forth. In its dungeons many Covenanters were imprisoned during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.
TOWN, a country house, with its farm, cottages, and other dependencies. See Note 13, p. 416
TOY, a woman's linen or woollen headdress hanging over the shoulders
TRAGEDY, ONLY SCOTTISH, John Home's Douglas, in Act i. Sc. 1
TRICK-TRACK, a kind of backgammon
TRYSTED, tried, afflicted
TWA, two
TWAL, twelve
UMQUIHILE, deceased, late
UNCE, ounce
UNCO, uncommon, strange, queer-looking
UNITED STATES, the United Provinces of the Netherlands
UP-BYE, up, up yonder
UPTAKE, UPTAK, AT THE, at catching up the meaning

VANE, SIR HARRY, the republican, chief commissioner for treating with the Scots in 1643
VIVERS, victuals

WAD, would
WAE, sorry
WALLIE, a valet
WAME, belly, stomach
WAN, got, reached
WARE, to spend
WASSAIL, ale
WATER, DOWN THE, down the valley; WATER-SIDE, the entire district, valley
WATER-BROO, broth, water in which meat has been boiled
WAUGHT, a draught
WAUR, worse
WERSH, tasteless, insipid
WESTPORT, the western gate of Edinburgh, on which the heads of criminals and traitors were exposed
WHAT'S YOUR WULL? what's your will? what do you want?
WHEEN, a few
WHIG AWA, to jog on, move at an easy, steady pace
WHILES, sometimes, occasionally
WHILLY-WHA, wheedling, cajolery
WHIRRY, to hurry, whir
WIN, to get, reach, begin
WINDELSTRAE, bent-grass
WINNOCK, a window
WOODIE, a halter
WUD, mad; CLEAN WUD, stark mad
WUNNA WANT, will not go with
WYTE, blame

YAIRD, YARD, a cottage garden
YILL, YELL, ale
YOKING, the time a horse is in yoke
YOKIT, yoked, fastened
YULE EVE, Christmas Eve

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